Sept. 21–Oct. 4, 2015 / Strategist Special Section

Status: A Survey

Who (chefs, 1%-ers, fashion insiders, leather daddies) flaunts what—and why p.84

Plus: The Most Popular Girl in New York By Reeves Wiedeman p.48 / Tom Hardy Times Two By Adam Sternbergh p.115 / The Mets! The Yankees! By Will Leitch p.19

How Does Chinatown Survive? p.54 / **Wives Whose Husbands Became Women** By Alex Morris p.62

NEW YORK®

Donald Trump Is Saving Our Democracy.

By Frank Rich

NYMAG.COM $6.99 USA/CANADA

JOIN US

IT'S MACY'S BIGGEST BEAUTY EVENT OF THE SEASON!

Check out great new product launches, learn about the latest beauty trends and get free makeovers from top celebrity makeup artists. Plus, get free gifts, samples and more! Log onto macys.com/beautyscene to find out more about what's happening at your favorite Macy's store.

BOBBI BROWN
Perfectly Defined Long-Wear Brow Pencil. $42. ★ 2083408.

BENEFIT
Gimme Brow. In 2 shades. $24 each. ★ 968468.

ANASTASIA BEVERLY HILLS
Dipbrow® Pomade. In 5 shades. $18 each. ★ 1255063.

SHISEIDO
Full Lash and Brow Serum. $35. ★ 2260775.

FREE SHIPPING

WITH ANY BEAUTY PURCHASE
Mon, Sept. 21-Sun, Oct. 4 at macys.com

FREE RETURNS AT MACYS.COM
By mail or in-store. U.S. only. Exclusions apply. Details at macys.com/freereturns Advertised merchandise may not be carried at your local Macy's and selection may vary by store. 5080054.

the magic of macy's .com

WELCOME to the MAGIC of
macy's
.com
ONLY ONE STAR
IS YOUR DESTINATION FOR BEAUTY
GET GREAT TIPS & TRICKS ON HOW TO CREATE THE PERFECT DEFINED BROWS THIS FALL AT YOUR FAVORITE MACY'S
Plenti
A great way to get rewards at Macy's and lots of other places!
Join for free
Start earning Double Points on Beauty & Fragrances!
For details visit macys.com/plenti
BEAUTY SCENE
WED, SEPT. 23-SUN, OCT. 4
OUR BIGGEST BEAUTY EVENT OF THE SEASON!

the abc custom upholstery sale

up to 25% off*
orig prices

starts thursday 9/24

*cannot be combined with other offers or discounts. excludes select brands & collections, prior sales, padding, delivery & installation. ends 10/25/15.

color your world
+250 colors & styles of sofas, chairs, beds, ottomans, benches, poufs
irving place
cobble hill
10% off* all in stock upholstery / up to 25% off* all carpet & custom rugs at 881 bdwy
orig prices
orig prices
bdwy at e 19 st on 2, 3, 4 & 5, delray beach abchome.com
abc carpet & home

From left to right:
Maje jacket and dress, Longchamp bag
Alice + Olivia blouse and skirt
Tory Burch blouse, skirt and bag
Sandro dress
Maximilian fur jacket, Cynthia Rowley pant, Diane von Furstenberg bag
Dylan Gray dress
Gerard Darel coat
Furs labeled to show country of origin of imported fur.
100%
In stores September 1st
Bloomingdales.com/100percent

100% bloomingdale's
OVER 1000 EXCLUSIVES / OVER 100 DESIGNERS / 1 STORE

OUR PLACE
IS HAPPENING
THE HEIGHT OF LUXURY SHOPPING, WATERFRONT DINING,
AND ARTS & CULTURE
Brookfield Place
THE HEART OF THE NEW DOWNTOWN
230 VESEY STREET ON THE HUDSON RIVER WATERFRONT

DISCOVER THE BEST IN

FASHION, FOOD AND CULTURE

ON THE HUDSON RIVER WATERFRONT

LUXURY RETAIL

BOTTEGA VENETA | HERMÈS | BURBERRY | SALVATORE FERRAGAMO | OMEGA | PAUL SMITH
DIANE VON FURSTENBERG | JUDITH & CHARLES | THEORY | TORY BURCH | MICHAEL KORS | VINCE | BONOBOS
COS BAR | POSMAN BOOKS | J.CREW | VILEBREQUIN | SCOOP NYC | LULULEMON | BABESTA | SATYA JEWELRY

COMING SOON: GUCCI | ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA | DAVIDOFF | SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
CLUB MONACO MEN'S AND WOMEN'S | CALYPSO ST. BARTH | HICKEY FREEMAN | KAMAKURA SHIRTS | DRY BAR

WATERFRONT DINING

SIGNATURE RESTAURANTS:

BEAUBOURG | P.J. CLARKE'S | PARM
COMING SOON: AMADA BY JOSE GARCES | L'ATELIER DE JOËL ROBUCHON

HUDSON EATS:

BLACK SEED BAGEL | BLUE RIBBON SUSHI BAR | CHOP'T | DIG INN SEASONAL MARKET
DOS TOROS TAQUERIA | LITTLE MUENSTER | MIGHTY QUINN'S BARBEQUE | NORTHERN TIGER
NUM PANG | OLIVE'S | SKINNY PIZZA | SPRINKLES | TARTINERY | UMAMI BURGER

LE DISTRICT

A quintessential French market offering the highest-quality purveyors of meats, cheeses, pastries and more

---

ARTS & CULTURE

Free year-round programming
Visit brookfieldplaceny.com/events for an upcoming schedule

See what else is happening at **BROOKFIELDPLACENY.COM**
Find us on @brookfieldplny

Bal Harbour Shops
A TRULY UNIQUE EXPERIENCE

9700 COLLINS AVENUE, BAL HARBOUR, FLORIDA — BALHARBOURSHOPS.COM

HBO NOW℠ is only accessible in the U.S. and certain U.S. territories. Some restrictions may apply. ©2015 Home Box Office, Inc. All rights reserved. HBO®, HBO NOW℠ and related channels and service marks are the property of Home Box Office, Inc.

FEATURES

The Importance of Donald Trump
What he says can appall. But he's sandblasting politics for the better.
By Frank Rich
32

The Prom Queen of Instagram
The new rules of high-school popularity, explained by a 16-year-old Upper East Sider with thousands of followers she doesn't even know.
By Reeves Wiedeman
46

How Has Chinatown Stayed Chinatown?
It's one of the only Manhattan neighborhoods to have resisted gentrification. Meet the reasons why.
By Nick Tabor
54

My Husband Is Now My Wife
For trans women, arriving at a new gender is cathartic and thrilling. For the women they married when they were men, it can be wrenching.
By Alex Morris
62

Lilli Hymowitz (page 46) at home on the Upper East Side.

Photograph by Chuck Grant

©2015 Hunter Douglas ® is a registered trademark of Hunter Douglas

"Good morning, sunshine,"
said the window treatments
as they opened themselves
to greet the day.

Introducing PowerView™ Motorization from Hunter Douglas.

A remarkable new system that automatically moves your shades throughout the day so you don't have to. Just program your daily personalized settings with your smartphone or tablet. You can even activate a pre-programmed setting with a touch of our brilliantly designed Pebble™ Scene Controller, available in seven perfect pops of color. How smart—intelligent shades that simplify your life. To see PowerView™ in motion, visit HunterDouglas.com

HunterDouglas
THE ART OF WINDOW DRESSING™

NEW YORK

SEPTEMBER 21–OCTOBER 4, 2015

INTELLIGENCER

19 **Games**
Can Mets versus Yankees happen in the World Series?
By Will Leitch

22 PAIRINGS:
Twindergarten!
Portraits of the 11—11!—sets of twins in one Long Island kindergarten center

24 **141 Minutes With ...**
Hillary hater-in-chief (and the guy trying to pump *more* money into politics) Dan Backer

28 **The Oreo Boom**
How to explain the surge in sales for the corn-syrup-laden classic

30 **Sex Lives: A Matter of Stamina**
The cultural preoccupation with duration is a very modern worry
By Maureen O'Connor

THE CUT

71 FASHION WEEK:
Splendor
Cathy Horyn on the extraordinary Givenchy show

16 Comments
142 Marketplace
158 *New York* Crossword, by Cathy Allis
160 The Approval Matrix

ON THE COVER:
Photo-illustration by Bobby Doherty.

STRATEGIST

77 **Best Bets**
Handmade dolls; a 3-D-printed 24-karat-gold tiger skull

79 **Look Book**
The law-school counselor with a fierce red beard

80 **Food**
Platt on O Ya's pricey sushi; a rare Northern Thai snack

84 SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY:
The Status Survey
The best way to impress, whether you're an oligarch, a Dyker Heights *nonna*, or a New Age gardener. As explained by them.

106 **Real Estate**
Inside the residential-development boom

THE CULTURE PAGES

115 **Meet the Hardy Boys**
Tom Hardy, twice as good at playing the Kray brothers

120 **Books**
Eileen Myles, suddenly inside the canon

124 MUSIC:
Miles Lives
Understanding the jazz legend, in nine parts

126 **Movies**
Carey Mulligan's most radical role yet

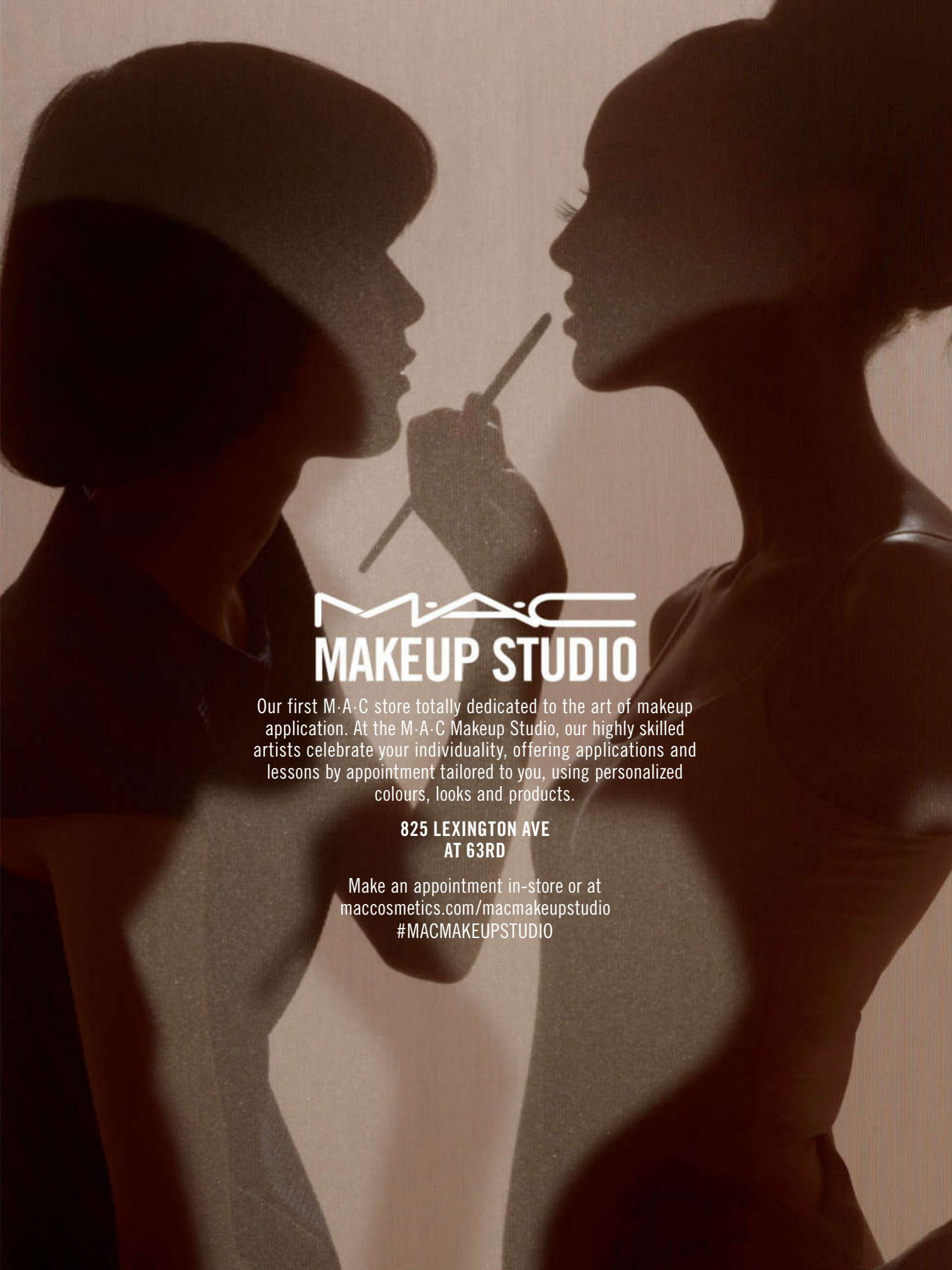
128 **Party Lines**

131 **Critics**
MOVIES by ***David Edelstein*** Emily Blunt thrills in *Sicario*; *99 Homes* critiques capitalism
ART by ***Jerry Saltz*** Picasso's overlooked sculptures
TV by ***Matt Zoller Seitz*** The charming new *Muppet Show*

138 **To Do**
Twenty-five picks for the next two weeks

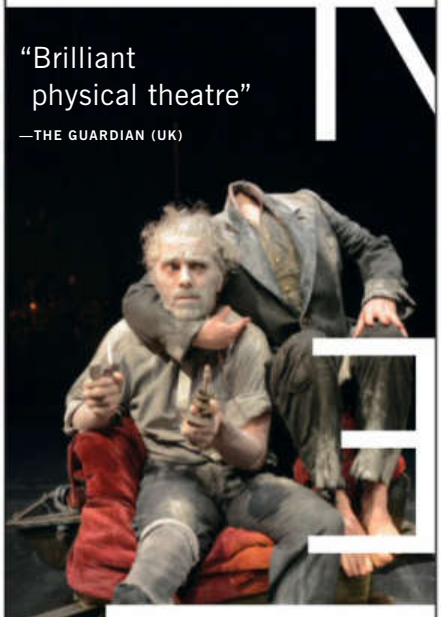
ON THE COVER: TRUMP PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHELE ASSELIN/CONTOUR BY GETTY IMAGES; BODY-DOUBLE CASTING BY IMPOSSIBLE CASTING; RETOUCHING BY DARROW. THIS PAGE FROM TOP: COURTESY OF PERSONALLY PREPPY; COURTESY OF SONY PICTURES; HERRING & HERRING FOR NEW YORK MAGAZINE; JOSHUA LOTT/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

For customer service, call 800-678-0900.


MAC
MAKEUP STUDIO
Our first M·A·C store totally dedicated to the art of makeup application. At the M·A·C Makeup Studio, our highly skilled artists celebrate your individuality, offering applications and lessons by appointment tailored to you, using personalized colours, looks and products.
825 LEXINGTON AVE
AT 63RD
Make an appointment in-store or at
maccosmetics.com/macmakeupstudio
#MACMAKEUPSTUDIO

BAM 2015
NEXT WAVE
Upcoming Festival Highlights

"Brilliant physical theatre"
—THE GUARDIAN (UK)



TABAC ROUGE
James Thierrée
SEP 30—OCT 4

"A groundbreaking piece of theatre"
—THE GLOBE AND MAIL

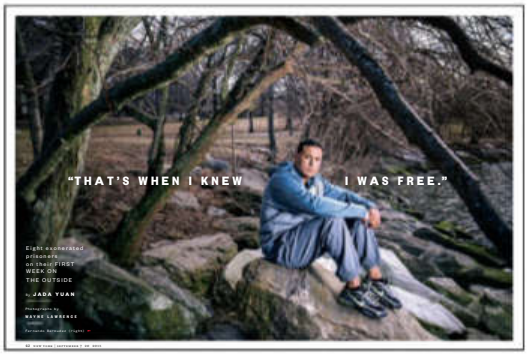
HELEN LAWRENCE
Canadian Stage
OCT 14—17

Photos (top to bottom): James Thierrée, by Vincent Pontet; Lisa Ryder by Dayid Cooper

Take Apart. Get Lost. Explore.
BAM.ORG
718.636.4100

Season Sponsor:
Bloomberg Philanthropies

Comments



1 In the last issue's cover story, Jonathan Chait argued that the world may yet avert the most feared climate outcomes (**"The Sunniest Climate-Change Story You've Ever Read," September 7–21**). Unsurprisingly, some readers took issue with Chait's sanguine assessment. Vox's David Roberts agreed with Chait that "for the first time in my lifetime, it looks like it might be a real fight" to mitigate climate change, but he disagreed with Chait's overall optimism, in particular his assertion that "the global poor can create a future of economic growth for themselves without burning the world." "That's a lovely idea," Roberts wrote, "and I hope it's true … It is very difficult and expensive to extend the central power grid to poor people in the rural hinterlands of Africa and India … So sure, the 2 billion or so who lack energy access can get started, now, with distributed clean-energy technology. But that's a very different undertaking than lifting all those people—or empowering them to lift themselves—to a level of energy access and affluence that matches, or even approaches, that enjoyed by citizens of developed Western nations." Climate-change economist Gernot Wagner tweeted that Chait's argument was **"well-reasoned climate optimism. We won't *solve* this, but we're turning [a] corner."** Al Gore got in on the conversation as well, tweeting: "Progress on #ClimateAction is accelerating, but more must be done."

2 **"Sheldon Adelson Is Ready to Buy the Presidency,"** read the headline of Jason Zengerle's piece on the pro-Israel casino magnate (**September 7–21**). "He just hasn't decided which Republican candidate to back." Zengerle's story details the efforts of Republican-primary candidates to win the financial support of Adelson, who in the last presidential election gave millions to the campaigns of Newt Gingrich and Mitt Romney. Salon's Elias Isquith felt that Adelson's power represented a deeper problem: how "the Supreme Court's conservative majority has weakened American democracy," he wrote. **"What I resent instead is how, because of the Court, paying attention to this nasty extremist has become just another requirement of the active, engaged citizen.** Because Adelson has tons of money … and, as he proved last cycle, by almost single-handedly floating Newt Gingrich's ludicrous presidential campaign, he's willing to spend it." Zengerle's account, Isquith added, shows "how an unregulated system of campaign finance can give people like Adelson an effective veto on major U.S. policy." The Washington *Post*'s David Bernstein quibbled with Zengerle's assertion that Adelson is "most responsible for" the GOP's unconditional support of Israel: "The person most responsible for making support for Israel a core Republican issue is Osama bin Laden, with a supporting role played by Yasser Arafat. Gallup polls from the past 25 years show that Republicans were already leaning somewhat more in favor of Israel in early 2001 than were Democrats … But the difference in partisan attitudes accelerated after 9/11," Bernstein argued. "**9/11 made Americans more sensitive to Israel's terrorism-related security concerns,** and Arafat's decision to continue and accelerate the terrorist Second Intifada, replete with bus, cafe and synagogue bombings, was hardly likely to endear the Palestinian cause to Americans after 9/11. But these factors had a greater influence on Republican opinion than on Democratic opinion … In short, you have

a Republican Party in which 80 percent of the grassroots membership supports Israel, and a significant percentage of that 80 percent consider it a litmus-test issue. Meanwhile, the current Democratic administration has engaged in open rhetorical warfare against an Israeli government led by Benjamin Netanyahu, whom Democrats tend to loathe and Republicans tend to admire. Under those circumstances, while it's plausible that a candidate might modify his pro-Israel rhetoric in subtle ways to appeal to big donors like Adelson … it's really not possible given grassroots Republican opinion to imagine any scenario other than the GOP, and all its major presidential candidates, offering Israel strong support." Yet many readers felt the piece gave important insight into Adelson's power. "Great Zengerle piece on surreality of Adelson world," tweeted *The Atlantic*'s James Fallows. BuzzFeed Politics's Andrew Kaczynski responded even more succinctly: "Oh boy."

3 "What does it feel like to get out of prison after serving decades for a crime you didn't commit?" asked Jada Yuan in introducing a series of interviews with eight exonerated prisoners on their first week on the outside (**"That's When I Knew I Was Free," September 7–21**). "Since 1989," she continued, "1,655 convictions have been reversed nationwide." "I can bet that if 1,600 have been released, there's probably several times that many innocent people wasting away in jail," wrote commenter veritas723. "I cannot imagine how these men are not eaten up by bitter anger and bile," wrote not2day. **"To know you are innocent and to have been so thoroughly screwed over … We don't even want to know what life inside was like for them."** "Our justice system gets it so wrong, so often," tweeted Ali V.Z. Mayeda. "Are there no penalties for the police and lawyers and judges whose crappy work put these men in jail?" asked commenter brae. "Lost rape kits … a receipt in a casework file … DNA evidence that didn't match at the time of trial. Who takes responsibility for robbing someone of their freedom for decades?" Others were simply overwhelmed by the men's accounts. "I am crying," commented FrenchBette. "I cannot stop crying."

CORRECTION: St. John's University will present a St. John's Bible to the Library of Congress, not Pope Francis as was stated in **"The Bipartisan Pontiff"** (**September 7–21, page 13**).

Send correspondence to ***comments@nymag.com***. Or go to ***nymag.com*** to respond to individual stories.

Doing good.
Easy as riding a bike.

Start riding now! From Sept 16th to Oct 16th, every Citi Bike® ride can help three New York charities earn up to $50,000 each from Citi.

Learn how you can make a difference at citibikeforgood.com

American Red Cross

the YMCA

NOKID HUNGRY
SHARE OUR STRENGTH

The Citi Bike program is operated by NYC Bike Share, LLC.

© 2015 Citigroup Inc. Citi Bike and Citi Bike with Arc Design are registered service marks of Citigroup Inc.
The American Red Cross name and emblem are registered trademarks used with permission

citi

Intelligencer

INSIDE: *One kindergarten class, 11 pairs of twins / The Hillary-hater-in-chief / Inside the Oreo boom / O'Connor on sexual stamina*

PHOTOGRAPH: PATRICK SEMANSKY/AP PHOTO

Games: Will Leitch

Believe, People

It's been a miracle season for both Mets and Yankees. Is a Subway Series too much to ask?

MY FRIEND JASON FRY IS A BEST-SELLING author, a former Poynter fellow, and an award-winning journalist. But none of these things matter to him nearly as much as his side project: being a Mets fan. Along with his writing partner Greg Prince, Jason has run the Mets blog Faith and Fear in Flushing for more than a decade—a decade that happens to have been the most painful one in the history of a franchise that knows pain, a decade he's nevertheless managed to chronicle with intelligence and good humor. This is a signature of Mets fans: Kick them in the face for 30 years and they'll feel every thwack, but they'll never truly give up. After all, you gotta believe.

Then, on July 8 of this year, Jason lost all hope. The Mets were only two games over .500, three games behind the Nationals, and causing, through their offensive ineptitude, broadcaster Keith Hernandez to have nightly meltdowns on-air. "Contraction is the answer," Jason wrote. "This baseball team is killing me and 500,000 other dummies who need an intervention."

And look at us now. Wobbly as they sometimes can seem, the Mets have, shockingly, taken control of the NL East in the second half of the season, and meanwhile, in the Bronx, a Yankees team picked by many not only to miss the playoffs but to finish last in a difficult AL East is on the brink of the playoffs, too. (While the Yankees look unable to catch the Blue Jays in the AL East, they're in prime position to claim a wild-card spot and break their two-year postseason drought, their longest since 1994.) This may be only the second postseason this century to involve both the Mets and Yankees, and these days, you can even imagine another Subway Series in October, after the one we just witnessed. But for all the talk of a resurgence, and of the city being gripped by baseball again, it is worth remembering that none of this was certain not so long ago. The Mets and Yankees are back, and they've both made some smart moves to get there. But let's not pretend any of this went according to plan.

First, the Yankees. In 2013, Mark Teixeira and Alex Rodriguez made $50.5 million—more than two teams' entire payrolls—and for that, the Yankees received ten homers in 209 at-bats and a fourth-place finish. At that point, the team still owed the two men a combined $133.5 million. In 2014, Rodriguez was famously suspended all season—saving the salary, at least—and Teixeira had the worst season of his career, batting only .216. It was unreasonable to expect much out of either one of them in 2015 … and then each of them went out and pretended like it was 2009. Teixeira hit 31 homers and played solid defense at first base, making his first All-Star team since 2009, before suffering a season-ending leg injury in August. And A-Rod—many wondered whether he could physically swing a bat coming into the season—has been even more of a revelation, hitting 32 homers himself and serving as an anchor for a spotty, aging offense. The Yankees had zero hope for either this year, and each player performed like an all-star. It's not often season savers fall from the sky like that.

And then there are the Mets. The thing about Jason's mid-July panic was that it wasn't unwarranted. The Mets were hanging around the Nationals in the NL East, but the triumvirate of outstanding teams in the NL Central (the Cardinals, the Pirates, and the Cubs have had the best records in the league for most of the second half) meant there would be no wild card to fall back on: The Mets would have to catch the Nationals to make the postseason. This was particularly frustrating, not just because the Mets' dominant young rotation—considering the fragility of young arms—felt like a once-in-a-generation opportunity that was going to waste because of an offense that ownership refused to upgrade, but also because everyone knew the Nationals were about to take off. This was a team some projected to win 108 games this season, with its all-world rotation and solid lineup, led by Bryce Harper, finally having his breakthrough season. The Mets had some exciting pitching—if you squinted, it could even look like the foundation of a dynasty—but their offense was terrible. It was only a matter of time before the Nationals hit the gas and left the Mets in the dust.

Oops. The Nationals imploded, and now appear to be an organization in total chaos. (Maybe it's the football team across town rubbing off on them.) And Flushing has been having a nonstop party for two months. Who knows how smoothly the rest of the season will go. But for a while it's seemed like every day is another come-from-behind win. (The Mets are the team with clubhouse cohesion these days. The Mets!) In fact, the trade deadline, which was supposed to be the signifier of Mets ownership's inability to help out their desperate team, actually became the turning point: The Mets kept Wilmer Flores, who cried on the field when he thought he'd been traded but has keyed several spectacular wins since; added Kelly Johnson and Juan Uribe, probably thinking they shouldn't expect anything from a seemingly terminally injured David Wright; then welcomed back their captain and watched him hit a first-swing home run and settle right back into being a regular; and, most of all, traded for Yoenis Céspedes, the larger-than-life slugger Mets fans have been waiting for since Mike Piazza. (Céspedes has instantly become your kid's favorite player ever.) On July 23, the Mets ran out a cleanup and fifth hitter batting .170 and .179—the second-worst pair in those lineup spots in the live-ball era. Now they have the luxury of batting Céspedes second, even as he's hit more home runs since being traded at the deadline than anyone in baseball history not named Mark McGwire or Manny Ramirez—and Céspedes still has three weeks to go.

Céspedes hasn't just been the most significant trade-deadline acquisition in recent memory; he's been the emotional driver of this surge. And he wouldn't even be here had the initial trade for Carlos Gómez—the one that made Flores cry on the field, the one that turned out not to be—gone through. Gómez has hit just .234 since the trade deadline, when the Astros picked him up, laughing that the Mets had completely bungled things—not to mention the .172 average since then of Jay Bruce, whom the Mets tried to get before they moved on to Céspedes. Céspedes changed the Mets' whole season. And he's here almost by accident. Plus, he's behind another accident: The Mets have only been able to keep rookie Michael Conforto around because Céspedes told them he could play center field in addition to his more natural spot in left. Last summer, Conforto was just starting pro ball in Brooklyn, and nobody in the organization thought he was ready for the majors; now he's hitting like a batting champion.

But accidents, and happenstance, and goofy luck—all of those impossible-to-predict quirks of a long baseball season—none of those matter once you're in the postseason. All you need in this mad scramble, one that featured two wild-card teams in the World Series last year, is a ticket to ride. And as far as October is concerned, Alex Rodriguez has always been everybody's favorite Yankee, and Yoenis Céspedes was meant to be a Met from birth. In the postseason, it doesn't matter who you were. It matters what you are. And these two teams have as good a chance as anyone.

The Mets' postseason advantage is self-evident: A rotation like theirs, with an offense as hot as theirs has been of late, is precisely the recipe for a deep October run. No team in baseball, not even the Mets' likely divisional-series opponent the Dodgers (with Clayton Kershaw and Zack Greinke atop the rotation), wants to deal with deGrom, Syndergaard, Harvey, and Matz in a five-game series. (Some of these pitchers may be tired now, but the Mets have the depth to rest them, and enough of a lead to do so comfortably.) But the Yankees have assets that shine in the postseason as well, particularly that bullpen, which shortens games considerably—even more when, thanks to extra days off, you can use pitchers like Andrew Miller and Dellin Betances in multiple innings every day. If the Yankees get an early lead, the game's nearly over. So if they can escape the coin-flip wild-card game, a Subway Series looks far from an impossibility. ■

*A Tale of Two Seasons**

Where the Mets ranked through July 31:

AVERAGE
Last (.234)

RUNS
Last (3.5 per game)

RECORD
12th (53-50)

Since August 1:

AVERAGE
5th (.270)

RUNS
3rd (6 per game)

RECORD
2nd (30-13)

**Stats courtesy of the Elias Sports Bureau.*

MICHAELKORS.COM
520 BROADWAY SOHO
BLEECKER STREET BROOKFIELD PLACE COLUMBUS CIRCLE
FLATIRON MADISON AVENUE ROCKEFELLER CENTER
MICHAEL
MICHAEL KORS

Logan and Lucas Brennan

Cory and Alexandria Perceval

Leila and Riley Perez

Jillian and Jolie Bey

Pairings: Twindergarten!

One class, 11 pairs.

THERE ARE 191 STUDENTS this year at Long Island's Lynbrook Kindergarten Center, and 22 of them—12 percent—are twins: one set identical, the other ten fraternal. Ellen Postman, the school's principal, tries to (and this year did) split up all the siblings into separate classes, encouraging them to make new friends rather than lean on each other. "And then," she adds, "they're together at recess, when they go out to the playground, and they can share their new relationships." Lots of them.

Ava and Steven Novello

Photographs by Herring & Herring

Gia and Jaxson Miata

Mariah and Natalia Jenkins

Max and Jonah Stadler

Christopher and Violet Buccino

Liam and Norah Hennessy

John Arthur and Maria Theresa Larkin

141 MINUTES WITH ...

Dan Backer

The campaign-finance activist thinks we need more money in politics, not less. Otherwise, how will he stop Hillary?

BY MARIN COGAN

Billy, a large frat brother in a green shirt and white backward hat, cups his hands over his mouth and calls out: "Up next, we have a fund-raiser where we're gonna throw water balloons at Dan Backer." It's Labor Day at American University in Washington, D.C., and Backer is standing with his wife and two small boys on the edge of a group of about 25 fraternity and sorority members wearing bathing suits and jorts. "He won *McCutcheon* v. *FEC*," Billy says. "And—long story short—he is the reason campaign-finance law is what it is right now." The students respond with haphazard applause and a few boos. Backer, in a blue wicking shirt and trunks, puts on his goggles and takes a seat in a lawn chair across from the crowd. "Any of you guys like Hillary Clinton?" he shouts, but the students, who are gathering balloons to throw at him, don't seem to

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN BOAL

In 10022-SHOE, the Saks shoe salon so big it has its own ZIP code.

NEW YORK, 611 FIFTH AVENUE. 212.753.4000

notice his trolling. "Oh, come on," he says. "Nobody likes Hillary Clinton?!"

Perhaps nobody likes her less than Backer does. To him, "Hillary, the brand"—her status as a pantsuit-wearing cultural icon—"is bullshit." Whatever she's done as senator and secretary of State, it does not impress him: "This is someone," he says, "who has not had a substantial accomplishment other than marrying poorly."

Ever since the Supreme Court's 2010 ruling allowing corporations and unions to spend unlimited amounts on elections, Backer has been leading the charge to get more money into politics. In 2011, he won a federal case allowing the creation of hybrid PACs, a new class of groups that are allowed to raise unlimited sums while also giving limited amounts to chosen candidates, as long as they keep separate accounts. Three years later, he won that Supreme Court case, *McCutcheon* v. *Federal Election Commission,* that removed aggregate limits on the amounts individual donors can give in an election cycle. He's listed as a treasurer for about 40 PACs, the best known of which is the Stop Hillary PAC, which has raised more than $1 million. Depending on your views, he is either ruining democracy or vigorously defending free speech.

Or, to the kids at Zeta Psi, a powerful frat brother they can make a few bucks throwing water balloons at. Backer, who was a Zeta Psi at UMass Amherst, has stayed involved with the group's alumni organization and is happy to be the target of some water balloons tossed by college liberals to raise funds for the D.C. Rape Crisis Center.

"What about Trump?! Long live Trump!" he says, taunting the students. One kid steps forward and tosses a balloon at him. It lands wide. "Oh, look, a liberal!" he shouts. The kids surge forward and begin chucking, all at once. Backer dodges two balloons, catches one, and flinches as another explodes on his shoulder. Two kids step forward with a giant plastic bucket to dump on him, but he's able to slip out of his chair just in time to evade the waterfall. The students groan. Soon they've run out of water balloons, except for two Backer's mother-in-law bought for his kids to toss.

"Throw them at Daddy hard!" he instructs. They do, but the balloons bounce off his chest and burst on the ground.

Everyone takes a break while the organizers gather more balloons. "I can't believe no one wanted to raise their hand to say they liked Hillary!" he says, removing his goggles. "I'm kinda bummed! I had a whole routine ready, like, 'I'm in charge of Stop Hillary PAC—when you hear of all the shit she's doing, we broke that story!'"

Clearly, Backer has no problem drawing attention to his efforts. "I'm into the political theater of it all," he told me this summer when I went to visit his office. "We do stuff that is probably tasteless to some people, but we think it's hilarious." When I asked him what he meant, he popped open his laptop and offered a sneak peek at an unaired Stop Hillary PAC ad. "Remember when Hillary Clinton's foundation took all that money from the sultan of Brunei?" a narrator asked, showing an image of Clinton with the sultan set to music, "and then stood up to him for stoning gay men? No?" The music stopped and the video cut to a clip that appeared to show a man being stoned to death. "Neither do we." Stop Hillary PAC runs email campaigns aimed at small donors and has delivered more than 400,000 petition signatures to Congressman Trey Gowdy's office in support of his Benghazi investigations. (Gowdy, for his part, made it clear he did not want Republicans fund-raising off the issue.)

On the quad, the college kids have returned with more balloons. Backer takes his seat and resumes his taunts. "Did someone say Trump?" he says to no one in particular. "We've got to make America great again!" A balloon crashes against his knees, spattering him. He dodges one, catches two more, chucks them back into the crowd. Within minutes, the ammo is again spent. The kids begin to disperse.

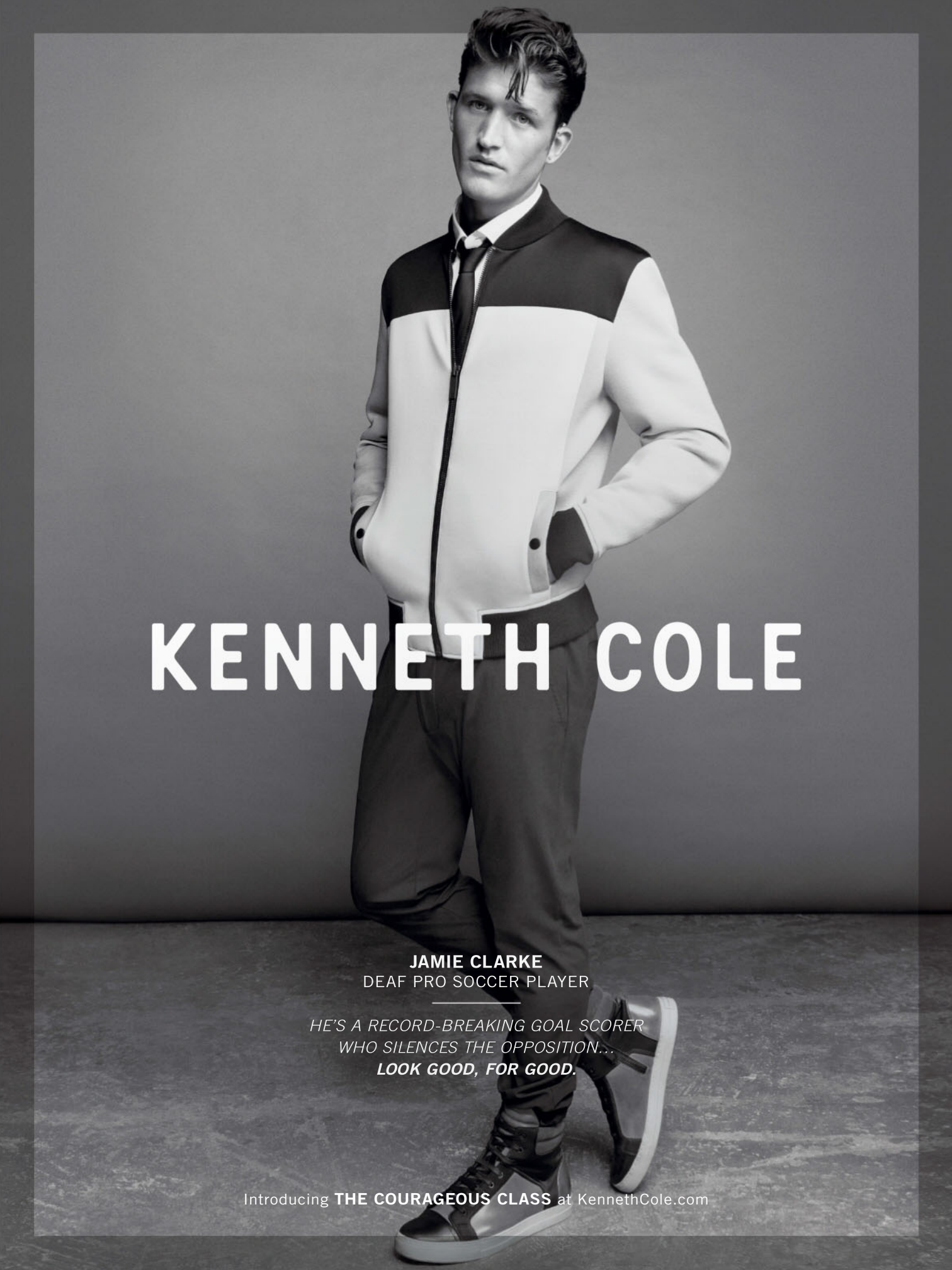
Backer, in his wet bathing suit, walks over to a bench near the campus spiritual-life center, pulls up a dinosaur video to distract one of his sons, and starts explaining how he found his calling. His Russian Jewish parents fled Novosibirsk in 1978, when he was a year old, and raised him in New Jersey. Always something of a rebel, he decided to launch an alternative newspaper at his high school and ran afoul of administrators when he published the perspective of a senior kid who'd gotten in trouble for, as Backer remembers it, "slap[ping] some freshman girl on the ass." After he graduated from law school, a mentor asked him for help with the paperwork of his PAC. Backer found himself a niche advising PACs and eventually began to challenge the boundaries of what they were legally allowed to do. He's also helped organize the Stop Pelosi PAC and Stop R.E.I.D. PAC, and helps run the Conservative Action Fund, a tea-party group funded by Shaun McCutcheon. He is rarely the public face of these groups; Backer has Tourette's syndrome, which causes facial tics and other TV-unfriendly gestures, like the tendency to gesture at you with both middle fingers as he's speaking.

"We do stuff that is probably tasteless to some people, but we think it's hilarious."

"Individuals and organizations spending money to talk to me about what they think I should do is their right. And it's my right to listen or not," he says. "Money in politics is great. Restraints on political communication are fundamentally about protecting the status quo, and also about preventing people from having every bit of information they want to consume." How, then, do you stop politicians from being corrupted by the very rich? "I totally believe in base limits," he says. "I think they should be higher, but … it is a fundamentally obvious thing to me that if I give you, a candidate, a million dollars, I may not have bought you, but it sure as hell looks that way."

Despite all that, Backer is not universally well regarded on the right. His groups raise a lot of money that goes back into his firm, a practice that's led some people to call them "scam PACs." The term pisses Backer off. "[John] Boehner complains very loudly that one of my clients raised a lot of money to primary him. Well, you know what? If you don't want to be primaried, pay attention to the people that are complaining about you. Don't call them assholes. [Eric] Cantor can be spending $160,000 on steak dinners for lobbyists, but *we're* a scam? What it comes down to is: People who don't want you to speak are going to say anything they can to stop you from speaking."

Backer points to the 400,000 signatures on the Benghazi petition as evidence of the support behind the Stop Hillary PAC, and he says it will mobilize supporters in increasingly public campaigns this fall. "We have a particularly large project that we're going to be rolling out. The RNC could never, ever do it," he says. "Our volunteers will fight because they see Hillary as an existential threat." It's called Operation Black Box. "This," he promises, sounding very sure of himself, "is the thing that's going to do Hillary in." ■


KENNETH COLE
JAMIE CLARKE
DEAF PRO SOCCER PLAYER
HE'S A RECORD-BREAKING GOAL SCORER
WHO SILENCES THE OPPOSITION...
LOOK GOOD, FOR GOOD.
Introducing THE COURAGEOUS CLASS at KennethCole.com

Treats: The Oreo Boom

Artisanal, schmartisanal.

SEE IF YOU CAN twist this fact apart: In the past decade, sales of the humble Oreo are up 60 percent, passing $2.5 billion a year. Its success defies two major food-world trends: toward the healthy and unprocessed, and toward the pumped-up and Xtreme. Somehow, this ancient brand has taken off in its second century.

SIERRA TISHGART

Oreorigins

It was **introduced in 1912,** and was produced in its early years at the National Biscuit Company complex on Ninth Avenue that now houses Chelsea Market. Redesigned in the 1920s, it received the familiar ridge pattern in 1952. Lately, it's lost its lard (making it kosher) and trans fats.

Cookies and Cheese?

Nabisco, after mergers left it part of Kraft Foods, was **spun off in 2012 within a new snack-food company called Mondelez.** (It also owns Cadbury, Trident, and Tang.) Last month, Bill Ackman of Pershing Square Capital Management—having watched this year's Kraft-Heinz merger—bought 7.5 percent of Mondelez. Some observers say he's looking to merge it back into Kraft; others say he sees a company where cost-cutting will produce big returns.

Brand Extensions, in Green and Red

Spinoff flavors, with fillings ranging from **mint to birthday cake to candy corn**, have fueled sales growth. So have Oreo Thins, a crispy new variant. In China, you can buy green-tea-flavored Oreos; in Indonesia, coconut. (Recently, a Cookies-and-Creme variant appeared here: ground-up Oreos, in the filling of other Oreos.) Janda Lukin, the head of Oreo North America, says that limited runs have been a hit. "Red velvet was really successful for us this year. It tapped into Valentine's Day, and it was the first time we changed the base cake color."

Worldwide, one out of 20 cookies sold is an Oreo.

"You don't realize how salty and bitter the cookie is unless you eat it on its own. It's that against the super-sweet fondant."

— EMPELLÓN CHEF ALEX STUPAK, ON THE GREATNESS OF THE ORIGINAL FORMULA

What trademarked foods are older? Triscuits (1902) • Barnum's Animals Crackers (1902) • Campbell's tomato soup (1897) • Jell-O (1897) • Cracker Jack (1896) •

Photograph by Bobby Doherty

But Why Do So Many People Really Like Them?

Oreo hits a "bliss point"—where flavors peak and leave you wanting more—that few products achieve. Not even food scientists can really understand how; as with Heinz ketchup, its long-ago creators seem simply to have hit a magic chord. The psychophysicist Howard Moskowitz (a former Oreo consultant), best known for revolutionizing the spaghetti-sauce business, offers the following clues.

- "**The combination of the soft cream and the hard cookie** appeals to everybody. The vanilla is not exactly high-quality, but it doesn't matter—you love that middle. And it's a fairly nondescript product, like white bread: You can eat a lot and not get tired of it."
- "**You can play with it**: split it apart, lick the cream, dunk the cookie. Part of its appeal is the ability to do things."
- "The keys for making a healthful-looking product are still to be found. What does help is that **the Oreo is not glazed**. Glaze is bad—you want non-reflective surfaces. Non-oily, non-greasy."

Baking Mexico Great Again

Mondelez is in the process of laying off half its 1,200 union employees at a Chicago bakery, moving some jobs to a plant in Mexico. **In response, Donald Trump said, "I'm never eating Oreos again," and others joined the boycott.** On his premiere, Stephen Colbert scarfed down Oreos as he told Trump jokes. Lukin notes that several U.S. Oreo plants will continue running and adds, "Trump is a businessman, and he should likely understand what we're doing."

What Happened to Hydrox?

For decades, Hydrox cookies fought a **Coke-versus-Pepsi battle with Oreo.** (Hydrox is older; long ago, Oreo was the knockoff.) After a long twilight, **Hydrox was last seen in 2008**—until this month, when a California firm called Leaf Brands brought it back. The pitch: They're not made with corn syrup. The challenge: Millennials have never heard of them. As Moskowitz says: "*OR*-e-o. I want *OR*-e-o. It's fun to say. *Hydrox* sounds like a cleaning fluid."

"The product keeps asking for itself to be played with, and the more we go global, the more that we discover that it's just one of those universal truths."

—THE MARTIN AGENCY'S JORGE CALLEJA, CREATIVE DIRECTOR ON THE OREO ACCOUNT

The Oreo Facebook page has 40 million likes.

It's the fifth-most-Liked brand page in the world.

Wrigley's gum (1893) • Fig Newtons (1891) • Poland Spring water (1845) • Jim Beam bourbon (1795) • Bass ale (1777) • Twinings tea (1706) • Löwenbräu beer (1383).

PHOTOGRAPH: FPG/ARCHIVE PHOTOS/GETTY IMAGES

Sex Lives: Maureen O'Connor

A Matter of Stamina

How long should sex actually last?

IN 2012, KANYE WEST successfully halted the distribution of a sex tape reportedly depicting him in flagrante with a Kim Kardashian look-alike. Instead, TMZ described the two versions its editors had seen: "Both tapes are impressively long—the first is roughly 20 minutes and the second is more than *40*. And we're talking constant action. Seriously, the guy takes no breaks. It's incredible. Almost Sting-like." I sent the link to two friends. The male friend replied in awe. The female replied with skepticism. "Even if that were possible, it'd be at least 20 minutes too much of sex."

How many minutes of sex is enough, and how many is too few? In public and pop culture, tales of sex that lasts all night long tend to draw low whistles and nods of approval. ("We have sex like Kenyan marathon runners," Olivia Wilde once bragged of fiancé Jason Sudeikis.) Men's and women's magazines alike offer listicles on how to make sex last longer. ("Squeeze the base of his penis," *Cosmopolitan* advises. "It quite literally stops him from ejaculating. Think of it like bending a hose in half to stop the flow of water.") And in surveys, Americans of all ages and backgrounds report wanting

sex that lasts longer than your average sitcom: When Fox News health pundit Keith Ablow surveyed fans in 2007, 80 percent of both men and women wanted sex to last half an hour. And yet, the actual duration of heterosexual intercourse tends to be pretty short: Most researchers agree that the average is something like six minutes. But every time I've repeated this fact to laymen, the reply, invariably, is "That's all?"

Yes, that's all. "That sucks," the laymen say. But why? While plenty of sexual realities do, yes, suck, the near-universal assumption that brief sex is bad sex stuck out to me. Why is longevity viewed as an absolute value? When did we decide going longer was better, and has that changed how long we go when we do it?

As it turns out, even those six precious minutes may be more than our predecessors enjoyed. In his 1948 studies, Alfred Kinsey "found that 75 percent of American men orgasmed within two minutes of commencing intercourse," Rachel Hills writes in her new book, *The Sex Myth*. "But more recent studies have reported a median time of between 5.4 and 7.5 minutes—suggesting that men may be adapting their sexual behavior to better fit the social ideal." Today, she puts it wryly, "it is no longer acceptable for the sex act to end before one party has even begun." We call that premature ejaculation and are terrified of it; back before Kinsey, "premature ejaculation" referred to men who came before their penises even touched the inside of a vagina. Only later did the term come to mean ejaculation that occurred earlier than desired. In the '80s and '90s, sexologists tried to define premature nut-busting according to number of thrusts—generally, eight to 15—but have since switched to minutes.

What's changed? The sexual revolution, for starters, which made female sexual pleasure a public goal for men for the first time. In 1970, Masters and Johnson boldly defined all heterosexual men who came before their partners more than 50 percent of the time premature ejaculators. Modern doctors tend to be less doctrinaire about who must orgasm when, but they do agree on some rules of thumb. According to a 2008 survey of sex therapists, sex is "too short" when it lasts one to two minutes. "Adequate" is three to seven minutes, and "desirable" is seven to 13. The range for "too long" went up to 30 minutes. Anything longer, like "more than *40*," will henceforth be known as "too Kanye."

So why do we expect hour-long sex, when anything longer than ten minutes is a statistical anomaly? Some of the confusion about how long sex should last derives from the nebulous way we conceive of the act. The

"Sometimes I think we've been at it for an hour. Then I'll look at the clock."

vast majority of data on the subject measures something wonkily called "intravaginal ejaculatory latency time," defined as the time between the moment an erect penis enters a vagina and the moment that penis begins to come. This view of sex is, of course, hopelessly mechanical, not to mention penis-centric, and has little to do with the way people actually fuck. But then, how *do* you define the beginning and end of sex? Does it begin when one partner becomes aroused? When genitals are touched? What about those fabled women who can orgasm just with their nipples? Critiquing a series of scientific studies, the lesbian-feminist scholar Marilyn Frye estimated in 1992 that what straight couples do for eight minutes at a time with high frequency, lesbians do "considerably less frequently [and] takes, on average, considerably more than eight minutes to do. Maybe about 30 minutes at least. Sometimes maybe about an hour." (Gay men in relationships report ejaculatory issues at the same rate as heterosexual men, but how long they're actually doing it for is unknown; data on the duration of non-hetero sex remains frustratingly behind the times.)

But even with a more expansive definition of sex, couples seem perpetually disappointed. In 2012, a team of researchers from the University of New Brunswick took the bold step of measuring the duration of not just IELT but also foreplay. The study asked men and women in relationships to report how long an ideal foreplay session should last as well as ideal intercourse. Then they timed their actual sex lives in the comfort of their own bedrooms. (Or bathrooms, or kitchens, or backseats of cars. They weren't required to specify.) They reported an average of 11 to 13 minutes of foreplay, and seven to eight minutes of intercourse. (Even though they were describing the exact same encounters, the men consistently reported both acts as lasting a minute or two longer than their partners did.) But everyone—male and female—wanted the entire encounter to be roughly double the length it was. Women wanted eight more minutes of foreplay and seven more minutes of intercourse; men wanted five more minutes of foreplay and 11 more minutes of sex. Which confused me: I can understand why reality might not meet expectations during vaginal intercourse, but foreplay has no physical constraint. If everyone wants five to seven more minutes of fooling around, then why don't they just, you know, do it?

"Stupidity?" offered Eric Corty, the Penn State Erie professor who polled sex therapists about ideal duration. Or perhaps it's an issue of logistics: "People are very poor sexual communicators," offered E. Sandra Byers, the psychologist who co-helmed the foreplay study. And then there's the "time-dilation effect," as one of my straight male friends calls it. "Sometimes I'll think we've been fucking for an hour, and then I'll look at the clock and it's only been 15 minutes."

But could it be that people don't *actually* want more sex? Maybe when they are not actively having it, they overestimate how much they want—the same way I buy too much food when I grocery-shop on an empty stomach. "Also, it could be a socially desirable option to the answer," Corty noted. That is, people saying what they think they're supposed to say—or supposed to want. Social expectations play a role, Corty said, "even in an anonymous survey."

How did we get to the point of wanting longer sex in the abstract but never really acting on it IRL? According to Rachel Hills, today's sexual expectations are tied to a myth that sex is "more special, more significant, a source of greater thrills and more perfect pleasure than any other activity humans engage in." If good sex is necessary for self-actualization, the logic goes, then more sex will push us even higher. Thus, women feel compelled to declare themselves multi-orgasmic nymphomaniacs; men feel compelled to go harder and last longer. But whether this attitude has actually altered sexual behavior and stamina, as Mills argues, is debatable. When I asked Marcel D. Waldinger, a Dutch neuropsychiatrist affiliated with Drexel University, he was skeptical. He pointed to a 1943 study from the German researcher Bernhard Schapiro that suggests there were as many men back then on the "ultrarapid" end of the spectrum—one minute or less—as there are today. So maybe we're all overthinking this. As Byers points out, people tend to want more time not just for sex but for everything they enjoy—or think they ought to enjoy. "If you give me a questionnaire that says 'Would you like to visit your granddaughter more?' I would say yes. If you said 'How do you plan to fit that into your life?'—that's a different question." ■

Frank Rich:

THE IMPORTANCE OF DONALD TRUMP

Far from destroying our democracy, he's exposing all its phoniness and corruption in ways as serious as he is not. And changing it in the process.

AS THE SUMMER OF DONALD TRUMP came to its end—and the prospect of a springtime for Trump no longer seemed like a gag—the quest to explain the billionaire's runaway clown car went into overdrive. How could a crass, bigoted bully with a narcissistic-personality disorder and policy views bordering on gibberish "defy political gravity," dominate the national stage, make monkeys out of pundits and pollsters, and pose an existential threat to one of America's two major parties?

Of course, it was the news media's fault: The Washington *Post* charted the correlation between Trump's national polling numbers and his disproportionate press coverage. Or maybe the public was to blame: Op-ed writers dusted off their sermons about Americans' childish infatuation with celebrities and reality television. Or perhaps Trump was just the GOP's answer to the "outsider" Bernie Sanders—even though Sanders, unlike Trump, has a coherent ideology and has spent nearly a quarter-century of his so-called outsider's career in Congress. Still others riffled through historical precedents, from the third-party run

Photo-illustration by Bobby Doherty

of the cranky billionaire Ross Perot back to Huey Long and Father Charles Coughlin, the radio-savvy populist demagogues of the Great Depression. Or might Trump be the reincarnation of Joseph McCarthy (per the *Times'* Thomas Friedman), Hugo Chávez (the *Wall Street Journal*'s Bret Stephens), or that avatar of white-racist resentment, George Wallace (George Will)? The historian Richard Hofstadter's Goldwater-era essay on "the paranoid style" in American politics was once again in vogue.

In the midst of all the hand-wringing from conservatives and liberals alike, Politico convened a panel of historians to adjudicate. Two authoritative chroniclers of 20th-century American populism and race, Alan Brinkley of Columbia and David Blight of Yale, dismissed the parallels. Brinkley, the author of the definitive book on Long and Coughlin (*Voices of Protest*), said Trump was a first in American politics, a presidential candidate with no "belief system other than the certainty that anything he says is right." Blight said Trump's "real antecedents are in Mark Twain"—in other words, fictional characters, and funny ones.

There is indeed a lighter way to look at Trump's rise and his impact on the country. Far from being an apocalyptic harbinger of the end-times, it's possible that his buffoonery poses no lasting danger. Quite the contrary: His unexpected monopoly of center stage may well be the best thing to happen to our politics since the arrival of Barack Obama.

In the short time since Trump declared his candidacy, he has performed a public service by exposing, however crudely and at times inadvertently, the posturings of both the Republicans and the Democrats and the foolishness and obsolescence of much of the political culture they share. He is, as many say, making a mockery of the entire political process with his bull-in-a-china-shop antics. But the mockery in this case may be overdue, highly warranted, and ultimately a spur to reform rather than the crime against civic order that has scandalized those who see him, in the words of the former George W. Bush speechwriter Michael Gerson, as "dangerous to democracy."

Trump may be injecting American democracy with steroids. No one, after all, is arguing that the debates among the GOP presidential contenders would be drawing remotely their *Game of Thrones*-scale audiences if the marquee stars were Jeb Bush and Scott Walker. When most of the field—minus Trump—appeared ahead of the first debate at a New Hampshire forum broadcast on C-SPAN, it caused little more stir than a soporific pageant of congressional backbenchers addressing the empty floor of the House. Without Trump, even a relatively tame Trump, would anyone have sat through even a third of the three-hour-plus trainwreck that CNN passed off as the second debate?

What has made him more entertaining than his peers is not his superficial similarities to any historical analogues or his shopworn celebrity. His passport to political stardom has been his uncanny resemblance to a provocative fictional comic archetype that has been an invigorating staple of American movies since Vietnam and Watergate ushered in wholesale disillusionment with Washington four decades ago. That character is a direct descendant of Twain's 19th-century confidence men: the unhinged charlatan who decides to blow up the system by running for office—often the presidency—on a platform of outrageous pronouncements and boorish behavior. Trump has taken that role, the antithesis of the idealist politicians enshrined by Frank Capra and Aaron Sorkin, and run with it. He bestrides our current political landscape like the reincarnation not of Joe McCarthy (that would be Ted Cruz) but of Jay Billington Bulworth.

Trump's shenanigans sometimes seem to be lifted directly from the eponymous 1998 movie, in which Warren Beatty plays a senator from California who abandons his scripted bromides to take up harsh truth-telling in rap: "Wells Fargo and Citibank, you're really very dear / Loan billions to Mexico and never have to fear / 'Cause taxpayers take it in the rear." Bulworth insults the moderators of a television debate, addresses his Hollywood donors as "big Jews," and infuriates a black constituent by telling her he'll ignore her unless she shells out to his campaign. Larry King, cast as himself, books him on his show because "people are sick and tired of all this baloney" and crave an unplugged politician who calls Washington "a disaster."

Trump also sounds like Hal Phillip Walker, the unseen candidate of the "Replacement Party" whose campaign aphorisms percolate throughout Robert Altman's post-Watergate state-of-the-union comic epic, *Nashville* (1975). His platform includes eliminating farm subsides, taxing churches, banning lawyers from government, and jettisoning the national anthem because "nobody knows the words, nobody can sing it, nobody understands it." (Francis Scott Key was a lawyer.) In résumé and beliefs, Trump is even closer to the insurgent candidate played by Tim Robbins and reviled as "a crypto-fascist clown" in the mockumentary *Bob Roberts* (1992)—a self-congratulatory right-wing Wall Street success story, beauty-pageant aficionado, and folksinging star whose emblematic song is titled "Retake America." Give Trump time, and we may yet find him quoting the accidental president played by Chris Rock in *Head of State* (2003): "If America was a woman, she would be a big-tittied woman. Everybody loves a big-tittied woman!"

Thanks to Trump, this character has leaped off the screen into real life, like the Hollywood leading man in Woody Allen's *The Purple Rose of Cairo*. As a human torpedo blasting through the 2016 campaign, Trump can inflict more damage, satirical and otherwise, than any fictional prototype ever could. In his great comic novel of 1959, *The Magic Christian,* Terry Southern anticipated just the kind of ruckus a Trump could make. Southern's protagonist is a billionaire named Guy Grand who spends his fortune on elaborate pranks to disrupt almost every sector of American life—law enforcement, advertising, newspapers, movies, television, sports, the space program. Like Trump, he operates on the premise that everyone can be bought. In one typical venture, he pays the actor playing "an amiable old physician" on a live network medical drama a million bucks to stop in mid-surgery and tell the audience that if he speaks "one more line of this drivel," he'll "vomit right into that incision I've made." The network, FCC, and press go into a tizzy until viewers, hoping to see more such outrages, start rewarding the show with record ratings.

There have already been some modest precedents for Trump's real-life prank—most recently, Stephen Colbert, who staged a brief stunt run for president in 2007. The comic Pat Paulsen, a Smothers Brothers acolyte, ran for president intermittently from 1968 into the '90s, aiming to call attention to the absurdity of politics. His first run was under the banner of the STAG (Straight Talking American Government) Party; later, he ran consecutively as a Republican and a Democrat. ("I like to mix it up," he explained.) Paulsen came in a (very) distant second to Bill Clinton in the 1996 New Hampshire primary, one of four primaries where he qualified for the ballot that year. But a judge threw him off the ballot in California, declaring, "I do not want to reduce the campaign for an important office like president of the United States to some kind of farce."

Some kind of farce, nonetheless, is just what the modern presidential campaign

PREVIOUS SPREAD, TRUMP PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHELE ASSELIN/CONTOUR BY GETTY IMAGES; BODY-DOUBLE CASTING BY IMPOSSIBLE CASTING; RETOUCHING BY DARROW.

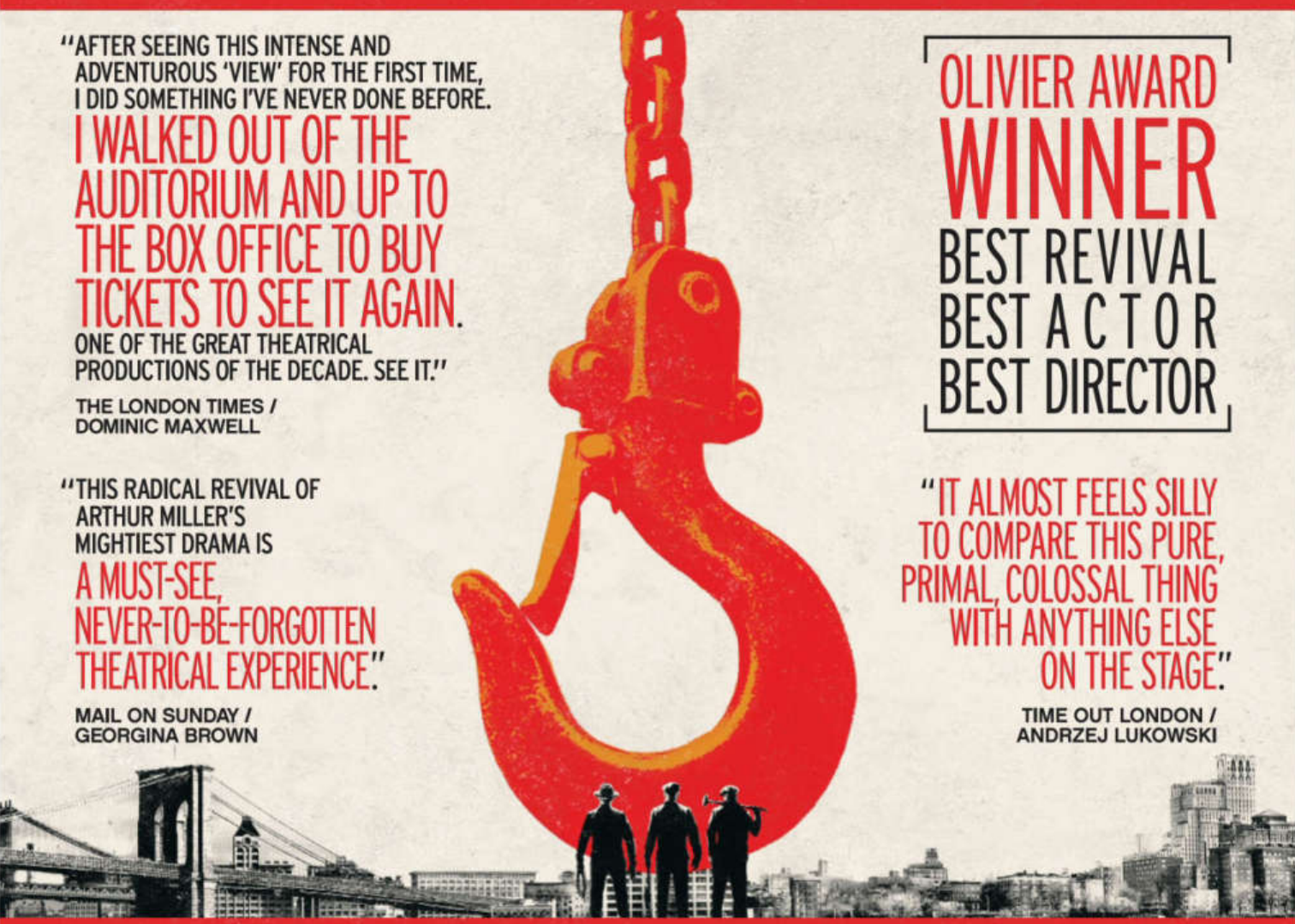
ON BROADWAY FOR 17 WEEKS ONLY

"AFTER SEEING THIS INTENSE AND ADVENTUROUS 'VIEW' FOR THE FIRST TIME, I DID SOMETHING I'VE NEVER DONE BEFORE. **I WALKED OUT OF THE AUDITORIUM AND UP TO THE BOX OFFICE TO BUY TICKETS TO SEE IT AGAIN.** ONE OF THE GREAT THEATRICAL PRODUCTIONS OF THE DECADE. SEE IT."

THE LONDON TIMES / DOMINIC MAXWELL

"THIS RADICAL REVIVAL OF ARTHUR MILLER'S MIGHTIEST DRAMA IS **A MUST-SEE, NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN THEATRICAL EXPERIENCE.**"

MAIL ON SUNDAY / GEORGINA BROWN



OLIVIER AWARD **WINNER**

BEST REVIVAL
BEST ACTOR
BEST DIRECTOR

"IT ALMOST FEELS SILLY TO COMPARE THIS PURE, PRIMAL, COLOSSAL THING WITH ANYTHING ELSE ON THE STAGE."

TIME OUT LONDON / ANDRZEJ LUKOWSKI

★★★★★ THE LONDON TIMES

★★★★★ THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

★★★★★ EVENING STANDARD

★★★★★ TIME OUT LONDON

★★★★★ THE GUARDIAN

★★★★★ THE INDEPENDENT

MARK STRONG / NICOLA WALKER / PHOEBE FOX / RUSSELL TOVEY
MICHAEL ZEGEN / MICHAEL GOULD / RICHARD HANSELL

THE YOUNG VIC PRODUCTION OF

ARTHUR MILLER'S A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

DIRECTED BY IVO VAN HOVE

TICKETS ON SALE NOW / PREVIEWS BEGIN OCT 21 / OPENS NOV 12

LYCEUM THEATRE 149 WEST 45TH STREET AVIEWFROMTHEBRIDGEBROADWAY.COM 212-239-6200 TELECHARGE.COM

ANNOTATION

DONALD TRUMP WAS INVENTED 56 YEARS AGO

HE SURFACES IN TERRY SOUTHERN'S HILARIOUS CHARACTER GUY GRAND.

In this excerpt from the 1959 novel The Magic Christian, *the eccentric billionaire employs his fortune to prank American media and show business from the inside, exposing its inanity.*

AUGUST GUY GRAND himself was a billionaire. He had 180 millions cash deposit in New York banks, and this ready capital was of course but a part of his gross holdings.

In the beginning, Grand's associates, wealthy men themselves, saw nothing extraordinary about him; a reticent man of simple tastes, they thought, a man who had inherited most of his money and had preserved it through large safe investments in steel, rubber, and oil. What his associates managed to see in Grand was usually a reflection of their own dullness: a club member, a dinner guest, a possibility, a threat—a man whose holdings represented a prospect and a danger. But this was to do injustice to Grand's private life, because his private life was atypical … he had a very unusual attitude towards *people*—he spent about ten million a year in, as he expressed it himself, *"making it hot for them."* …

"THERE'S NO BIZ like show biz," he liked to quip to the other troupers, "… oh, we have our ups and downs, heck yes—but I wouldn't trade one whiff of grease paint on opening night, by gosh, for all the darned *chateaux* in France!"

Thus did he enter the field, not nominally of course, but in effect. There was at this time a rather successful drama hour on Sunday evening. "Our Town Playhouse" it was called and was devoted to serious fare; at least the viewers were told it was serious fare—truth to tell though, it was by any civilized standard, the crassest sort of sham, cant, and weak-kneed pornography imaginable. Grand set about to interfere with it.

His arrival was fairly propitious; the production in dress rehearsal at that moment was called *All Our Yesterdays,* a drama which, according to the sponsors, was to be, concerning certain emotions and viewpoints, more or less *definitive.*

Beginning with this production, Grand made it a point that he or his representative contact the hero or heroine of each play, while it was still in rehearsal, and reach some sort of understanding about final production. A million was generally sufficient.

The arrangement between Grand and the leading actress of *All Our Yesterdays* was simplicity itself. During final production, that is to say, the Sunday-night nation-wide presentation of the play, and at the top of her big end-of-the-second-act scene, the heroine suddenly turned away from the other players, approached the camera, and addressed the viewers, point-blank:

"Anyone who would allow this slobbering pomp and drivel in his home has less sense and taste than the beasts of the field!"

Then she pranced off the set.

Half the remaining actors turned to stare after her in amazement, while the others sat frozen in their last attitudes. There was a frenzy of muffled whispers coming from off-stage … Then there was a bit of commotion before it was actually faded—one of the supporting actors had been trained in Russian methods and thought he could improvise the rest of the play, about twelve minutes, so there were one or two odd lines spoken by him in this attempt before the scene jerkily faded to blackness. …

THE THIRD TIME something like this happened, the producer and sponsor were very nearly out of their minds. Of course they suspected that a rival company was tampering with the produc-

Copyright © 1959, 1960 by Terry Southern

has devolved into. By calling attention to that sorry state of affairs 24/7, Trump's impersonation of a crypto-fascist clown is delivering the most persuasively bipartisan message of 2016.

TRUMP LACKS THE comic chops of a Colbert or Paulsen, and, unlike the screenwriters of movies like *Bulworth* and *Nashville,* he is witless. His instrument of humor is the bitch-slap, blunt and cruel—Don Rickles dumbed down to the schoolyard. But when he hits a worthy target and exerts himself beyond his usual repertoire of lazy epithets (Loser! Dope! Slob!), he is funny, in part because his one-liners have the ring of truth. When Eric Cantor endorsed Jeb Bush, Trump asked, "Who wants the endorsement of a guy who lost in perhaps the greatest upset in the history of Congress?" When Trump's presidential rivals attended a David and Charles Koch retreat, he tweeted: "I wish good luck to all of the Republican candidates that traveled to California to beg for money etc. from the Koch brothers. Puppets?" Twitter inspires his best material, as does Bush. Among Trump's many Bush put-downs is this classic: "Why would you pay a man $1.3 million a year for a no-show job at Lehman Brothers—which, when it folded, almost took the world with it?" The exclamation point in Bush's sad campaign logo, JEB!, has effectively been downsized to a semicolon by Trump's insistence on affixing the modifier "low-energy" to his name every chance he gets.

The most significant Trump insult thus far is the one that heralded his hostile takeover of the GOP. The target was Reince Priebus, the overmatched Republican National Committee chairman. Following the debacle of 2012, Priebus had vowed that his party would reach out to minorities and curb the xenophobic and misogynist invective that drives away the voters without whom it cannot win national elections. When Trump lampooned John McCain's sacred record as a POW as gleefully as Republicans had Swift Boated John Kerry, the chairman saw his best-laid plans for a "big tent" GOP imperiled by an unauthorized sideshow. "Party donors," no doubt with his blessing, let it be known to the Washington *Post* that, in a lengthy phone conversation, he had persuaded Trump to "tone it down." Hardly had the story surfaced when Trump shot it down: He said Priebus's call had been brief and flattering, and that he hadn't agreed to change a thing.

Illustrations by Tony Millionaire

Knoll

ANNUAL SALE

SEPTEMBER 18–29

Significant savings and free delivery
on designs for the home.

Visit the Knoll Home Design Shop
1330 Avenue of the Americas at 54th St.
212 343-4190
Mon–Fri 11 am–7pm | **Sat** 10 am–6pm | **Sun, Sept 20 & 27** 11 am–6 pm

Shop knoll.com

tions, bribing the actors and so on. Security measures were taken. Directors were fired right and left. Rehearsals were held behind locked doors, and there was an attempt to keep the actors under constant surveillance, but ... Grand always seemed to get in there somehow, with the old convincer.

In the aftermath, some of the actors paid the breach-of-contract fine of twenty-five or fifty thousand; others pleaded temporary insanity; still others gained a lot of publicity by taking a philosophic stand, saying that it was true, they had been overcome with nausea at that drivel, and that they themselves were too sensitive and serious for it, and had too much integrity, moral fiber, etc. ...

Meanwhile the show went on. People started tuning in to see what new outrage would happen; it even appeared to have a sort of elusive comic appeal. It became the talk of the industry; the rating soared—but somehow it looked bad. Finally the producer and the sponsor of the show were put on the carpet before Mr. Harlan, the tall and distinguished head of the network.

"Listen," he said to the sponsor as he paced the office, "we want your business, Mr. Levet, don't get me wrong—but if you guys can't control that show of yours ... well, I mean *goddamn* it, what's going on over there?" He turned to the producer now, who was a personal friend of his: "For Christ's sake, Max, can't you get together a *show*, and put it on the way it's supposed to be without any somersaults? ... is that so hard to do? ... I mean *we* can't have this sort of thing going on, *you* know that, Max, we *simply cannot have* ..."

"Listen, Al," said the producer, a short fat man who rose up and down on his toes, smiling, as he spoke, "we got the highest Trendex in the books right now." ...

THE CRITICS FOR the most part, after lambasting the first couple of shows as "terrific boners," sat tight for a while, just to see which way the wind was going to blow, so to speak—then, with the rating at skyrocket level, they began to suggest that the show might be worth a peek.

"An off-beat sleeper," one of them said, "don't miss it." "*New* comedy," said a second, "a sophisticated take-off on the sentimental." And another: "Here's humor at its highest." Almost all agreed in the end that it was a healthy satire.

After interfering with six or seven shows, Grand grew restive. "I'm pulling out," he said to himself, "it may have been good money after bad all along."

It was just as well perhaps, because at the point when the producer and sponsor became aware of what was responsible for their vast audience, they began consciously trying to choose and shape each drama towards that moment of anomaly which had made the show famous. And somehow this seemed to spoil it. At any rate it very soon degenerated—back to the same old tripe. And of course it was soon back to the old rating as well—which, as in the early, pre-Grand days, was all right, but nothing, really, to be too proud of.

OR MAYBE
18 YEARS AGO?

REFLECTIONS ON THE CANDIDATE FROM JEREMY PIKSER, CO-WRITER OF THE WARREN BEATTY COMEDY BULWORTH.

When you watch Donald Trump run for president, do you see an entertainer?

Well, I don't think anybody would pay money to go see him in a theater. I know I wouldn't. I think of him as a reality-show entertainer. And now he's converted celebrity television shows into politics. *American President* instead of *American Idol.*

And that's what accounts for his popularity?

He's not pretending American politics is anything other than theater.

Why has that been such a problem for the other Republican candidates?

Oh, because they look fake! Fake and puny. He looks honest and strong. He's not honest, not compared to any other human being on the planet. But compared to the other Republican candidates? And most of the Democratic ones? He is honest. Plus, Trump is a professional entertainer in a way that they're not. My guess is he's better at what he does than any of them are at what they do.

Do you see Trump as a satirist in the vein of Jay Bulworth, who tells hard truths as a candidate because he believes he's about to die?

Trump is really the anti-Bulworth, because Bulworth had nothing to lose. Trump's branded himself as a product, and he's selling that brand. He's more brazen than honest. It's the stuff of satire, but it's not satire. I wish it were satire. Satire inherently has a critical aspect to it. He's not critical of this stuff at all. He believes in doing whatever you can get away with. ALEX CARP

As Priebus beat a hasty retreat, Trump joked that manipulating him wasn't exactly like "dealing with a five-star Army general." Soon the chastened chairman was proclaiming Trump a "net positive" for his party. When Trump deigned to sign a *faux* legal document pledging not to run as a third-party candidate, Priebus had to show up at Trump Tower to bear witness, like a lackey summoned to an audience with the boss. That "pledge" served Trump's immediate goal of securing his spot on primary ballots, but come next year it will carry no more weight than a certificate from the now-defunct Trump University.

Trump's ability to reduce the head of his adopted party to a comic functionary out of a Gilbert-and-Sullivan operetta is typical of his remarkable success in exposing Republican weakness and hypocrisy. The party Establishment has been trying to erect a firewall against the onslaught by claiming, as George Will has it, that Trump is a "counterfeit" Republican and that even "the assumption that today's Trumpites are Republicans is unsubstantiated and implausible." Thus voters should discount Trump's "bimbo" tweets, anti-immigration fulminations, and rants about Mexican "rapists" as a wild man's ravings that don't represent a party that reveres women, welcomes immigrants, and loves Hispanics. The *Wall Street Journal* editorial page, in its own effort to inoculate the GOP from Trump, disparages him as a "casino magnate"—an epithet it doesn't hurl at Sheldon Adelson, the still-bigger casino magnate who serves as sugar daddy to the neocon hawks the *Journal* favors.

Trump does take heretical economic positions for a Republican—"The hedge-fund guys are getting away with murder!"—but on the matters of race, women, and immigration that threaten the GOP's future viability in nonwhite, non-male America, he is at one with his party's base. What he does so rudely is call the GOP's bluff by saying loudly, unambiguously, and repeatedly the ugly things that other Republican politicians try to camouflage in innuendo, focus-group-tested euphemisms, and consultantspeak.

In reality, Trump's most noxious views have not only been defended by conservative stars like Ann Coulter, Rush Limbaugh, Sean Hannity, Laura Ingraham, and late summer's No. 1 best-selling nonfiction author, the radio host Mark Levin, but also by the ostensibly more "mainstream" Republican candidates. Trump is picking up where his vocal fan Sarah Palin left off and is for that reason by far the favored candidate of tea-party Republicans, according to a Labor Day CNN-ORC poll.

BREITLING
EMERGENCY

IN THE HEAT OF ACTION, THERE ARE THOSE WHO TRUST THEIR LUCKY STAR – AND THOSE WHO PREFER THE EMERGENCY, THE WORLD'S FIRST WRISTWATCH WITH BUILT-IN PERSONAL LOCATOR BEACON.

Equipped with a dual frequency micro-transmitter, this high-tech survival instrument serves to trigger search and rescue operations in all emergency situations – on land, at sea or in the air. The first ever personal locator beacon designed for wrist wear, meaning literally on you at all times, it shares your feats around the globe while guaranteeing maximum safety. Breitling Emergency: the watch that can save your life.

BREITLING BOUTIQUE
5 EAST 57TH STREET
(855) 999-1884

BREITLING
1884

INSTRUMENTS FOR PROFESSIONALS™

He's a direct descendant of Mark Twain's 19th-century confidence men: the unhinged charlatan who decides to blow up the system.

Take Trump's peddling of "birtherism," for instance. It's been a right-wing cause since well before he took it up; even Mitt Romney dipped into that racist well in 2012. It took a village of birthers to get Republicans to the point where only 29 percent of them now believe that Obama was born in America (and 54 percent identify him as a Muslim), according to an August survey by Public Policy Polling. Far from being a fake Republican, Trump speaks for the party's overwhelming majority.

Charles Krauthammer, another conservative apoplectic about Trump's potential to sabotage the GOP's 2016 chances, is arguing that Trump's incendiary immigration stand is also counterfeit Republicanism—an aberrational "policy innovation." The only problem is that Cruz, Walker, Lindsey Graham, Bobby Jindal, Rand Paul, and Ben Carson have all supported Trump's "policy innovation" calling for an end to the "birthright citizenship" guaranteed by the 14th Amendment. In Pew's latest survey on the issue—taken in May, *before* Trump was in the race—47 percent of Republicans agreed as well. Even more Republicans (62 percent) support building a wall along the Mexican border (as does Krauthammer), much as they did in 2012 when Herman Cain did Trump one better by proposing an "electrified fence." Trump's draconian call for deporting illegal immigrants en masse is also genuine, not counterfeit, Republicanism. Romney had not only argued for "self-deportation" in his last presidential campaign but in 2008 had called for newly arrived illegal immigrants to be deported immediately and for the rest to be given just enough time "to organize their affairs and go home."

With women, too, Trump embarrasses the GOP by saying in public what "real" Republicans keep private. The telling moment in the Fox News debate was not when Megyn Kelly called him out for slurring women as "fat pigs" and "dogs" but the cheers from the audience at Trump's retort, in which he directed those same epithets at Rosie O'Donnell. (No one onstage protested.) When Trump attacked Kelly the next day in language that seemed to refer to menstruation, most of his GOP rivals made a show of rallying around Kelly. But the party's real stand on the sanctity of female biology had been encapsulated in the debate by Walker's and Marco Rubio's endorsement of a ban on abortions for women who have been raped or risk dying in childbirth. No wonder Trump's bloodying of Kelly gave him another uptick in polls of Republican voters.

Republican potentates can't fight back against him because the party's base has his back. He's ensnared the GOP Establishment in a classic Catch-22: It wants Trump voters—it can't win elections without them—but doesn't want Trump calling attention to what those voters actually believe. Poor Bush, once the Establishment's great legacy hope, is so ill-equipped to pander to the base that he outdid Trump in defending the nativist term *anchor babies* by applying it to Asians as well as Mexicans. (Bush also started mimicking Trump's vilification of hedge-fund managers.) The candidates who have gone after Trump with the greatest gusto—Graham, Paul, Carly Fiorina, Jindal, George Pataki—have been so low in the polls they had nothing to lose. (Even so, all except Fiorina have fallen farther after doing so—or, in Rick Perry's case, fallen out of the race altogether.) The others were painfully slow to challenge him. That cowardice was foretold in June when most of the presidential field waited days to take a stand against the Confederate flag following the Charleston massacre. If they're afraid to come out against slavery a century after Appomattox, it only follows that they'd cower before a billionaire who insults his male adversaries' manhood as reflexively as he attacks women's looks. As Steve Schmidt, the 2008 McCain campaign manager, has said, Trump had all but emasculated Bush by the time Bush belatedly started fighting back. In the second debate, Fiorina finished the job by counterpunching Trump with more vigor than Bush could muster.

ALL OF THIS should make Democrats feel pretty confident about 2016. A couple of conspiracy theorists on the right have speculated that Trump is a Hillary Clinton plant. But Trump has hurt Clinton too. Her penchant for dodging controversial questions—fracking, the Keystone pipeline, the Trans-Pacific trade pact—looks still worse when contrasted with Trump's shoot-from-the-hip decisiveness. Even when asked to name her favorite ice-cream flavor during a July appearance at a New Hampshire Dairy Twirl, she could do no better than "I like nearly everything."

It's not a coincidence that the Joe Biden buzz heated up just as Trump started taking off. The difference between Clinton's and Biden's views is negligible, but some Democrats may be in the market for a candidate of their own who will wander off the reservation and say anything in the echt Trump manner. Yesterday's "gaffes" are today's authenticity. Whatever happens with Biden, the Clinton campaign seems oblivious to the possibility that Trump is a double-edged sword, exposing her weaknesses even as he undermines the GOP. When he boasted in the Fox News debate that the Clintons had no choice but to attend his last wedding because he had given them money, he reduced the cloudy questions about transactions between the Clinton Foundation and its donors to a primal quid pro quo that any voter can understand.

As the Trump fallout has rained down on Clinton, so it has on the news media and political pros who keep writing his premature obituary. He has been dismissed as a lackluster also-ran in both debates—compared to the "impressive" Fiorina, Rubio, John Kasich, whoever. No one seems to have considered that more Republican primary voters may have cared about Tom Brady's endorsement of Trump hours before the CNN debate than the substance of the event itself. Throughout, Trump's rise has been accompanied by a veritable "Dewey Defeats Truman" festival. After the McCain smackdown in July, political analysts at the *Times,* the Washington *Post,* and CNN all declared that he had reached a "turning point" presaging his demise. The *Times*' version of this consensus ran as a column in "The Upshot," the paper's rubric for data-driven reporting. It argued that because Republican "elites" had been outraged by the incident, it would "probably mark the moment when Trump's candidacy went from boom to bust." This conclusion ultimately proved no more predictive than the

VALERIE WAS SCHEDULED FOR MAJOR SURGERY.

THEN SHE CAME TO US.

When Valerie Hamilton was diagnosed with locally advanced triple negative breast cancer, another surgeon she visited recommended a mastectomy. But Valerie loved her life, and she loved her body. So when she came to Memorial Sloan Kettering for a second opinion, Dr. Deborah Capko and a medical team created a treatment plan — including chemotherapy to shrink the tumor, followed by a less invasive procedure and radiation — that kept Valerie's body the way she wanted it to be.

See Valerie's story at MSKCC.ORG/MORESCIENCE

MORE SCIENCE. LESS FEAR.

Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center

MANHATTAN · BROOKLYN · LONG ISLAND · WESTCHESTER COUNTY · BASKING RIDGE, NJ

In-network with most health plans. Ask about financial assistance.

ostensibly data-driven *Literary Digest* poll proclaiming Alf Landon the certain victor over FDR in 1936. Given the hostility of the GOP base to elites in general and McCain in particular (unless he's on a ticket with Palin), it was a better-than-even bet that Trump's numbers would go up, as they did.

An "Upshot" entry almost two weeks after the Fox News debate dug in further: "The Most Important Story in the G.O.P. Race Isn't About Donald Trump." The more important story, it turned out, was the relative "boomlets" for the not-Trump candidates. But Trump continued to be the most important story, not least because of how he kept drowning out the supposed boomlets of the other candidates. Trump, we've been told, is sucking the oxygen out of a GOP contest whose other contenders constitute a "deep bench of talent" (the *Times*) and "an embarrassment of riches" (Peggy Noonan). But Trump *is* the oxygen of the GOP race, and that deep bench's embarrassing inability to compete with him is another important story. Even so, guardians of journalistic propriety (and some readers) have implored the upscale press to resist emulating cable news and stop paying Trump so much attention. Some journalists who condescended to write about him have asked forgiveness for momentarily forsaking sober policy debate and stooping so low. The Huffington Post announced it was relegating Trump coverage to the Entertainment section.

That summer of denial is now kaput, but many of the press's usual empirical tools are impotent against Trump. Columnists and editorial writers across the political spectrum can keep preaching to their own choirs about how vile he is, but they are not likely being read, let alone heeded, by Trump fans. Diligent analyses of his policy inconsistencies are built on a false premise because Trump has almost no policies, just ad hoc opinions that by his own account he forms mainly by reading newspapers or watching Sunday talk shows. When writers for both the *Times* and *Journal* op-ed pages analyzed Trumponomics, they produced the same verdict: Nothing Trump said added up. Kimberley Strassel, a conservative columnist at the *Journal* who regards the Republican field as "teeming with serious candidates," has complained that Trump is "not policy knowledgeable." That's for sure. You won't catch him following the example of "serious" candidates like Fiorina, Rubio, and Walker, who regurgitate the boilerplate drilled into them by foreign-policy tutors. Why bother, Trump explains, since "one of the problems with foreign policy is it changes on a daily basis." Such thinking, or anti-thinking, may not win over anyone at the Aspen Institute or the American Enterprise Institute, but does anyone seriously doubt that it plays to much of the Republican-primary electorate? That's precisely what is spooking conservatives like Strassel.

What's exhilarating, even joyous, about Trump has nothing to do with his alternately rancid and nonsensical positions on policy. It's that he's exposing the phoniness of our politicians and the corruption of our political process by defying the protocols of the whole game. He skips small-scale meet-and-greets in primary-state living rooms and diners. He turned down an invitation to appear at the influential freshman senator Joni Ernst's hog roast in Iowa. He routinely denigrates sacred GOP cows like Karl Rove and the Club for Growth. He has blown off the most powerful newspapers in the crucial early states of Iowa (the Des Moines *Register*) and New Hampshire (the *Union-Leader*) and paid no political price for it. Yet he is overall far more accessible to the press than most candidates—most conspicuously Clinton—which in turn saves him from having to buy television ad time.

It's as if Trump were performing a running burlesque of the absurd but intractable conventions of presidential campaigns in real time. His impact on our politics post-2016 could be as serious as he is not. Unsurprisingly, the shrewdest description of the Trump show's appeal has come from an actor, Owen Wilson. "You can't help but get a kick out of him," he told the Daily Beast, "and I think part of it is we're so used to politicians on both sides sounding like actors at press junkets—it's sort of by rote, and they say all the right things. So here's somebody who's not following that script. It's like when Charlie Sheen was doing that stuff." As Wilson says, for all the efforts to dismiss Trump as an entertainer, in truth it's his opponents who are more likely to be playacting, reciting their politically correct and cautious lines by rote. The political market for improvisational candor is as large as it was after Vietnam and Watergate, and right now Trump pretty much has a monopoly on it.

He also makes a sport of humiliating high-end campaign gurus. When Sam Clovis, a powerful Evangelical conservative activist in Iowa, jumped from the cratering Perry to Trump in August, it seemed weird. Despite saying things like "I'm strongly into the Bible," Trump barely pretends to practice any religion. The Des Moines *Register* soon published excerpts from emails written just five weeks earlier (supplied by Perry allies) in which Clovis had questioned Trump's "moral center" and lack of "foundation in Christ" and praised Perry for calling Trump "a cancer on conservatism." But, like Guy Grand in *The Magic Christian*, Trump figured correctly that money spoke louder than Christ to Clovis. He was no less shrewd in bringing the focus-group entrepreneur Frank Luntz to heel. After Luntz convened a negative post-debate panel on Fox News that, in Luntz's view, signaled "the destruction" of Trump's campaign, Trump showered him with ridicule. Luntz soon did a Priebus-style about-face and convened a new panel that amounted to a Trump lovefest. One participant praised Trump for not mouthing "that crap" that's been "pushed to us for the past 40 years." It's unclear if Luntz was aware of the irony of his having been a major (and highly compensated) pusher of "that crap," starting with his role in contriving the poll-shaped pablum of Newt Gingrich's bogus "Contract With America."

A perfect paradigm of how lame old-school, top-heavy campaigns can be was crystallized by a single story on the front page of the *Times* the day after Labor Day. Its headline said it all: "Clinton Aides Set New Focus for Campaign—A More Personal Tone of Humor and Heart." By announcing this "new focus" to the *Times*, which included "new efforts to bring spontaneity" to a candidacy that "sometimes seems wooden," these strategists were at once boasting of their own (supposed) political smarts and denigrating their candidate, who implicitly was presented as incapable of being human without their direction and scripts. Hilariously enough, the article straight-facedly cited as expert opinion the former Romney strategist Eric Fehrnstrom—whose stewardship of the most wooden candidate in modern memory has apparently vanished into a memory hole—to hammer home the moral that "what matters is you appear genuine."

We also learned from this piece that Clinton would soon offer "a more contrite tone" when discussing her email woes, because a focus group "revealed that voters wanted to hear directly from Mrs. Clinton" about it. The aides, who gave the *Times* "extensive interviews," clearly thought that this story was a plus for their candidate, and maybe the candidate did, too, since she didn't fire them on the spot. They all seemed unaware of the downside of portraying Clinton as someone who delegated her "heart" to political operatives and her calibration of contrition to a focus group. By offering a stark contrast to such artifice, the spontaneous, unscripted

WHEREVER YOU FIND YOUR SMILE, YOU'LL FIND OURS.
THAT'S CAYMANKIND.

Here's something to smile about—reaching the Cayman Islands is easier than ever aboard United with nonstop service from Newark to Grand Cayman resuming October 31.

CAYMAN ISLANDS
GRAND CAYMAN / CAYMAN BRAC / LITTLE CAYMAN

A WORLD AWAY. JUST ONE HOUR FROM MIAMI.
www.caymanislands.ky

The Clinton campaign seems oblivious to the possibility that Trump is a double-edged sword, exposing her weaknesses even as he undermines the GOP.

Trump is challenging the validity and value of the high-priced campaign strategists, consultants, and pollsters who dominate our politics, shape journalistic coverage, and persuade even substantial candidates to outsource their souls to focus groups and image doctors. That brand of politics has had a winning run ever since the young television producer Roger Ailes used his media wiles to create a "new Nixon" in 1968. But in the wake of Trump's "unprofessional" candidacy, many of the late-20th-century accoutrements of presidential campaigns, often tone-deaf and counterproductive in a new era where social media breeds insurgencies like Obama's, Trump's and Sanders's, could be swept away—particularly if Clinton's campaign collapses.

Another change Trump may bring about is a GOP rethinking of its embrace of the Supreme Court's *Citizens United* decision unleashing unlimited campaign contributions. *Citizens United* was supposed to be a weapon wielded mainly against Democrats, but Trump is using it as a club to bludgeon Republicans. "I'm using my own money," he said when announcing his candidacy. "I'm not using lobbyists, I'm not using donors. I don't care. I'm really rich." By Washington etiquette, it's a no-no for a presidential candidate to gloat about his wealth. Especially if you're a wealthy Republican, it's axiomatic that you follow the George H.W. Bush template of pretending to savor pork rinds. But Trump has made a virtue of flaunting his fortune and glitzy lifestyle—and not just because that's the authentic Trump. His self-funding campaign may make him more effective than any Democrat in turning *Citizens United* into a political albatross for those who are enslaved to it.

Having no *Citizens United*–enabled political-action committee frees him to remind voters daily that his Republican adversaries are bought and paid for by anonymous wealthy donors. The notion of a billionaire playing this populist card may seem counterintuitive, but paradoxically Trump's populism is enhanced by the source of his own billions. His signature business, real-estate development, is concrete, literally so: He builds big things, thus visibly creating jobs, and stamps his name on them in uppercase gold lest anyone forget (even when he hasn't actually built them and doesn't actually own them). This instantly separates him from the "hedge-fund guys" and all the other unpopular one percenters who trade in intangible and suspect financial "products," facilitate the outsourcing of American jobs, and underwrite much of the Republican presidential field and party infrastructure, to some of the Republican-primary electorate's dismay. The simplicity and transparency of Trump's campaign funding are going to make it harder for his rivals—and perhaps future presidential candidates—to defend their dependence on shadowy, plutocratic, and politically toxic PAC donors.

The best news about Trump is that he is wreaking this havoc on the status quo while having no chance of ascending to the presidency. You can't win the Electoral College in 2016 by driving away women, Hispanics, blacks, and Asian-Americans, no matter how large the margins you pile up in deep-red states. Republicans who have started fretting that he'd perform as Barry Goldwater did on Election Day in 1964 have good reason to worry.

But Goldwater won the nomination in the first place by rallying a disaffected hard-right base that caught the GOP Establishment by surprise, much as the remnants of that Establishment were blindsided by Ronald Reagan's insurgency that almost denied the nomination to Gerald Ford in 1976. Trump's ascent, like the Goldwater and Reagan rebellions, makes it less likely that the divide between the GOP's angriest grassroots and the party elites who write the checks will be papered over in 2016, as it was by the time the 2008 and 2012 Republican conventions came to order.

Probable as it may be that Trump's poll numbers will fade and that he will flame out before the Republicans convene in Cleveland in July, it's not a sure thing. If the best his intraparty adversaries can come up with as dragon slayers are his fellow outsiders—the joyless scold Fiorina, who presided over the firing of 30,000 Hewlett-Packard workers (a bounteous gift to Democratic attack ads), or the low-low-energy Carson, who has never run anything except an operating room—that means they have no plan. And thanks to another unintended consequence of the GOP's *Citizens United* "victory," the PACs it enables will keep hopeless presidential candidates financially afloat no matter how poorly they are faring in polls and primaries, thereby crippling the party's ability to unite early behind a single anti-Trump alternative. In a worst-case scenario, the GOP could reach the spring stretch with the party's one somebody still ahead of a splintered field of nobodies.

By then, Trump's Establishment nemeses, those who march to the beat of the *Journal* editorial page and Krauthammer and Will, will be manning the backroom battle stations and writing big checks to bring him down. The specter of a brokered Republican convention loomed briefly in 2012, when Romney was slow to lock up the nomination. Should such a scenario rear up again in 2016, the Koch brothers, no fans of Trump, could be at the center of the action. Whatever happens, there will be blood. The one thing Trump never does is go quietly, and neither will his followers. As Ross Douthat, a reform conservative, wrote in August, Trump has tapped into the populist resentments of middle-class voters who view the GOP and the elites who run it as tools of "moneyed interests." If the Republicans "find a way to crush Trump without adapting to his message," he added, the pressure of that resentment will keep building within the party, and "when it bursts, the GOP as we know it may go with it."

Even if this drama does not play out to the convention, the Trump campaign has already made a difference. Far from being a threat to democracy or a freak show unworthy of serious coverage, it matters because it's taking a much-needed wrecking ball to some of what has made our sterile politics and dysfunctional government as bankrupt as Trump's Atlantic City casinos. If that's entertainment, so be it. If Hillary Clinton's campaign or the Republican Party is reduced to rubble along the way, we can live with it. Trump will not make America great again, but there's at least a chance that the chaos he sows will clear the way for those who can. ■

ddc
25 YEARS
New York 212.685.0800
Los Angeles 310.273.5050
www.ddcnyc.com

Photographs by Chuck Grant

THE *Prom Queen* OF Instagram

HIGH-SCHOOL POPULARITY *can now exist well outside of high school—particularly if you are a certain kind of* TEENAGE GIRL.

By Reeves Wiedeman

It isn't possible, objectively speaking, to declare one person the most popular teenager in New York City, but if you were making a list, there would be worse places to start than with Lilli Hymowitz. She is 16, the third of three sisters, and the owner of 7,978 followers on Instagram, where she presents her life as a perpetual party, much of which takes place by a pool. I first heard about her from a friend's 15-year-old brother, who had been in the same room as Hymowitz before but was confident she had no idea who he was. This was a great disappointment to him. "Everyone wants to know about her," he said. "She's like a celebrity." He knew whom she was dating, where her five tattoos were located, and when she had patched things up with her best friend after nine months of not speaking. He said that "Lilli's Dark Circus," her 16th-birthday party at Le Bain, had been the "party of the year." Jason Derulo performed, and Hymowitz wore a low-cut black dress that made room for a necklace in the shape of red lips smoking a cigarette. "She's rich and she's pretty and she does whatever she wants," he explained, before adding that her notoriety was of a particularly modern variety. "I guess you could say I know a lot about her from Instagram. I don't really know her."

By the standards of real celebrity, Hymowitz's following isn't especially impressive, but for an anonymous teenager lacking famous parents or, by her own admission, a particular skill—"I can't, like, sing"—she is unusually popular online: not quite Instagram famous, but known well beyond the walls of any one school or the connections of any particular circle of real-life friends. For the aspirational caste that makes up much of the city's teenage (and adult) population, Hymowitz represents, as one of them put it, an "Insta-ideal."

She posts photos of herself next to DJs at clubs, wearing an angel outfit for Halloween, and topless in bed covered by strategically placed sheets, along with a smattering of horses and inspirational quotes and pictures of her baby half-brother. Were it cool to use hashtags, which she says it is not, many of her photos could be tagged #squad, to identify the rotating circle of friends in her orbit—attractive, stylish, posing in clubs and next to wineglasses and in the mirror, typically with looks of bemused detachment.

Her following, which is many times larger than the average high schooler's, is a combination of random teens, the horse community, men in the Middle East, mothers in the Midwest, some bots, and people whose primary interest is finding out if she can help them hang out with Jaden Smith, whom she met through Tumblr. "I got a lot of followers when we became friends with some people that have names out there," Hymowitz says. A photo she posted of herself with Madison Beer, a 16-year-old singer, and Hailey Baldwin, Stephen Baldwin's daughter, got 1,836 "likes." In May, 2,182 people liked a photo announcing that Hymowitz had gotten hair extensions.

A certain amount of Hymowitz's appeal has to do with her extreme economic privilege—her father, a money manager, recently made the tabloids after trying to build a bowling alley in his townhouse—and though she knows people at Hewitt, Calhoun, Brearley, Columbia, Riverdale, and Dwight, she doesn't know many who go to public school. Fellow teens describe her as a real-life Serena or Blair from *Gossip Girl*, which is meant as a compliment, or an Upper East Side Kardashian-Jenner, which is not. "Everyone I know including myself is sort of confused by her lifestyle," a Manhattan private-school contemporary told me. "She has so many followers because people seem to be obsessed with seeing how rich young women live and seem to have flawless lives."

Much of teenage life—the self-definition and posturing, the longing and experimentation—now happens online, such that the pursuit of friends and status and popularity no longer stops at the cafeteria door. Instagram and the like offer Hymowitz a scale of extracurricular notoriety that the popular girls of even ten years ago could never have comprehended. From a distance, that reality can seem disturbing; up close, it's some combination of liberating and terrifying. "You can edit your life on Instagram," Hymowitz says, before admitting, "I think people think I'm cooler than I am."

In real life, Hymowitz is five-foot-one when she isn't wearing heels, with dark hair that she is currently trying to lighten, in stages, so that within a couple of months

she'll be blonde. She is about to start 11th grade, which she thinks could be auspicious. "Eleven has been my number forever," she says. "My bat mitzvah was on 11/11, and at 11:11:11 we had a countdown." She divides her time between a townhouse (owned by her father) and an apartment (her photographer mother's), both on the Upper East Side. Her favorite places in the city are the Great Lawn and "downtown." She has a fake ID and no curfew. She thinks "big parties are the most intimate," and that there are few feelings better than a shower in the morning after going out the night before. Asked to name her favorite subject in school, she offers the coolest response imaginable: "I hate school."

My first one-on-one audience with Hymowitz took place late one summer afternoon, in Sagaponack, where her father has a home. Like any celebrity, Hymowitz is smaller than she appears onscreen, and I wandered aimlessly around the crushed-rock driveway until spotting her behind a wall of luxury SUVs. Online Hymowitz looks 25, but in person she presents much more like her age. She wore white sweatpants and a blue flannel shirt with DON'T WORRY BE YONCE stitched on the back. Her toenail polish was patchy. She had an Apple Watch on one wrist and three bracelets on the other.

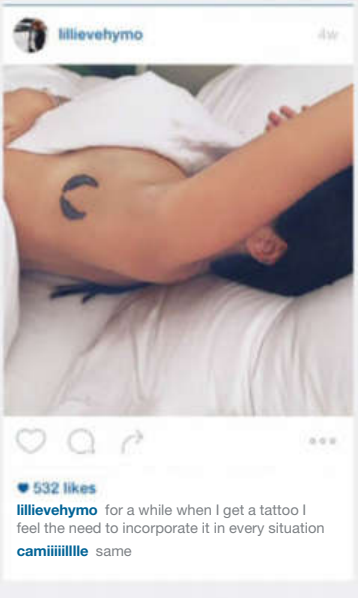
Hymowitz used to spend all summer in the Hamptons, but lately she has preferred to stay in the city with her friends. "They're not interested in just hanging in the backyard doing nothing," her mother, Debby Hymowitz, said of her daughters. We had been watching Lilli compete in the Hampton Classic, a horse show, earlier that day. Lilli, who has been riding since she was 4, is a fixture on the riding circuit, traveling to competitions in Pennsylvania, Florida, and occasionally Europe, but her interest in horses has diminished along with her desire to spend all summer in a beach house with her parents. She had been training less, and in the jumper competition, she got no ribbon. "I tell her, 'Just scale back, make time for other things,'" Debby said. "Life is a puzzle."

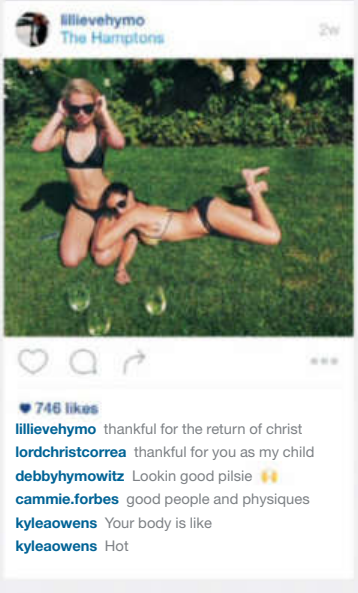
Lilli ushered me to the pool, where she settled into a modern white deck chair, crossing her legs on the seat in a pose of serene confidence. It was as if she had been giving interviews all her life, even though she had only done so a few times before, for horse blogs. Debby said hello before heading off to SoulCycle, and Lilli's father, Gregg, stopped by to warn "No drinking," but otherwise Hymowitz handled this on her own. "When I meet people outside New York, they're like, 'You are not 16,'" she said. "I'm just like, 'This is what 16 looks like in New York now.'"

Hymowitz was born in 1999, but she has, according to her 19-year-old sister, "been an adult since as long as I can remember." She got her first cell phone at 7. At 13, she presented her parents with a PowerPoint explaining that she was done with Judaism and wanted to become a Buddhist. (She still had that 11/11 "*faux* mitzvah," at which LMFAO performed.) In the past year, she has turned her body into a permanent reminder that no matter the struggles of the present, everything would be okay: a globe tattoo on her wrist, to remind her that she is only a speck in the universe; a pair of duck's wings, just south of her armpit, to remind her that, in a fight, ducks flap their wings several times, then move on. She has already acquired and discarded a series of life mottoes, including "Everything happens for a reason," "Never major in minor things," and "Instagram is only the half of it," which used to be the tagline on her profile until she replaced it this year with "Living lightly."

When Hymowitz first joined Instagram, in middle school, her account was private, but by the time she started high school she had opened it to the public. She has posted thousands of photos, but fewer than 500 are extant because she began to realize that many of the things she used to care about didn't fit with her current persona. "I deleted a bunch of the photos I didn't like anymore," she says. "Now I think I'm at a place where I don't really change that much." She used to dress more colorfully but now wears mostly black and prefers, as one of her friends put it, "swagged-out leather shit." The oldest photo Hymowitz has not deleted, and thus the earliest moment she has deemed relevant to her current self-image, is of a marijuana-leaf bracelet, posted when she was 13.

City kids grow up fast, but Hymowitz says she grew up even faster because of what she refers to, lovingly, as "our modern family": her mother and father, who divorced when she was 7; her older sisters, Jenna and Cloe, both at Duke; her father's second wife, a former Knicks City Dancer, and their 6-month-old son, Luca; and her mother's partner,





Stacey Griffith, a popular SoulCycle instructor. Griffith is the only member of the family with more Instagram followers than Lilli. The gap narrows by the day.

"On Instagram, my mom writes a caption that's a whole long story with a start, middle, and an end," Lilli told me one day at her mother's apartment. "We're like, 'Mom, make a blog!'"

"I speak in sentences," Debby said. "I'm a grown-up. That's how I talk, so that's how I write, so that's how I Instagram."

Hymowitz has a close relationship with both her parents: Each member of the family has an *H* tattoo, but when Lilli got hers, last year, she wanted to be different, so she got an *h*. All the Hymowitz children went to Riverdale. "Everyone knew who she was, even if you weren't in the grade," one Riverdale student told me, requesting anonymity because he hoped, one day, to hang out with Lilli. But Hymowitz would often socialize with her sister's friends, who were two grades older. On a recent Thursday night, she occupied a table at Bagatelle, in the Meatpacking District, with eight freshmen in college.

"It's 11:11, touch my tattoo," she said, asking them to rub the cursive ELEVEN she had inked on the back of her neck. She turned to her friend Sammy Nussdorf and told him to pose for the camera.

"Are you out of your mind?" Nussdorf said, looking at the photos. "These are horrible."

"What are you talking about? That's the best photo you've ever been a part of," Hymowitz said. "Honestly, that's your new prof" (as in "profile picture").

While two of her friends sloppily made out and several others stepped outside for a smoke, Hymowitz sat in her seat posting a photo to Instagram. Every so often, she checked in: 77 likes in 12 minutes. "I obviously think it's cool that I have a follower base, but my goal isn't to 'get to the K,'" she said, referring to the abbreviation Instagram bestows on anyone who passes the 10,000-follower mark. She used to care about how many people she followed, figuring that the lower the number, the more exclusive her club would appear, but has since loosened her standards while also pointing out that of the 139 people she follows, only a dozen or so—Big Sean, Drake—don't follow her back.

Hymowitz's online notoriety has benefits that could entice a kid but might disturb a parent: Promoters invite her to clubs in the comments of her photos—after Bagatelle, she and her friends went to the grand opening of a club one of them had heard would have televisions playing porn and tables reserved for "snorting, um, baby powder"—and strangers send their phone numbers in direct messages. When a photo of Lilli sipping a Starbucks drink in a hot tub elicited a number of comments from strangers, Cloe, who keeps her own account private, posted a comment asking her little sister, "can u get off public ur comments are weird." Once, in Central Park, Hymowitz says she spotted a teenage girl taking a surreptitious photo of her from behind a pair of raised knees. When Hymowitz walked by, she heard the girl whisper, "That was Lilli."

BY MY COUNT, Hymowitz refers to at least six people as her best friend, but the primary claimant to the title is Camille Curtis, an 11th-grader at Hewitt who shares Hymowitz's affinity for black clothes, chokers, and hip-hop. They have known each other, as Hymowitz put it, for "three and a half years, with a nine-month break," which neither of them was eager to detail, save for saying it was Curtis's fault.

> "I obviously think it's cool that I have a follower base, but my goal isn't to 'get to the K.'"

"'Cause she's a bitch is why, right?" Hymowitz said, looking at Curtis.

"I didn't have any intention of ever being friends again," Curtis said. "But then I came back."

Their breakup had been widely noted—from Tumblr: "You and camille not being friends anymore feels like a celebrity couple breaking up"—and they announced their reconciliation this summer with a photo of Curtis holding up a gold *F* and Hymowitz a matching *U*. Since then, the pair have appeared on Hymowitz's Instagram showing off their tattoos in a bathroom mirror, posing in front of a bodega flower display, and rolling around on the handle-free scooters popular with Justin Bieber and professional football players, lip-syncing to a rap song: "The shit I do at 17 supersedes / What you gon' do by 30."

Several weeks after their reconciliation, Hymowitz and Curtis were at Debby's apartment, in the East 80s, which is decorated with poster-size photographs of women in various states of undress from Debby's gallery exhibition "Sexual Evolution." Lilli's room is generally neat and uncluttered by the typical destruction of teenage life, though her bed sometimes remains unmade and she warns visitors about the smells from the four dogs she and her sisters persuaded her mother to buy. "They all became her dogs and none of them cared about me," Lilli complained.

Wearing matching black dresses, Hymowitz and Curtis settled into Lilli's bedroom and logged onto YouNow, a service that allows users to stream live video of themselves to viewers, who can ask them questions in real time through a chat interface. (The site claims 100,000 broadcasts a day; 70 percent of its users are under 25.)

Much of what would have previously been reserved for a diary Hymowitz and other teens now regularly share on YouNow and Tumblr and Ask.fm. Among the things anyone with an internet connection can learn about Hymowitz—I watched the YouNow stream online before she and I had ever met—is that she had been a vegetarian for five years but started missing chicken fingers and gave it up. She would name a female child Wynter and a male child Dex. Her favorite emoji is "the cute sad one." Most of the information is benign, but it is also possible to find answers on various sites about the first time she "hued"—as in hooked up; whether she has ever had plastic surgery (no); and whether she knew that one of her friends had hued with a guy she liked. ("Clearly then they deserve each other.") The question-and-answer sessions could be validating—"love u even if u don't know me"—but leaned critical: "you were so nice when we were little and now we dont even talk."

Hymowitz regularly gets requests to do more livestreams, to which she and Curtis had acquiesced. "Guys, you should probably ask us questions," Hymowitz said as she sorted out some technical difficulties. "This is embarrassing." Panda, Lilli's gray-and-white Aussiedoodle, wandered in and out of view. Curtis has less than half as many online followers as Lilli and urged her to announce the stream on Instagram, which led to a discussion of how to deal with the onslaught of smartphone alerts from the app.

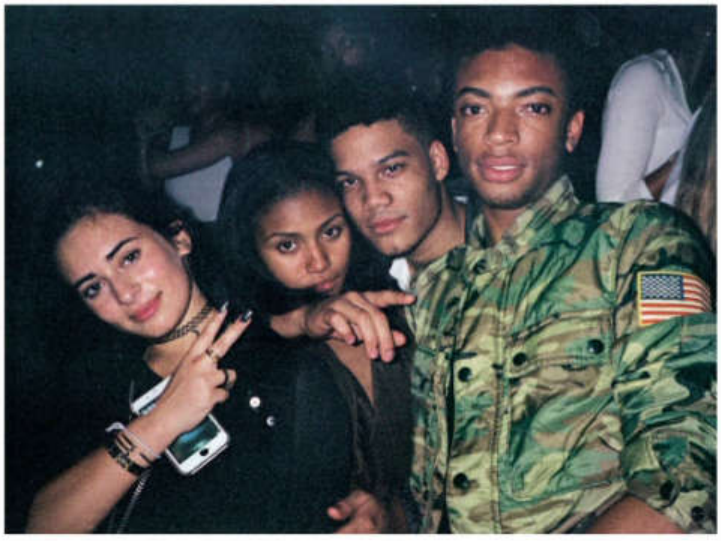
"I only get notifications when people I follow like my shit," Hymowitz said.

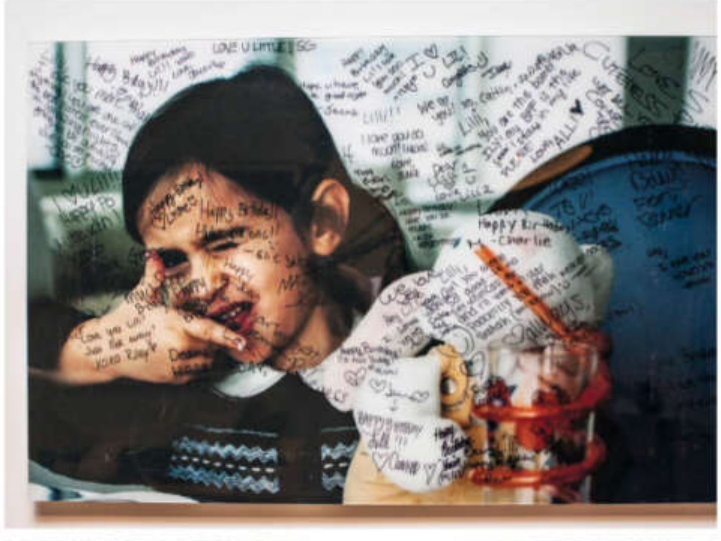
"Really, you can do that?" Curtis asked.

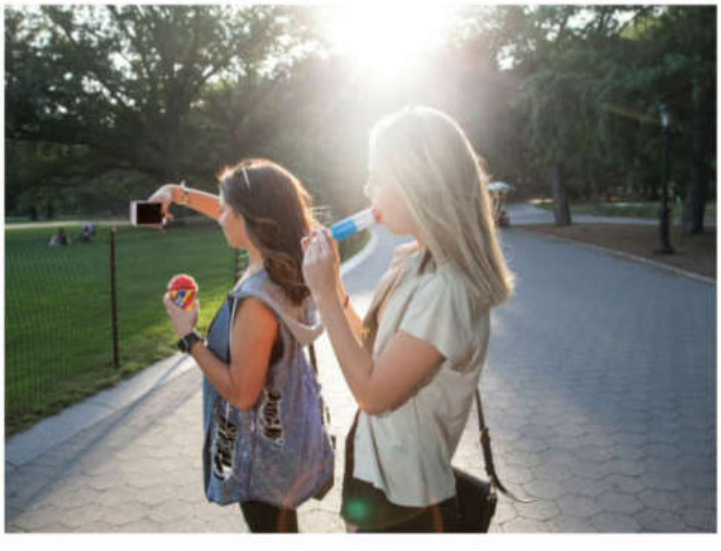
"What do you think every famous person does?"

"If you're famous I don't think you would be like, 'Ooh, Drake liked my photo.'"

"Oh, I for sure would."







FROM TOP LEFT, CLOCKWISE: *Lilli in the Meatpacking District with Camille Curtis, Jeremy Quezada, and Jackson Lee; taking a selfie with one of her horses in North Salem; outside the Upper East Side restaurant Scalinatella; at Bagatelle with friends; and on Central Park's Great Lawn with her friend Christina Alvarez-Correa; and a photograph of a young Lilli signed by friends on her 13th birthday.*

The number of viewers began to rise, and the girls started taking questions about where they liked to shop—Intermix, Rag & Bone—and Hymowitz's favorite piece of jewelry: She displayed a gold ring on her finger by flipping her audience the bird. Most of the queries were directed at Hymowitz, who took the lead:

How do you get a tattoo in New York if you have to be 18?

Fake IDs, or just go to a bad place.

What's the last club you went to and was it fun?

Sono, and no.

What's your GPA?

Don't know.

What do you want to do as a career?

Just livestream all day.

The livestream questions quickly moved to less comfortable areas, such as whether Hymowitz was currently dating her on-again-off-again boyfriend, with whom she told me she had gotten into several of the kinds of fights she says plague young relationships: "Why didn't you tag me in that photo of us? Why didn't you like my photo? Why did you like this guy's photo?"

"I was worried someone was gonna ask and I was gonna have to answer on the spot," Hymowitz said.

"Well, it's not really on the spot, because you could just easily not answer it," Curtis pointed out.

Hymowitz paused. "No, we're not dating," she said. "Love him, but we're like best friends for now. Shit changes. Life happens." When someone asked about her favorite memory with him, she said, "Paris," then picked up Panda and stroked his back while looking out the window.

JUST BEFORE Labor Day, Hymowitz and Curtis met a few friends for dinner at Cipriani Downtown in Soho. Even in 2015, there are limits to the power of localized teenage Instagram fame, and Hymowitz was able to get the host's attention only after mentioning that her friend Jackson Lee, a freshman at NYU and Spike's son, would be joining her. "Shout out Spike," Hymowitz said.

"Did she tell you how she met me?" Lee asked as he sat down.

"Oh my God," Hymowitz said. "This makes him feel really cool."

"She used to go to Knicks games, and she stared at the back of my head for, like, years," Lee said.

"Oh my God!" Hymowitz said, her voice escalating to a pitch typically reserved for uncool fathers.

"Then one day she just decided to message me on Facebook," Lee said.

In addition to Curtis and Lee, Hymowitz was joined by Jeremy Quezada, a senior at Calhoun, who had seen Hymowitz's Instagram before ever meeting her, and who requested that I include just one thing in this article: Cloe Hymowitz, Jeremy Quezada thinks you're hot. Hymowitz rolled her eyes as a waiter dropped off a wine list. "Some Bellinis? Champagne?" he asked.

Hymowitz asked for a cappuccino—she started drinking coffee last year—and a $16 plate of French fries. She had just come from the salon, where she had gotten rid of her extensions and lightened her hair several shades. "He hates it," she yelled at Quezada with flirtatious venom. "Why did none of you notice her eyelashes?" Curtis opened and closed her recently extended eyelashes. "You guys see her every day," Hymowitz said. "You should have noticed."

"They don't get along with other girls very much," Lee said of Hymowitz and Curtis.

"That's not true!" Hymowitz said. "Girls don't like us together."

"They're like a power couple," Quezada said. "Like Jay Z and Beyoncé." Hymowitz was Jay Z, he said, "because she calls the shots," and Curtis was Beyoncé because "she's there looking cute all the time."

"None of us go to the same school or ever did, which is weird," said Hymowitz. Even weirder is the fact that for the past year, Hymowitz hasn't gone to any school. Near the beginning of her sophomore year, she dropped out of Riverdale to focus on horse riding, and she has been homeschooled by tutors ever since. (Cloe, now a freshman at Duke, had done the same.) "Some people think if you're homeschooled your kid's going to be alone, but because she was already so old and had friends, it wasn't like she hadn't learned how to socialize," Debby says. Remarkably, Hymowitz's Instagram following has only grown since leaving Riverdale. Attending high school, it seems, is no longer a requirement for being a popular high schooler.

Everyone at the table said their online profiles were, if not the best version of themselves, then certainly a particular one. Lee posts almost exclusively in black and white; Curtis regularly deletes her photos. Quezada, who plays basketball, largely posts himself in various states of dunking; he also spends the least time on Instagram—he posted just one video and five pictures all year, including a shot from the "Lilli's Dark Circus"–watermarked photo booth—and everyone agreed that he has the most real-life friends.

Hymowitz asked her friends if they thought her Instagram captured her personality. "Definitely not," Lee said. "Your Instagram is like, 'She does cool stuff.' It's a lifestyle that people want to live." Everyone agreed that Hymowitz was sweeter in person than the cool, even tough, persona she presented online.

The table also agreed that building a high-profile online presence was practical. "When I decide what I wanna do in general with life, having followers could help," said Hymowitz.

"If Lilli wanted to model, she most likely could," Curtis said.

"Definitely too short," Hymowitz said.

"You could do commercials," Curtis said.

"What would I model for?" Hymowitz said. "I could be a shoe model. My feet are the perfect size."

When I asked Hymowitz if she saw herself, as others did, as a Kardashian-Jenner in training, and whether the ultimate goal might be a show called *Hanging With the Hymowitzes,* she paused for a very long time. "My parents would never let me," she said. "My friends are gonna disagree with this. But I honestly don't think I have enough drama in my life."

They did disagree, but I could sense a tinge of regret from Hymowitz that her life didn't wholly match the Kardashian-esque one she presented online. Like most teenagers, her reality involves a great deal of aborted plans, boredom, and sitting around wondering if the future might hold something better, or at least something different.

"Guys, remember last night when we were all chilling and nobody was talking for a long time," Curtis said as they finished up dinner.

"I was falling asleep," Lee said, before nodding at Hymowitz. "She gets mad if you try to leave. So then it's like 5 a.m. and if you leave, she gets pissed."

"That's not true," Hymowitz said. "I just don't like when people leave. It's sad."

EARLIER THIS YEAR, Hymowitz realized that she wasn't very happy. "Lilli's Dark Circus" had been a success—731 likes for a photo with Jason Derulo—but she had been in the throes of a breakup and had not been on speaking terms with Curtis. "Everyone's like, 'There's so many people in New York, if you don't want to be around the same people, why don't you just meet new friends?'" she said. "But you can't just wander the streets and pick out new friends." As she crested the halfway point of high school, she seemed stuck between being an aspiring adult and a romantic teen who still posts pictures of Drake and says that all she needs is a man who would treat her like he would. Instagram offered a concrete measure of her popularity, which could be reassuring but also, she now realized, paranoia-inducing. "How do you even know why someone is hanging out with you? Is it for them to tag you in their Instagram, or is it because they like you?" Hymowitz wondered.

Lilli with her friend Camille Curtis, right, at her father's home in the Hamptons.

Hymowitz wanted to do something drastic—leave New York maybe—but her father suggested she start by reading a book, *The Power of Now: A Guide to Spiritual Enlightenment,* by Eckhart Tolle. After finishing, she got the word NOW tattooed on the inside of her middle finger. She said the book had helped her realize that the events of seemingly great importance that dominate the life of a teenager weren't, in the end, a very big deal. On Instagram, she started supplementing poolside shots with inspirational quotes. "He thinks that if it's a true representation of you then it's not that big of a deal," Hymowitz said of what Tolle thinks of social media. "If you're not, and you're trying to be something for Facebook or Instagram, then it's really poisonous."

Hymowitz was sitting on the floor of her bedroom in her father's townhouse wearing black boots, black leggings, and a black jacket. The room, which rarely appeared on her Instagram, could have been a 12-year-old's: three teddy bears, a bookshelf filled with a glass-animal collection, an entire wall devoted to horse ribbons. As Panda ran around the room looking for attention, Hymowitz was scrolling through her Tumblr, picking out meaningful images to paste in a collage next to her bed. "I've been wanting to do it forever, but I just haven't had the time," she said.

Her high-school friends were back in school, but two of her college-aged friends, Nussdorf and Izzy Eide, had come to help. "That needs to be on my wall, right?" Hymowitz said, pointing to a photo of a sign that read I TOLD MY THERAPIST ABOUT YOU. The pictures she'd pulled as her favorites ranged from portraits of Rihanna to inspirational quotes. ("It's only after losing everything that you're free to do anything.")

Eventually, Hymowitz picked out 90 images. But as the time came to put them up on the wall, her friends asked if she wanted to go out instead.

"Are you doing this all night?" Eide asked. Hymowitz had a horse show at 8:30 the next morning but didn't need much convincing. "Oh yeah, *allllll* night," she said. "No, I'm not. I can come." She changed into a black top and white high-top Versace sneakers; a few hours later, from a club downtown, she'd post a photo of her sneakers surrounded by several dollar bills on the ground. As they got ready, she talked about a party she was planning at her mom's apartment.

"I'm thinking like 40 people," Hymowitz said.

"Do you even like 40 people?" Nussdorf said.

Hymowitz thought for a moment. "I'm not sure I know 40 people," she said. "It would be ten people I actually like." ■

Against all odds, an ethnic monolith still exists within the most gentrified island on Earth. In part because of these 21 people. *By Nick Tabor*

HOW HAS CHINATOWN STAYED CHINATOWN?

Eldridge Street, September 11, 2015.

PHOTOGRAPH: JOSEPH MICHAEL LOPEZ

EVERY SUMMER, WELLINGTON CHEN, the director of Chinatown's Business Improvement District, dispatches interns to document all the businesses that have recently opened and closed in his neighborhood. He has noticed an overwhelming number of empty storefronts being filled by independent pharmacies. At the same time, senior and adult day-care centers have been proliferating—starting with a 19,000-square-foot building the city has installed on Centre Street. Chen says it's a subtle indication of a trend: As so many immigrants' children have left for college and never returned, and as other families have sought real estate in the outer boroughs (particularly in Sunset Park, Brooklyn, and Flushing,

Text continues on page 59

THE CHINATOWN ESTABLISHMENT

On the state of the neighborhood.

MARGARET CHIN

First Chinese-American councilperson to represent lower Manhattan, elected in 2009.

"The preservation of affordable housing is important. But we're also looking at fixing up our parks and open space. It's just amazing how immigrant families cope with space. Nowadays, there's a lot of sharing of apartments and multiple families living in tiny spaces, so the park is like their living room. On summer nights, people sit out there and talk to their friends because they don't have space in their own home."

ERIC NG

President of the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association, which oversees the interests of some 60 family associations and other nonprofits.

"Most people now coming from Fujian cannot afford to buy houses in Flushing or Brooklyn. And so, when the Chinese move into an apartment in the buildings owned by family associations, they don't want to move out—the rent is so cheap! Here, associations bought the buildings many years ago. If you try to sell them, the whole family will jump on you."

BAAYORK LEE

Former Broadway performer, co-founder of the National Asian Artists Project, and director of an elementary-school theater club and a choral workshop for the elderly.

"I'm teaching senior citizens English through songs and trying to bring them into the American society. A lot of the songs they've heard in Chinese, but now they're hearing them in English. They're singing Frank Sinatra 'My Way,' and they're loving it."

Photographs by Bobby Doherty

CARL SHAN LEUNG

Third-generation practitioner of traditional Chinese medicine and founder of Kamwo Herbal Pharmacy.

"A lot of people still come back to see me because their families have been using our herb shop. But our business has changed to adjust to the reality. If we only did Chinese business, we wouldn't survive."

BAYER LEE

Pastor of First Chinese Baptist, one of the neighborhood's oldest churches.

"When I came here in '62, most of the Chinese were living outside of the Mott Street area. I was an example; I came from Far Rockaway. But we converged on Chinatown—for the food, for interaction, for the American Legion."

GIGI LI

Chair of Community Board 3 and, at 33, Chinatown's youngest political representative.

"I expect continued development of high-rise buildings will further pressure families to move out, resulting in rent-subsidized apartments transitioning to market rate. My hope is that the Chinatown and Lower East Side community will come together to support a rezoning plan that can slow down some of these forces."

WELLINGTON CHEN

Executive director of the Chinatown Business Improvement District and the Chinatown Partnership.

"A neighborhood in transition is like a bus. The Germans got on, and then they got off. The Jewish population, same thing. The Italians succeeded and moved out to Howard Beach. So if you view Chinatown fundamentally as a bus, there's nothing wrong with the current situation. The battle that we are fighting right now is: Can we stay on a little bit longer? Now, that is a trickier riddle. No group so far has managed to hang on."

CHRISTOPHER KUI

Executive director of Asian Americans for Equality, an organization focused on affordable housing.

"Unlike Little Italy, we have a vibrant small-business community. And as we move toward the globalization of the world, I think New York Chinatown could be the international capital of the Chinese and Asian-American immigrant experience."

JIMMY CHENG

President of the United Fujianese American Association.

"The second generation of Fujianese immigrants, like my son and daughters, won't be involved in restaurants, because they have the opportunity to expand their career choices. My son is currently studying engineering, and my daughters are in finance and marketing. The future of Chinatown will be a much more diverse neighborhood, with working professionals in tech, finance, and banking."

WILSON TANG

Inheritor of Nom Wah Tea Parlor, now in its 95th year of operation, and co-owner of Fung Tu.

"When my dad first came over to America, the thought process was: Work hard and try to acquire some real estate. So he did. Now we have a building on Allen Street, the storefront at Nom Wah, another building on East Broadway. And in 30 years, I hope to be living on Allen Street. The real estate will be booming, and it will be our pad. We'll fix it up and make it look really dope."

GLENN LAU-KEE

Attorney at Kee & Lau-Kee, one of Chinatown's oldest law firms, which his father founded in 1956.

"You'll have the occasional new buildings, some hotels, but by and large, I can't see any tremendous change."

CHRISTINA SEID

Co-owner of the Original Chinatown Ice Cream Factory, which her father started in 1977.

"Chinatown is one of the hardest places to buy real estate, because Chinese people don't move. That's just how we are. It's too much trouble. Plus, why would you want to sell? If the Italians still had property in Little Italy, they'd probably be holding tight to it. But the Italians don't own the property. Now the Chinese own their property."

PETER KWONG

Professor at Hunter College and the CUNY Graduate Center, and author of numerous books on Chinese-American immigrants.

"Some rich Chinese don't stand beside the poor ones, and many nonprofits are not against high-rises at all. But there are certain forces that congeal to try to protect the community, because Chinatown from the start is a place where immigrants reinvent themselves to survive."

THOMAS SUNG

Founder and chairman of Abacus Federal Savings Bank, which since 1984 has helped Chinese immigrants get loans, and owner of a large real-estate portfolio.

"The growth of Chinatown has reached its peak because it's geographically very much limited. On Henry Street, even the Chinese who buy and renovate properties are renting to non-Chinese at rates that the Chinese cannot afford to pay."

SANDRA K. LEE

First female CEO of Harold L. Lee & Sons insurance, which Lee's great-grandfather opened as a trading company in 1888.

"Other folks in the city have come to see Chinatown as a new kind of destination. There are new hotels, fashion boutiques, medical care. It's controlled gentrification."

WING LAM

One of Chinatown's most prominent left-wing activists and co-founder and director of the Chinese Staff & Workers Association.

"There are a lot of forces trying to push our people out, but we organize. Not just to keep the current situation, but to build more housing and a better economy. Other communities have already been destroyed. We're still here, because people know that our community has fought for a long time."

VIRGINIA KEE

Co-founder in 1965 of the Chinese-American Planning Council, which now serves 8,000 people with social services, including child care and English instruction.

"We are our own market. Walk around Chinatown, you will see so many hairdressing salons. Who are the clients? Chinese women. We have built our town, our families, our businesses by lifting our own bootstraps."

PHILIP LAM

Fujianese-born real-estate mogul, owner and founder of Green City Realty, active for more than 25 years.

"Old Chinese say they like to keep the traditional Chinatown. But my kids' generation, they'd like Chinatown changed. You look back to Shanghai, to Hong Kong, to other Chinese cities—they have a lot of new buildings coming up."

JACK TCHEN

Associate professor at NYU and co-founder of the Museum of Chinese in America.

"If people want to see the way 19th-century New York had been, the closest you can come is Chinatown."

MING HUANG

Manager and server at Wo Hop, one of Chinatown's oldest restaurants still owned by the original family.

"A lot of American-Chinese style of restaurant has closed down. Our business is still doing well, because we're in the basement. The rent is cheap. And during Christmas, people come back to visit their old neighborhood and remember, *I've been to Wo Hop.* Because after 70 years, we're still doing the same food."

CHARLES LAI

Co-founder of the Museum of Chinese in America and executive director of Immigrant Social Services, which offers programs for children.

"Real-estate-property folks, they're making a killing. But if you don't have enough of a mixture of people to be part of that economy, it's going to die on its own. People can't afford it."

Queens), most of the people left in Chinatown's historic core are the elderly dwellers of rent-regulated apartments.

How can this possibly be the state of one of the most desirable tracts of real estate in all of Manhattan? After all, Chinatown is hedged in by three of the borough's priciest neighborhoods: Soho to the north, the Financial District to the south, and, to the west, Tribeca, where the monthly cost of a one-bedroom averages $5,100. Developers would eagerly replace Chinatown's tenement buildings with market-rate housing for young professionals or gut the existing buildings, leaving only the tea parlors and dumpling shacks. A similar fate has already befallen the Chinatowns of Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, D.C., which have been reduced to ethnic theme parks where longtime residents have been priced out and new immigrants no longer come. And Manhattan's Chinatown is built on the graveyards of enclaves past: the Irish Five Points, the Jewish Lower East Side, and Little Italy.

But Chen is right: So far, Manhattan's Chinatown has largely resisted the laws of the real-estate market. Often defined by the rough borders of Delancey and Chambers on the north and south, and East Broadway and Broadway to the east and west, the neighborhood is still populated primarily by low-income Chinese, its storefronts are still dominated by Chinese mom-and-pop operations, and it remains a cultural and commercial hub even for expats in the outer boroughs. It has found ways to keep its internal economy humming even after its garment factories folded in the 1990s and early aughts. While the neighborhood is not immune to pressures—some restaurants are shuttering because of rent escalations, new hotels and luxury apartments are appearing on the periphery, and wealthier tenants are slowly filling vacancies in some of the old buildings—it is, broadly speaking, an exceptionally tight-knit and self-sustaining city unto itself.

Across these pages are portraits of what could be called the Chinatown Establishment: a collection of people with deep roots in the neighborhood and unusual influence in shaping its future. Some wield familiar levers of power, like political position and real-estate portfolios. Others are included for reasons more particular to the neighborhood: pastors to the devout, third-generation herbalists, restaurateurs, labor activists (who have more muscle in Chinatown than just about anywhere else). Their visions for the neighborhood's future, and their worries for it, vary considerably. (Such is New York.) But overall, they stand a fighting

chance of controlling the fate of some of the most valuable land in the city. Here are five reasons why.

1

THEY OWN THE PLACE.

ERIC NG IS KNOWN to practically every longtime resident as "the mayor of Chinatown." An entrepreneur who emigrated from Hong Kong in 1970, he was reelected last year as the leader of the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association (CCBA), which represents the interests of some five dozen cultural organizations and "family associations," grouped by immigrants' last names. For decades, the CCBA effectively functioned as Chinatown's government, collecting dues and overseeing business transactions. "If there was an argument, they didn't come to court," Ng says in his office at 62 Mott Street. "They came to us." The most powerful community figures worked through the CCBA. As Chen says, "There are people behind the scenes who choose the Eric Ngs of this world." Those figures once functioned like a village council, providing "stability and order." They're still around, and most are businessmen, many retired, some now living in the outer boroughs. But they no longer carry the authority they once did.

Still, the family associations' most enduring achievement is a momentous one. During the 1960s and '70s, they bought up about 60 buildings in Chinatown's historic core, mostly on Mott, Pell, and Bayard Streets, that they still own collectively. They rent out the bottom floors to stores and restaurants, and the rest they use as apartments, many for the elderly. They also retain community space, which they use for huge galas during the Lunar New Year. "They're sitting on a gold mine," says Margaret Chin, the councilmember representing lower Manhattan, who grew up in Chinatown. A similar mixed-use building on East Broadway, previously owned by a realty company, sold last year for $20 million. But because dozens of people have shares in the family associations' buildings, they're almost impossible to sell.

Dwarfing the family associations in scale are the government-subsidized housing developments clustered around Chinatown's far-eastern edge. The Smith and Vladeck public-housing projects, between the Brooklyn and Williamsburg bridges, are just beyond Chinatown's traditional borders, but they now collectively house some 2,700 low-income Asian residents. And there are hundreds more in the Confucius Plaza skyscraper on Bowery and in the Two Bridges projects on Cherry Street.

All of this has helped create the conditions for a haven for poor immigrants, but the active efforts of liberal nonprofits are also critical to keeping it that way. The civil-rights group Asian Americans for Equality (AAFE), currently run by Christopher Kui, is one of the most powerful forces in Chinatown's housing market. Since 1995, it has pulled down more than $100 million in grants, donations, and loans to buy tenement buildings and restore them—ensuring that developers won't raze them instead—and to build affordable housing. It also joins other advocacy groups, such as the Chinese Staff & Workers Association and CAAAV (formerly called Committee Against Anti-Asian Violence), in protecting residents of rent-regulated buildings, filing lawsuits on their behalf when landlords try to evict them illegally. "We're talking about fighting building by building—it's a little bit like *Groundhog Day*," says Paul Leonard, who works in Chin's office. "One tenant will give word that they're getting harassed by their landlord, and it will turn into an attempt to clear the entire building." In their totality, these little struggles keep Chinatown's affordable-housing stock from eroding.

Chin, who is the district's first Chinese-American councilmember, helped found AAFE and worked there for 11 years. When I ask her why these advocacy groups hold so much sway in Chinatown, she chalks it up to simple logistics. "The area is not that big," she says. "It's all right there. You're able to speak the language and organize."

2

NO ONE EVER TRULY LEAVES.

ETHNIC BONDS are also responsible for the neighborhood's economic resiliency in the wake of the garment industry's collapse. During the 1970s and '80s, clothing manufacturers provided tens of thousands of jobs to uneducated workers, and employees on the late shifts kept the surrounding restaurants and markets buzzing until long past midnight. By the early aughts, between competition from overseas labor and the restricted access to Chinatown in the wake of 9/11, nearly all the factories had closed. At this point, Flushing was attracting middle-class families looking to buy houses, and Sunset Park was appealing to tenants who couldn't find space in Manhattan. It appeared possible that the original Chinatown would no longer be an essential part of their daily life.

But over the past decade, as other Chinese businesses keep people returning for day trips, Chinatown's contemporary role has come into focus. Neighborhood banks like Abacus and Eastbank still cater to Chinese immigrants looking to buy homes and start businesses. Sandy Lee, whose family owns the Lee Insurance Company on Pell Street, says her office helps newcomers understand how insurance works and why it's necessary in the litigious American culture, whereas they never needed it in Hong Kong or Taiwan. "It's sort of like social work," she says. The Lau-Kee family built its law firm on immigration cases in the 1960s, and now it concentrates on business and real-estate law for Chinese clients. Sunset Park and Flushing have their own Chinese food markets and restaurants, but Chin says the high concentration of accountants, real-estate agents, and doctors—not to mention the old churches and Buddhist temples—keep Chinatown an essential regional capital for Chinese immigrants.

3

AND MORE KEEP COMING.

SINCE THE EARLY 1990s, a distinct and parallel Chinese community has blossomed in the neighborhood. Unlike the primarily middle-class Cantonese-speaking immigrants who moved to Chinatown in the 1960s and '70s from Hong Kong, the newcomers are arriving from the farms and fishing villages in Fujian province in southeastern China, where Mandarin is dominant. Two dozen employment agencies on East Broadway have networked with Chinese restaurants across the eastern half of the U.S., so a young Fujianese immigrant with no working papers, knowledge of English, or cooking experience can walk in and immediately land a kitchen job in some distant locale.

To transport them, there are now numerous Fujianese bus companies that make regular trips to cities like St. Paul, Minnesota, and Norfolk, Virginia. With a capacity of more than a thousand people a day, they have expanded their clientele outside the neighborhood, transforming Chinatown into a transportation hub. In addition, there are now at least nine Chinatown print shops that supply menus for

Fujianese-owned restaurants in other states; a Chinatown electronics store that supplies the restaurants with software and hardware; and a host of support services on East Broadway that cater to these transient Fujianese workers: moneylenders, gambling facilities, wedding parlors, notaries, and immigration-law offices.

"Chinatown has reinvented itself," says Peter Kwong, a professor at Hunter College and CUNY who is recognized by many as the dean of Chinatown scholars. "That's why it's still here."

4

IT FEEDS EVERYONE.

CHINATOWN'S RESTAURANT culture established itself more than a century ago, when early generations of Chinese immigrants was working low-wage jobs across the five boroughs. On Sundays and Mondays, they flocked to Chinatown restaurants for a reprieve from the exclusion and racism they felt in the diaspora, according to the historian Jack Tchen, a co-founder of the Museum of Chinese in America. Even before tourists discovered it, the food defined the neighborhood.

These days, the restaurant owners remain a bellwether of Chinatown's modernization. Young entrepreneurs are updating some of the oldest restaurants for their own generation. Wilson Tang, 36, runs the Nom Wah Tea Parlor, the neighborhood's oldest dim-sum restaurant. It opened in 1920 and was purchased by Tang's uncle in 1974. Tang says he did the unthinkable by serving dim sum for dinner, rather than cutting it off at 2 p.m. like every other Chinatown restaurant, a move several of his peers have now repeated. Without altering the traditional menu, he brought in a wine expert to help him with pairings. He's also arranged parties with *Vogue* and promotional events with Nike. It's a balance of tradition and innovation also being attempted by Christina Seid, whose father started the Original Chinatown Ice Cream Factory in 1977. She tries to introduce her longtime Chinese customers to new flavors; pumpkin pie and rainbow cookie have been especially successful. After years of turning Americans on to durian and pandan ice cream, "it's like a reverse introduction," she says.

Crucial to the success of Chinatown's restaurant scene is its diversity: There's a wide spectrum of culinary ambition, as many holes-in-the-wall as there are famous institutions, and varying degrees of self-consciousness and tourist-coddling. (Even among the places that cater to tourists, Tang says, there are sometimes secret menus accessible only to Chinese speakers.) There are now Vietnamese, Malaysian, and Thai restaurants, as well as both Fujianese and Shanghainese, reflecting shifting immigration patterns. And some of its least-authentic establishments have also become institutions. Wo Hop, which opened in 1938, has stayed in business by adapting its menu for non-Asian palates. "The Chinese immigrants from Hong Kong, they won't eat here," says Ming Huang, who manages the restaurant on his family's behalf. "But the ABC—that means American-born Chinese—they like our style food."

5

IT IS ENGAGED IN AN ARGUMENT WITH ITSELF.

NEIGHBORHOOD LEADERS from every sector agree that they need to orchestrate some kind of change to keep the neighborhood thriving, but prescriptions vary widely. There are those who want disruption. Some of the developers most active on the neighborhood's periphery belong to the Chinatown community, including Alexander Chu, the chairman of Eastbank, who has drawn criticism for the boutique hotel he's building at 50 Bowery. Another developer, Shing Wah Yeung, opened a luxury-condo building on Hester Street in 2006, and earlier this year he announced plans to build a 13-story tower for office condos and retail space at Pike Street and East Broadway.

As newcomers, the Fujianese have less investment in preserving character.

Others see Chinatown's best future as a continuation of the past. "It's the spirit of old New York," says Tchen. "A port culture of people coming on, coming off ships, and intermingling with people of different backgrounds. The neighborhood still embodies that history of just regular people." Some believe the best way to retain regular people is to agitate against development. The intractable Wing Lam, head of the Chinese Staff and Workers Association, is pushing the city to pass a rezoning plan that would require about half the units in any new building to be affordable, limit building height, and grant special protections to small businesses. Later this month, he will be demonstrating in front of City Hall. The promotional fliers read, "No More High Rents, No More Displacement, Rezoning NOW!"

As newcomers, the Fujianese typically have less investment in preserving the neighborhood's old character, so many of them support the building of mixed-rate high-rises in order to increase the overall supply of housing. "The No. 1 change we need is zoning," says Jimmy Cheng, president of the United Fujianese American Association. "Let the people grow up"—he lifted his hand to suggest a vertiginous height—"and make their money." There will be 205 new units of affordable housing in the 68-story luxury-condo building on South Street, currently being built by Extell Development Company. Some consider this accommodation to the private market shortsighted and irresponsible. "That's like the Trojan horse of gentrification," says Kwong. To others, it looks like a win.

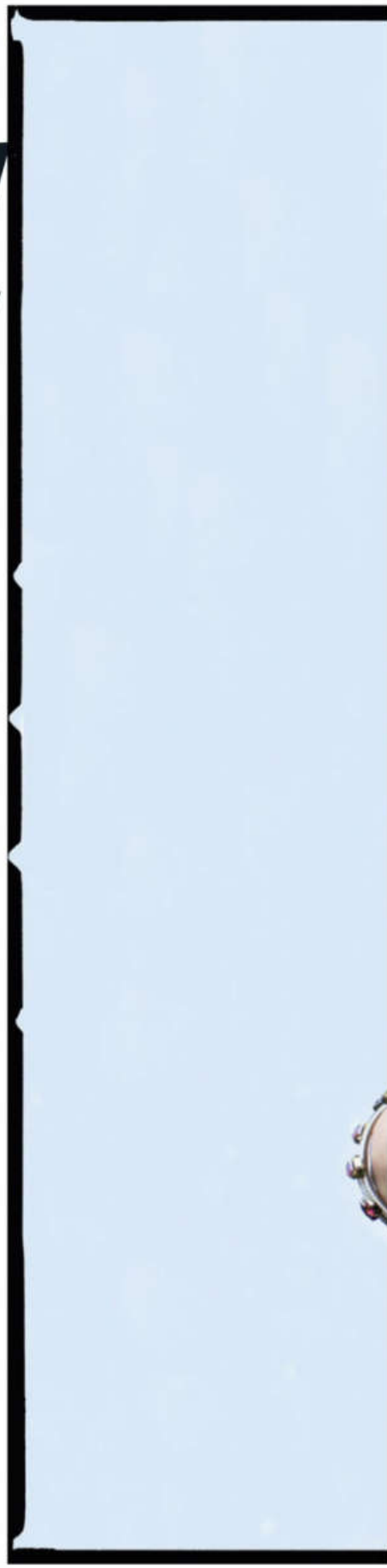
This kind of debate over growth is taking place all over New York. What makes Chinatown's future distinct from, say, Bushwick's—or Little Italy's—is the degree to which gentrification can be controlled by the same ethnic group that currently runs the neighborhood. Chinatown's future may not resemble the Chinatown we know today, but it will likely be hashed out among the Chinese-American residents currently living, eating, shopping, and praying there. "Chinatown will always be here," Chin says. "But it's just a question of what kind of Chinatown we want." ■

My Husband Is Now My Wife

The spouses of transgender people face their own dramatic transformations—only no one celebrates them.

By ALEX MORRIS

Photographs by BRIGITTE LACOMBE



ELIZABETH AND DIANA

ELIZABETH MILLER SAT IN HER LIVING ROOM with her wedding album in her lap. It had been a long while since she'd brought it up from the basement, and the brown leather cover was worn, the pages slightly yellowed. From under their plastic covering, the pictures show pink linen tablecloths and taffeta gowns and Elizabeth in a dainty white Laura Ashley dress and a flower crown, peering up at the camera with that expectant newlywed's look—heaps of bliss, a dash of terror. Next to her in the pictures, wearing a gray morning coat, owlish glasses, and a thick beard, is her groom, Dan, who is now her wife, Diana.

"Seems like a very long time ago, which it was," Diana says quietly, looking down at how she appeared before her transition. "I mean, I know I was there, but it's very hard for me to identify with that person. It's very hard for that to be me."

It's not that there's no continuity between that bookish man and the boho-chic woman Diana is now, sitting on a sun-dappled burgundy sofa, thigh to thigh with her wife of almost 33 years; it's that the continuity is uncomfortable, painful even: She's glad beyond measure that she married Elizabeth that day, but she wishes Dan never did. In many ways, she wishes Dan had never existed at all.

As Diana talks about her response to these images, Elizabeth stays silent. Despite the years, she looks remarkably similar to that pretty young bride, but in her mind, her transformation has been just as dramatic.

When Elizabeth, who chose not to use her real name in the story, met Dan in the early 1980s, she was in her 30s, successful and self-sufficient. They got to know each other at work after she hired him. The first time he asked her out, she turned him down. The second time, they went to dinner and a movie, and she invited him up to her Manhattan apartment to spend the night. Things unfolded quickly from there. Dan was bright, politically liberal, agnostic—all traits Elizabeth sought.

She had admired Dan's gender politics, too. "Her consciousness was very raised, and that was important to me," Elizabeth says, "to be with someone who saw women as equal." Still, it was Dan's kindness that ultimately won her over. They'd been dating only a few months when he offered to paint her apartment. "It started to get dark out," Elizabeth explains. "And she's holding a lamp up to the ceiling to make sure there were no streaks and her glasses were all dotted with paint, and I thought to myself, *I think only my father would do this for me.* It was just like that, an epiphany, and that was the moment I knew we'd get married."

They agreed that they should spend their lives together while walking home from dinner in the West Village one night. "We just decided there in the middle of the sidewalk," Diana says. Elizabeth laughs. "Yeah, we were both a little drunk, too, as I recall."

Six weeks later, they were driving around looking for wedding venues when Dan pulled the car over and said he had something he needed to tell Elizabeth. He wasn't, he explained, actually the age he'd told her he was when he'd been trying to get hired; he was four years younger. Elizabeth was surprised by this revelation, but if that was the secret Dan had been hiding, she could live with it. She quickly got over the fact that he'd lied.

Dan never even considered telling Elizabeth his other secret, that for years he'd worn women's clothing when he was alone at home. He'd shared this with a girlfriend once, and within a week the woman had insisted he move out. He wasn't willing to risk that with Elizabeth, nor did he think it necessary. He hadn't felt the urge to cross-dress in a long time. "I thought that all I needed was somebody to love me, that nobody had ever really loved me before, and Elizabeth did, and that was it, I was cured. I thought, *I'm not ever going to do this again.*"

And so there they are in the photos, posing with family. There they are, cutting the cake. "Well, it was a happy day, a happy day," Elizabeth says quietly. She closes the album and sighs. "Anyway."

A TRANSITIONING person's path is certainly not easy, but at least there are clear mile markers along the way. For the person who has created a life, a home, and even children with a trans partner, however, the course of action is murkier, and there are few cultural examples of those who have gone before. The Amazon series *Transparent* is about just that: having a trans parent; by the time the show starts, the marriage that produced those offspring is long over. In an episode of *Keeping Up With the Kardashians,* Bruce Jenner's conversation with his ex-wife Kris about his imminent transition is one of the few moments that don't seem measured and affirming. It's actually kind of hard to watch. And though Sophia—Laverne Cox's trans character on *Orange Is the New Black*—is married (unlike the actress, who is also trans), it's clear that her relationship with her wife would be on the rocks even if she weren't in prison.

There are some signs that the new awareness of the trans experience is helping families avoid estrangement. A 2011 National Transgender Discrimination Survey found that 43 percent of respondents "maintained most of their family bonds, while 57 percent experienced significant family rejection," numbers the surveyors say indicate that "families were more likely to remain together … than stereotypes suggest."

But even if a spouse doesn't reject a partner's transition, most are, according to therapists and trans experts, unlikely to remain in the marriage. Anecdotally, this seems especially true when the transgendered person's partner is male. "In my experience providing support for partners of people in transition, the majority are women," says Helen Boyd, a gender-studies professor at Lawrence University whose writing about her own husband's transition has become required reading for those dealing with this issue. "Men either don't stay or don't seek support."

When wives do stay with their transitioning husbands, they experience their own radical transition, one with its own particular challenges. "The trans woman has an exciting new life to look forward to," says Margaret Nichols, a sex therapist and expert on sexual minorities. "They have all kinds of guilt and shame, but once they get past that, they're thrilled, just thrilled to finally be able to be their authentic selves. But the wife is just alone. Honestly, I always wind up feeling like she's got a tougher time."

The experience can be especially challenging for straight women. For lesbians with transitioning partners, their place in the LGBT community can be somewhat preserved. But a woman whose relationship was ostensibly heterosexual must face questions related to her own identity. Milena Wood, who met her trans wife, Shannon, when they were both in the military, says she doesn't necessarily mind being mistaken for half of a lesbian couple now that Shannon's transition is under way, but she still doesn't think of herself as gay, which makes it hard to know where to fit in. "I don't know how comfortable I would feel in a group of lesbians," she tells me. "Because here I am doing the very thing that they're trying to prove is not possible"—change the gender to which she is attracted. "Shannon doesn't have to change anything about how she feels about me, because I haven't changed," Wood says. "But I have to change everything about how I feel about her: how I see relationships, how I see sex, how I see a whole bunch of things."

SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS into their marriage, Diana found herself looking through a rack of clothes in the attic of their New Jersey home. Tucked between other outcasts was a black velvet skirt with an elastic waistband and a white Irish-knit sweater of Elizabeth's, oversize clothes from the '80s with big, broad shoulders. "That was the start of it all being back. I would dress off and on for the next 15 years," she says.

The secrecy took its toll. In the summer of 2008, Diana was on Interstate 84

when she noticed that she'd been studying the overpasses, trying to figure out which one could be driven into fast enough to kill herself. "I realized it was the guilt," she says. "There was this secret that was so fundamental to who I was that I never told her. I then spent the next three or four months trying to find a way." Finally, on Halloween, while Elizabeth was huddled on the sofa in their TV room, wrapped in blankets and fighting a cold, Diana told her they had to talk.

Even now, Elizabeth begins to tear up at the mention of this conversation. "The first thing that came into my mind was an affair or that she lost her job," she says. "I mean, this"—indicating Diana's transness—"wasn't even on my radar. It wasn't anything I ever thought about." In fact, transsexualism wasn't even discussed that night; at that point, Diana wouldn't necessarily have thought of herself that way. "I'm a transvestite," she told Elizabeth. "I wear women's clothing sometimes."

"What do you mean?" Elizabeth asked, stunned. The image of Dan in a dress simply did not compute. "I don't understand. When do you do this? How do you do it?" Diana tried to walk her through the details: the clothes in the attic, the fact that she'd sometimes put on Elizabeth's makeup. For three hours, Elizabeth sat on the sofa, sobbing, while Diana tried to reassure her.

"She kept saying, 'Why are you crying? It's just clothes. It's just clothes. It's just the outside, the inside is still the same.' And I would say, 'Yeah, but the packaging matters.'"

Diana looks at her lap. "One thing I remember her saying is 'You ruined my life.'"

Elizabeth says that it didn't really enter her mind that night that Diana's cross-dressing might ultimately end their marriage. She saw it as something to fix, a problem that they would work through. She told Diana she wanted her to find a therapist. "At that point," says Diana, "I was just so thankful that I still had a roof over my head; she could have asked for anything and I would have said yes."

Over the next few months, Diana started therapy and Elizabeth tried to deal with her own anger. "There's that betrayal, you know? 'How could I not know this? How could this be who you are? You withheld this from me.' Oh, I was angry for a long time." There were times when she wished that Diana had told her that she was gay, moments when she thought that such a revelation would have been easier to handle. She would have been wrong about who her husband wanted; she would not have been as wrong about who her husband actually was.

"Like, really? 'This person I've known as a guy for our entire married lives is a woman?' And wives are supposed to go, 'Okay, let me help'?"

HELEN BOYD'S THREE BOOKS—two published, the third forthcoming—provide a sort of triptych of the spouse's immersion in their partner's transness: *My Husband Betty* is about Boyd's husband's cross-dressing; *She's Not the Man I Married* is about coming to terms with her husband's transsexualism; and the third book, which has the working title *Ever After,* is about having a husband who has now become a wife. As Boyd tried to grasp each new stage, "the deal that we made was that she would go as slow as she could, and I would go as fast as I could," she tells me. "Basically, the idea was that we would somehow try to keep up with each other so that we could stay on the same page."

But when gender identity goes head to head with sexual identity within a marriage, the deepest wants of two people who have generally had each other's best interests at heart become mutually exclusive. Is the wife supposed to give up her hetero identity so that her husband can achieve his feminine one or vice versa? When Boyd first faced the concept that her husband might transition, she saw it as an opportunity to discover which parts of gender and sexuality could be deconstructed and shucked away. As a feminist, she was surprised, even a bit disappointed, at how tightly her wifely identity clung to her, at how many of her expectations of how she should be treated by a partner just would not go away.

"Confronting our own genders and what it means to all of a sudden not be 'the woman' in a relationship, for a lot of heterosexual women, that's devastating," she says, going on to explain that "heteronormativity is awesome for the shorthands. You know your role, you know the rules, you know who brings the chocolates on Valentine's Day. It's all scripted. So even though intellectually you know better, you don't realize how much of this stuff is, I like to say, caveman brain." That presents not just an emotional barrier but also a psychological one for partners who want to stay together.

In the midst of this turmoil, wives are often left feeling like they can't voice any disapproval without coming across as transphobic. "If you say, 'Hey, what are the kids going to think?,' is that transphobia?" asks Laura Jacobs, a transgender psychotherapist who specializes in work with gender nonconformity. "Or is that because you're really concerned about the kids? Because you don't know what else to say? Because the kids really are transphobic and you're being protective of your spouse? The dynamics of that kind of a situation are so complex, but the struggles of the partners are invisible."

Also frustrating in this new era of trans acceptance is the message that spouses should be celebratory and helpful. "Like, really?" Boyd asks. "'This person I've known as a guy for our entire married lives and fathered however many kids with is a woman?' And wives are supposed to go, 'Okay, let me help'? I mean, that's the model, I hate to say, that comes out of the trans community." She remembers one wife who reported that the message from her therapist, a person who purported to have experience helping couples with this issue, was "either get divorced or get onboard."

Boyd, whose website myhusbandbetty.com is a gathering ground for spouses seeking support, says that the resources available for spouses are painfully lacking. "I feel like there's a tension. Well-meaning feminists, organizations, and people are interested in trans women and validate trans women an awful lot now, but they still don't care about the wives. It's still this feeling of trying not to get dragged behind the cart."

Two months into therapy, Diana realized that she fit the classic profile of a transsexual, but internally she was still fighting that classification. "Elizabeth had said that she could maybe tolerate me cross-dressing every so often as long as she didn't have to see it and the kids would never know, but anything beyond that was the end of the story, and I knew that. I was still convinced that I wasn't going to transition." But Elizabeth says, "I could tell from our conversations, the way things were going, that was not going to hold." One night in April 2009, lying next to her husband in bed, she asked the question she

most dreaded: "You're going to transition, aren't you?"

"Yes," Diana answered tentatively.

"Okay," Elizabeth replied. Then she turned out the light, rolled over on her side, away from her husband, and tried to keep her sobs from growing too loud. The first time Diana reached over to hold her, she pushed her away. But the second time, she allowed herself to be cradled by the person who had promised to always comfort and protect her.

On August 9, 2009, Diana took her first injection of hormones in a hotel room in Europe. Though her two kids, who were 19 and 24 at the time, didn't know it, the vacation was meant to be the last they would take as a family, a final roundup of beautiful memories before Diana's transition began in earnest and Elizabeth filed for divorce. Because Diana had started taking testosterone blockers a few months before, she was already developing subtle breasts. But Elizabeth had not expected Diana to bring the hormones along on their vacation. She was furious. "Each one of those steps was another stab in the heart, because then I knew this was really happening, that my life as I knew it was over, and my life as I had hoped it would be was over."

IF THE REASONS FOR LEAVING a trans spouse are clear and understandable, the reasons for staying are as varied and particular as the marriages themselves. Sometimes couples stay together for the kids. Sometimes spouses find they're actually open to embracing their marriage's newfound ambiguity. Sometimes one partner has latent bisexual tendencies that allow a healthy sexual relationship to continue, or sometimes sex doesn't matter much to either partner as long as the emotional intimacy can be maintained. Some simply can't imagine being with anyone else, even if their partner is, in a certain sense, becoming a stranger.

Sometimes, the spouse can handle certain stages of transition but not others. Sharla DeLawter and her cross-dressing husband, Cynthia/George, run a support group for transgender men and women and their partners in the suburban New Jersey church where Cynthia's father was once a pastor. Recently, Sharla realized that she wouldn't mind if George wanted to start living as Cynthia full time, but she's quick to add that she has the luxury of knowing that her husband would never transition physically: Even if Cynthia wanted to, they could never pay for the surgeries, which can cost more than $100,000. Because of that, Sharla has latitude to be magnanimous. "I think even if Cynthia was 24/7, I wouldn't see myself in a lesbian relationship. Since the male genitalia is there, I would still think 'male' in that regard."

For spouses who don't have that certainty, life can feel like a sort of limbo. "If you don't know what your partner is ultimately going to do, you can't decide how you're going to deal with it," Nichols, the sex therapist, points out. "If you know, then you can say, 'Well, what can I deal with? Let me come to terms with it,' as opposed to, 'Gee, do I want to hang around for the next 10 or 15 years and find out when I'm 55 that he's going to transition?'"

During this year's New York City Pride parade, I meet Juliette and Sara Peterson in a cavernous Chelsea bar. Sara asks to go by her female pronoun but is in male mode: a blue button-down over khaki pants, close-cropped hair, and a short beard. Besides a stylist and a feminine-image consultant whom Sara hired some months back (and who put us in touch), Juliette and I are currently the only people in the world who know that Sara is trans, and for that reason, Juliette asked that I not use her real name. Probably no one else would know still, if, slightly more than a year ago, Juliette hadn't sat on their unmade bed and felt something hard under the rumpled sheets. When she pulled them back, there was a dildo, a black bra, and a pair of lacy black underwear that were definitely not her own. She was stunned for all the obvious reasons, but also because in the year since she and Sara had gotten married and moved to Paris, her husband's low libido had been a near-constant source of conflict. She went into the living room and confronted Sara, who told her immediately that the underwear "were his, that he liked to wear them and feel feminine, and that turned him on," Juliette explains.

"I definitely couldn't pretend it was anything other than what it obviously was," Sara adds.

Juliette looks over at Sara, who takes her hand. "We were both pretty scared. I remember I was trembling, but I was never like, 'Oh my God!' I was just like, 'Okay, let me gather all the information and all the data and start processing it.'" Juliette considers for a moment. "I think my real feeling was relief," she says in a measured tone. "Because I knew that something was going on, and there it was. He was finally telling me. My partner, this guy I love, is telling me that this is what gets him turned on and excited. I've been in a relationship that's not very sexual for a long time, where I felt like my husband was never turned on. And now he's openly telling me there is a thing that will get him turned on. It didn't really matter what the 'what' was. I was like, 'I want that now.'"

SHARLA AND CYNTHIA

A few nights later, Juliette and Sara met for a date along the Seine, and then returned home, where, as planned, Juliette was to meet Sara for the first time. Sara put on lacy underthings, thigh-high tights, heels, and lipstick, then got under the covers and called Juliette in from the other room. She approached Sara gently, thinking about doing the things that would feel good to her. She fondled Sara's nipples, kissed her way up Sara's thigh. It was clear that Sara was responding. They both got off that night.

Suddenly, Paris was every bit as romantic as Juliette had imagined, and Sara was showing up every night in their bed. "I would come home and make our dinner, then he'd get into lingerie, and it'd be sexy time. We were having sex more than once a day," says Juliette, smiling broadly. When she was at work, Sara would text her pictures of herself en femme and descriptions of what they'd do when she got home. They'd never felt so close. "It went from being my secret to our secret," Sara says. Sometimes the sexual energy was so charged that they'd hesitate to squeeze into the pocket-size Parisian elevators, knowing that in that tight space, it's likely their bodies would touch.

The sex was so good, in fact, that it took Juliette a while to come to terms with the idea that what she viewed as fantasy play in the bedroom might not always stay there. "In the moment, we were so sexual about it that I kept thinking of it as sexual. But then in the back of my head would be this question, like, *Is this going to move forward in a different direction?* You know, I was still having sex with my husband—beard, hair, penis—I just got to like the taste of lipstick." But as Sara began spending more and more time at home en femme, Juliette began wondering if she would start to miss her husband, and if he would ever go entirely away. "I'd think, *What if this is real? Is this fantasy with Sara? Is this something we're going to do tomorrow? Or in two years?*" Compounding matters, she had no one she could talk to about it—not without outing Sara.

At the same time, Sara was exploring her own thoughts on transitioning physically and realizing that it was probably inevitable, even if she wasn't sure when. They both know that if Sara does transition, they'd want to try to make their marriage work. "But I think that's naïve to think that that's a given," Juliette says. Suddenly, she's wiping tears from her eyes. "I don't want to even think about not being with this person I've built a life with. I love him."

"Them," Sara softly reminds her.

"I love him and her so much. But I've known him for almost a decade and Sara for a year and change. I still have mostly him, so I'm not sure what it would be like to have mostly her."

At the very least, she's hoping Sara will hold off on transitioning until they have children. "I would have children yesterday if I could," she says. "But is that something we can still do together, or is transitioning going to take precedence over that?" If Sara can't delay her transition, would she be willing to bank her sperm? They've only just begun to broach these issues. "There's a lot of unknown there." For now, Juliette is willing to wait it out, in the hopes that whatever may happen, it can happen with some version of the person, or persons, she loves.

"THERE IS SOMETHING star-crossed about trans couples sometimes," Boyd says when I meet up with her a few days later. "I was very much in love with my husband, and I will always miss being married to that person. The thing that helped me around it a little bit was realizing I was never married to him, I was married to somebody who looked like him and who I could project all that himness onto, but when I go back and look at our wedding photos, it's like, 'She was making such a valiant effort to look like a man, like a groom.' I never married a guy, I married a woman."

SHANNON AND MILENA WOOD / HELEN AND BETTY BOYD

When Diana and Elizabeth returned from Europe, Elizabeth went to see a divorce lawyer, but she never actually filed. Nor did she ask Diana to move out. "I just kept moving the red line. I kept saying, 'If you do that, that's it, I'm done.'" But when each new forbidden thing happened, she'd rethink her boundaries. Finally, she told Diana that she would stay with her through the surgeries. She couldn't stand to think of her going through them alone.

Before her physical transition, Diana wrote a letter to their children explaining her situation—"really geared to reassure them"—and gave it to them when they were home for the holidays. Elizabeth sat with them in the living room while they read the letter, and then Diana came back in the room to answer questions. Their daughter cried. Their son told Diana, "No matter what, I'll always love you." They asked what they should call herw, and she said it was up to them. They decided to continue to call her "Dad."

Elizabeth never let on to her children how hard the transition was for her, though even now she has trouble articulating why she stayed once the surgeries were over. "I guess the bottom line was I never wanted us to split up. That's the only answer I can come up with." She pauses, looking off to the side and clutching a Kleenex. "But I'm not going to lie: We are great companions for each other, but this is not what I envisioned my later years to be. I don't look forward. I assume we'll retire somewhere, but I really don't have much of a picture of what's ahead."

On some things, Elizabeth will not budge. She has not come out as the wife of a trans woman to people at work. She's wanted to keep that part of her life untouched by the upheaval ("When I'm at work, nothing's different"). She reserves Mother's Day as her day alone ("You didn't give birth to them, and they still think of you as their father"). And she will not have sex or tolerate sex outside the marriage, much to Diana's chagrin. "I will admit that I am intensely curious about what it would be like to have sex as a woman," Diana says, "but at this point it doesn't look like I'll ever know." In fact, Diana doesn't even know if she'd want to be with men or women now, though what she misses most is physical contact of any kind. Fairly early into her transition, she started sleeping in her daughter's empty bedroom.

Still, Diana realizes that these things pale in comparison to the compromises Elizabeth has had to make. "I don't regret having transitioned," Diana says. "I regret what it's done to Elizabeth, how it's devastated her view of the future." If Elizabeth had known how things would turn out on that West Village sidewalk so many years ago, she says that she probably wouldn't have gotten married; but then again, it's difficult to unwish so many joyful things—their children, their milestones, their memories.

By now, night has fallen, and Elizabeth stretches her feet across the sofa, tucking them under Diana's leg. "I think I'm still in love with her," she says, halting.

Diana draws a ragged breath. "I mean, I know I'm still in love with you, but I wasn't sure you were still in love with me."

Elizabeth looks at her wife as if from a distance. "I don't think I could still be here if I weren't. To me, it's inconceivable not having my family. And this? This is my family." ■

PHOTOGRAPHS: ASHLEY THAYER (BOYD); COURTESY OF THE SUBJECTS (WOOD)

THESE DOCTORS ARE AMONG

THE BEST DOCTORS IN NEW YORK

Each doctor has been peer-nominated and selected by Castle Connolly, the nation's leading provider of information on top doctors.

All Doctors are Board Certified

Dr. David B. Samadi
Urology

Castle Connolly Medical, Ltd. provides Top Doctors lists for many regional publications throughout the country, including *New York* magazine's "Best Doctors" issue.

TheTopPhysicians.com

UROLOGY

David B. Samadi, MD
Robotic Prostate Surgery
485 Madison Avenue
New York, NY
212-365-5000
ProstateCancer911.com

SPORTS MEDICINE

Jonathan L. Glashow, MD
Shoulder, Knee, Arthroscopic Surgery
737 Park Avenue, New York, NY
212-794-5096
GlashowMD.com

PLASTIC SURGERY

John E. Sherman, MD
1016 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY
212-535-2300
NYPlasticSurg.com

NEUROSURGERY

Ezriel E. Kornel, MD
Minimally Invasive Brain & Spine Surgery
903 Park Avenue, New York, NY
646-751-7295
TopSpineSurgeonNYC.com

HAND SURGERY

Mark E. Pruzansky, MD
Hand, Wrist & Elbow Surgery, Sports Injuries
975 Park Ave., New York, NY
212-249-8700
HandSport.us

DERMATOLOGY

Ellen Marmur, MD
Cosmetic & Dermatologic Surgery
12 East 87th Street
New York, NY
888-219-7174
MarmurMedical.com

HAIR TRANSPLANTATION

Robert M. Bernstein, MD
Robotic Hair Transplants
Hair Loss
Center for Hair Restoration
110 E. 55th Street
New York, NY
212-826-2400
BernsteinMedical.com

BERGDORF GOODMAN

6 **SIXTH FLOOR MODERNIST : THE NEW LEVEL OF FASHION**

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET 212 753 7300 BG.COM

THE CUT

The Show That Stole Fashion Week

The spectacle at Givenchy.

By **CATHY HORYN**

Makeup artist Pat McGrath constructed face masks out of beads and fabric.

PHOTOGRAPH: VICTOR VIRGILE/GAMMA-RAPHO VIA GETTY IMAGES

The crowd was filled with celebrities, including Kim Kardashian and Kanye West, Nicki Minaj, and, shown here, Julia Roberts.

The size (more than 80 models, a star-studded audience of 2,800), ambition (a collaboration with Marina Abramovic that openly referenced 9/11), and spectacle (set against the Hudson River and the lower-Manhattan skyline) of the sundown Givenchy show at Pier 26 eclipsed everything else at Fashion Week.

The scale of fashion has changed dramatically in the past decade. I'm not sure that clothes dominate people's lives the way they did in another, more innocent era, but fashion shows and celebrities certainly do. And so Givenchy pulled out all the stops. LVMH, which owns Givenchy, and its arch-rival Chanel have the franchise on megashows because they have the most cash and the biggest egos.

One could perhaps question the wisdom of such grandeur (and profligacy) on the anniversary of the World Trade Center attacks. But Givenchy creative director Riccardo Tisci's show succeeded on many levels—most important, in its handling of the venue's proximity to the 9/11 Memorial site. The music came from six different cultures and religions. The battered and rusted sheds and backdrops for the set were made from recycled materials; the rough, indus-

A pianist and singer performed during the show.

Marina Abramovic collaborated on the art direction with Riccardo Tisci.

The scene unfolded at Pier 26 in Hudson River Park, in the shadow of One World Trade Center.

The show was livestreamed in the Flatiron.

Model Imaan Hammam walked the runway in a haute couture dress.

Boudoir-themed silk-and-lace camisole with loose-fitting silk tuxedo trousers.
MODEL: Mariacarla Boscono

Dense pom-poms made of three-dimensional pleating wrapped in clusters around the hem.
MODEL: Joan Smalls

Swinging silk-fringe gown with a dramatic beaded-pearl face mask.
MODEL: Elya Bobyleva

Beaded lace dress layered with a sheer shirt with a tuxedo bib.
MODEL: Jamie Bochert

Deconstructed eyelet lace dress with an uneven hem.
MODEL: Raquel Zimmerman

ON THE RUNWAY
The first look, the last look, and some of the best in between.

trial style was consistent with previous Tisci shows but also gave the sense of destruction and rebuilding. Standing atop one raised platform were a man and a woman facing (at times) One World Trade Center, and on another platform a woman was getting hosed down by an open spigot. The fact that the latter could have been read as a metaphor for New York's daily trials was kind of nice, though obviously Abramovic and Tisci meant the bath as a cleansing.

Religion has played a big part in Tisci's shows, especially in his early collections for Givenchy—a label once mainly known for dressing Audrey Hepburn and wealthy, publicity-shy matrons. But in this case, the spiritual symbolism was handled with deftness and care, likely thanks to the close, months-long collaboration between the artist and the designer.

Naturally, Givenchy rolled out the celebrities—Nicki Minaj, Julia Roberts, Kim Kardashian and Kanye West, and half a dozen designers, including Michael Kors, Joseph Altuzarra, and Proenza Schouler's Jack McCollough and Lazaro Hernandez. But beyond all that spectacle, the clothes themselves were terrific. Tisci's collections can sometimes project an aggressive attitude that leaves me cold. But this show abundantly displayed his skill with soft materials, notably lace-edged silk and delicately embroidered chiffon. There was a lot of lace in the New York shows, but to see how Tisci used it—as the wide hem of a skimmy dress, as part of a V-shaped tunic over black trousers, in lingerie layers—was to realize that those other efforts were pretty pedestrian. Tisci reminds people that lace is beautiful, not something to be treated like the latest technological wonder.

Tisci had men in the show, mainly in impeccable black suiting (including shorts), and he reprised lace shirts for them, something he has done at least once before. Tisci was more focused, though, on the women, and he has never imparted a sense of female vulnerability as well as he did that night. Among the telling gestures was the gathering of satin at the shoulders and fronts of several dresses and in masks made of what looked like scraps of lace or tiny shells. Masks can be creepy and affected, but not here. It was also a treat to see a number of haute couture dresses, some like second skins. One gown, worn by Joan Smalls, came clustered at the hem with giant furry balls; it recalled a more-colorful red-carpet number worn years ago by Zoe Saldana.

The predominantly black-and-white clothes seemed to make reference to ceremony—weddings, first Communions, funerals. In this way, Tisci's clothes smartly incorporated the show's emotional themes. But the saving grace, perhaps, was that the many slip dresses and trouser combinations were sexy and contemporary. It may have been a grand performance, but these were by no means costumes.

PHOTOGRAPHS: PREVIOUS SPREAD, ELLE JOTA/BFA (LIVESTREAM); CATWALKING/GETTY IMAGES (HAMMAM); JOSHUA LOTT/AFP/GETTY IMAGES (PIANIST); VICTOR VIRGILE/GAMMA-RAPHO VIA GETTY IMAGES (SCENE); LANDON NORDEMAN FOR THE CUT (ABRAMOVIC, ROBERTS). THIS PAGE, IMAXTREE.

CRYSTAL TONG WANG
Parsons student

STEPHPANIE BUNNY
fashion photographer

FERNANDO WEBB
handbag designer, Coach

KATHLEEN HOLLAND
Pratt student

BRITTANY WILLIAMS
FIT student

JOSHUA ALAN CLARK
stylist-blogger

AITANA MARTINEZ
Pratt student

OFF THE RUNWAY
Givenchy gave tickets to 280 fashion students and teachers. They dressed for the occasion.

TIFFANY HUANG
Parsons student

Photographs by Bobby Doherty

ONE-TWO PUNCH

THE MOST POWERFUL **IS** PERFORMANCE LINE EVER[1]

Introducing the most formidable IS combination yet: the 241-horsepower[2] IS 200t and 255-horsepower[2] IS 300 AWD, both available in F SPORT. With a turbocharged engine delivering a full second faster 0-to-60[2,3,4] time than its predecessor, the IS 200t makes every second exhilarating. And with 25% more base horsepower,[5] the IS 300 AWD makes you grip the wheel as tightly as it grips the road. The Lexus IS. Performance at its most aggressive.

lexus.com/IS | #LexusIS

LEXUS
THE PURSUIT OF PERFECTION

1. Claim based on average horsepower from Lexus IS line year over year vs. 2016 Lexus IS line. 2. Ratings achieved using the required premium unleaded gasoline with an octane rating of 91 or higher. If premium fuel is not used, performance will decrease. 3. Performance figures are for comparison only and were obtained with prototype vehicles by professional drivers using special safety equipment and procedures. Do not attempt. 4. Claim based on 6.6-second 0-to-60 time of the 2016 Lexus IS 200t vs. 7.7-second 0-to-60 time of the 2015 Lexus IS 250. 5. Base model comparison of 255 horsepower for the 2016 Lexus IS 300 AWD vs. 204 horsepower for the 2015 Lexus IS 250 AWD. ©2015 Lexus.

STRATEGIST

. . . . . ORG . . . . . ME ROBOT
. . . . . PLATT ON O . . . . . EVERYWHERE

Status: A Survey

p. 84

The $1,000 Socks for Oligarchs

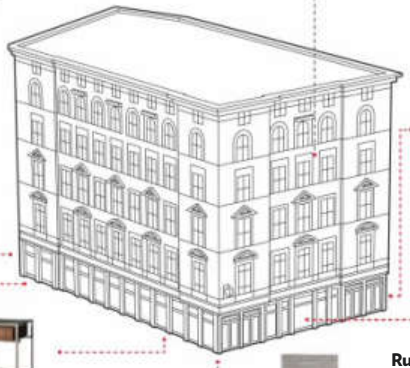
WHAT APPEAR TO BE ordinary brown socks are actually made of pure wool from the vicuña, a protected ancestor of the alpaca that lives high in the Andes and may be sheared only very rarely. To get the socks, you have to make an appointment at the Upper East Side townhouse shop **VK Nagrani**. But while they may be *the* sock to have for a certain kind of finance titan, many status objects have nothing to do with money. For a Broadway actor, it could be a tin of Swiss handmade lozenges; for a goth raver, a certain tube of black lipstick. And you can't Google the totems of these tribes, either. You have to *belong*. Or, in our case, you can canvas the city—for fashion designers, Italian chefs, architects, SoulCyclers—and ask. Turn to page 84 for the answers.

Photograph by Bobby Doherty

BEST BETS

FIRST LOOK

This October, Restoration Hardware unveils a contemporary-furniture collection, **RH Modern,** *at its 935 Broadway store.*



Traditional collection: Top two floors for standbys like Russian-oak coffee tables ($1,695).

Bedroom: High-panel four-poster beds (from $4,795).

Seating: Alfieri chairs ($3,995); Morgan Barrelback–designed armchairs ($449).

Staircase: Mirrored, with iron handrails inspired by Carlo Scarpa.

Lighting: Van Thiel–designed spire chandeliers ($3,595).

Tables: Suspended-drawer side tables ($895).

Rugs: Ben Soleimani rugs ($1,495 for a five-by-seven).

2x2

Woolly Vases

Prepare your succulents for sweater weather.

	UNDER $35	OVER $35
FOR PLANTS	**Felted plant pod,** $21 at etsy.com/shop/theyarnkitchen.	**Fur basket,** $50 at karentinney.com.
FOR FLOWERS	**Bobby's vase cover,** $32 at woolandthegang.com.	**Knitted mohair vase,** $49 at foundersandfollowers.com.

ASK A SHOP CLERK

Jane Van Cleef *just opened a Gowanus shop for her handmade, organic doll line, Hazel Village (510 Third Ave.).*

Do the animals have a backstory? *They are all part of a utopian society, like the utopian societies upstate in the 19th century. There's Owen Fox, Zoe Rabbit, and Phoebe Fawn (from $34), who are made out of organic fleece and wear interchangeable pieces like flower crowns ($6) and apple-picking outfits ($26). We sew all their clothes here. It sounds funny for them to be in Gowanus, but our market lines up with the people who shop at the Whole Foods a few blocks away.*

MOVING IN

Steven Ditchkus has reopened and expanded the formerly hidden oddities shop **The Hunt** *at 27 Canal Street.*

"My partners and I started as a secret antiques shop in the back of another store on the Lower East Side three years ago, but now, with our own store, we're bringing in new things that complement the old pieces. Everything's not thrown in one big pile like most antiques stores nowadays; it has a cleaner vibe. The **hand-forged kitchen knives by Zachary Fish** (from $200) are displayed alongside contemporary-art objects like a **3-D-printed tiger skull dipped in 24-carat gold** ($7,500). There's also room for our taxidermy, like the full-size **black bear we remounted on a piece of marble** and reclaimed wood and put into a 150-year-old antique display case ($19,000). We left the 100-year-old decaying paint on the front window and kept the old electronics-store sign that was here before us because, even though we have a storefront, we want to be disguised."

HOW IT'S MADE

The fragrance-customizing Osmologue robot debuts in October with French perfumer **Ex Nihilo***'s outpost in Bergdorf Goodman (754 Fifth Ave.).*

1. Customers choose one of eight existing perfumes for the base scent and one of three additional raw materials, like iris pallida or vanilla bourbon, to **personalize a new fragrance** (from $365).

2. The **Osmologue** weighs and distributes the chosen ingredients in a beaker.

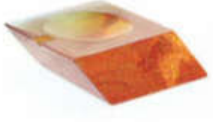
3. An expert puts the beaker onto a magnetic plate and **emulsifies the liquid** for one minute.

4. The finished fragrance is **funneled into a glass bottle,** which can be capped with a choice of onyx, buffalo horn, or mother-of-pearl.

5. Customers may use the perfume immediately, but Ex Nihilo recommends **letting it rest** for up to ten days, after which the mixture will finish settling and each scent will be expressed to its full potential.

TOP FIVE

Monica Khemsurov, editor of the design magazine Sight Unseen, *picks color-changing ashtrays and brass lighter holsters from* **Tetra** *(shop-tetra.com), a new online store dedicated to stylish smoking accoutrements.*



"This **ashtray** ($800) is cut from dichroic glass, which changes color in the light, symbolizing the shift in feeling before and after you smoke."

"This **beehive smoker** ($90) has all the functions of a pipe: a small carb hole, a bigger hole to smoke from, and an indentation on top for tobacco."

"This **snuff box** ($280) is handmade from solid lapis and has a brass trim. It looks like something vintage, but less boho and without the chips."

"This **vegetable-tanned-leather pouch** ($190) is meant to be worn as a necklace which you can use to carry small smoking accessories."

"This **patinated-brass lighter cover** ($180) elevates the everyday Bic, so you don't have to buy a Zippo and worry about refilling it."

PHOTOGRAPHS: COURTESY OF MAIAMI (MOHAIR VASE); COURTESY OF THE VENDORS (REMAINING). ILLUSTRATIONS: JASON LEE (FLOOR PLAN); MURPHY LIPPINCOTT (PORTRAIT).

ANDREW CHAPIN,
Law-School Counselor

What a wonderful beard. People are so outrageous: Total strangers will come up to me on the street and just grab it. I've had it long like this for the past three years—the older I get, the more comfortable I am with being unusual.

Where are you from? Born and raised in Cleveland Heights, Ohio, where I had great success as a child actor. I was a spitting image of a young Ron Howard. I did commercials for Schwinn, Sears, an aluminum-siding company, the truckers' union. I had a fan club in Cleveland.

Did you keep on acting? I did. I moved here to do theater while working as a cater waiter. At 33, I realized that you have to live to act; it was something I loved to do, not something I *had* to do. But I'll dress up in drag about twice a year, in Lucite stilettos and a flesh-tone glitter gown—it's a little difficult because of my beard.

INTERVIEW BY ALEXIS SWERDLOFF

LIGHTNING ROUND

Neighborhood: *Gramercy.*
Rent: *"Under $1,000. I've lived in the same one-bedroom for 36 years. My husband lives with me now."*
Pets: *One. "A wire-haired dachshund named Kipper."*
Reading: Smash Cut, *by Brad Gooch. "It's a bit like going down memory lane for me."*
Favorite restaurant: *Morandi.*

Photograph by Bobby Doherty

O Ya

Boom-Time Bluefin

A storied Boston *omakase* palace lands in the Flatiron.

BY ADAM PLATT

One of Platt's ten dining commandments (I forget which number precisely) states that the longer a trend lasts, the greater the chance it has of descending into the realm of parody. This is not a bad thing, of course. Success breeds imitation, and imitation breeds more imitation, which leads, in the long run, to a kind of immortality. Ye olde New York steakhouse has been a ritualized (and highly profitable) parody of itself for many decades, after all, along with ye olde Irish bar, ye olde pizza joint, and ye olde red-sauce restaurant. Among more recent trends, the "speakeasy" seems to have tipped conspicuously into parody in the past few years, along with the farm-to-table restaurant, the *faux*-French brasserie, the haute "chef-driven" hamburger, and, some would argue, the entire borough of Brooklyn.

With the steady proliferation of rarefied, big-money *omakase* joints around town during this latest boom era of the one percent, now it might be sushi's turn. Or so it occurred to me as I bellied up to the polished, supersize counter at O Ya, which the Boston sushi maestros Tim and Nancy Cushman opened on the northeastern fringes of the Flatiron District earlier this summer. The restaurant's façade, on 28th Street, is obscured by a slightly overlarge Japanese garden stone, along with several unruly fronds of bamboo. The room inside is filled with the usual creatures of the upmarket-sushi circus (fresh-faced technocrats, jet-setting couples from Tokyo). Compared with some of the more discreet *omakase* venues in the city, the bar is as long as a cigarette boat, and instead of one humble sushi master parsing out delicate lobes of uni in priestly silence, I counted six, all of them wielding toro-singeing blowtorches like cocktail shakers and wearing identical gray Chairman Mao caps.

★★
O Ya
120 E. 28th St., nr. Lexington Ave.
212-204-0200
o-ya.restaurant/o-ya-nyc

The Cushmans (he oversees the kitchen, she runs the front of the house) have won almost every accolade there is since opening their Boston restaurant in 2007, and by the looks of things, it doesn't appear that they've changed their formula very much since then. There are only two options on the menu ($185 for 18 courses and $245 for the 24-piece Big Apple extravaganza), both of which seem to be priced to New York's last, prerecessionary bull market instead of this one. Unlike at more recent, cutting-edge *omakase* operations such as Sushi Nakazawa (where $120 buys 21 pieces) or Shuko (where the most elaborate *kaiseki* menu costs $175), the proceedings have a rather impersonal, hotel-restaurant feel (O Ya sits off the lobby of a small, nondescript establishment called the Park South Hotel), which is enhanced by a looping golden-oldie mix tape (Zeppelin, the Stones, Tom Waits) that sounds like it was lifted from Mario Batali's kitchen at Babbo circa 1998.

Not that there's anything too bitterly unpleasant about slipping a plump, perfectly chilled Kumamoto oyster down your throat to the sounds of Mick Jagger croaking his way through "Midnight Rambler." On the contrary, once you get acclimated to the slightly dated surroundings at O Ya (and to the looming realization that you will soon be parting, after tip, taxes, and a few de rigueur belts of artisanal sake, with a substantial portion of this week's take-home pay), dinner proceeds without a hitch. After the oyster I enjoyed a slip of yellowtail, topped with uni harvested not from the usual sea-urchin farms out in Santa Barbara, according to my friendly *sushi-ya*, but by hand from the seaweed-rich shores of southern Hokkaido. Other seductive delicacies followed, including ocean trout garnished with rosy squares of puréed tomato confit; soft pats of freshwater eel flavored with, among other things, Thai basil; and an addictive little vegetable-sushi creation constructed with Italian summer truffles and a single, carefully fried fingerling-potato chip.

It's become fashionable in haute sushi circles to cultivate a more chaste, locally grown style, but Tim Cushman (whom I never saw working behind the bar) clearly belongs to the school of experimental

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIRZAH BROTT/NEW YORK MAGAZINE

4:25 PM

Who would have thought the Oysterpocalypse would be such an elegant affair?

Host Beautifully

StellaArtois.com
Always Enjoy Responsibly.
© 2015 Anheuser-Busch InBev S.A., Stella Artois® Beer,
Imported by Import Brands Alliance, St. Louis, MO

fusion masters (Nobu, Masa, Morimoto, Masatoshi "Gari" Sugio) who dominated the landscape during that great no-holds-barred Jurassic period of sushi consumption at the turn of the millennium, when fatty tuna belly overtook filet mignon as the world's preeminent power food. Like at Sushi of Gari, some sushi here is gently burnt with blowtorches, shaped into toppling little towers, and layered with all sorts of elaborate flavor enhancers (pay attention to the black-olive purée on the excellent silver kohada, and to a strangely artful substance called "Wagyu schmaltz"). Like at Masa, no expense is spared flying in the most sought-after ingredients from around the globe, and dinner reaches its predictable peak with those ancient high-roller signifiers, Wagyu beef and seared foie gras.

For the record, the Wagyu in question was so good I had to be restrained from ordering it twice (it's cut in sashimi-size lozenges and served over a scrim of potato confit), and the foie gras finale was dripped with a reduction of balsamic vinegar, sake, and chocolate that tasted much more interesting than the strange soba-and-berry creation I was served for dessert. Also for the record, the final accounting for my 18-piece, no-frills *omakase* came to $309, a sum that included a standard 20 percent tip for the generally excellent service, taxes, and $59 worth of well-chosen sake. Would I drop the same kind of cash if it came out of my own bank account? Possibly not. But one day in the not-so-distant future, the sushi-*omakase* boom will come to its inevitable end, and if you have a prosperous uncle who's visiting the city and don't feel like groveling for a spot at the more cultish sushi parlors around town, you could do worse.

SCRATCHPAD

Three stars for the generally delicious, well-executed sushi creations and minus a star for the slightly anonymous hotel vibe and the exorbitant prices.

BITES

IDEAL MEAL: 18-piece *omakase,* with emphasis on the fried Kumamoto oyster; the kohada with black-olive purée; and anything to do with Wagyu, truffles, or bluefin toro belly. **NOTE:** Yes, there's a $1,200 bottle of sake available on the small, well-chosen list, but if you're in a thrifty mood, call for a $33 carafe of the pleasing and appropriately named Suigei "Drunken Whale" from southern Japan. **OPEN:** For dinner, Tuesday through Saturday. **PRICES:** $185 for 18 pieces; $245 for 24 pieces.

THE DISH

Jin Som Mok

After leaving Kao Soy this summer, chef Kanlaya Supachana has resurfaced at a pop-up down the street at Home/Made, whose kitchen she'll borrow for the next few months while hunting for her own place. She'll use the time to serve both authentic Thai plates and more experimental and seasonal meals; her jin som mok is a mix of both. The snack's sold by street vendors and served in homes in Northern Thailand but is a New York rarity—you'd be hard-pressed to find it anywhere else in the city. First pork is fermented with garlic, salt, and steamed rice for four hours, then Supachana adds pig's ears and pork skin and ferments it again. Supachana's partner, Sirichai Sreparplarn, says the dish has been well received—particularly by Thais in Queens, who've written glowing reviews on expat message boards. MARY JANE WEEDMAN

On the menu at **Chiang Mai Restaurant at Home/Made,** $9; 293 Van Brunt St., nr. Pioneer St., Red Hook; 646-858-5185.

Red-leaf lettuce *is a nontraditional accompaniment that Sreparplarn hopes will encourage guests to make wraps and "play with their food."*

Thai bird's-eye chiles *add heat. Supachana and Sreparplarn travel to a number of Queens specialty shops to source ingredients.*

The **sour fermented pork** *is placed in a banana leaf and quickly grilled before serving to infuse it with leaf and charcoal aromas.*

Of the condiments that often go with the snack, the partners chose their personal favorites—fresh cubed ginger, shallots, and **house-fried salty peanuts.**

Photograph by Bobby Doherty

NYC BIG FLEA

ANTIQUES MARKET

THE LARGEST INDOOR ANTIQUES FLEA MARKET IN NYC

SEPTEMBER 26+27, 2015

SATURDAY 9AM - 7PM
SUNDAY 10AM - 5PM

PIER 94
711 12TH AVE

54TH STREET +
WEST SIDE HIGHWAY

OVER 600 BOOTHS OF TREASURES IN THE STYLE OF PARIS + LONDON FLEA MARKETS .
FURNITURE . FINE ART . JEWELRY . SILVER .
PORCELAIN . VINTAGE CLOTHING . COLLECTIBLES
TRADITIONAL TO MID-CENTURY MODERN

PARTNERING WITH

CHELSEA MARKET

Chelsea Market, one of the greatest indoor food halls of the world

GREY LADY

Featuring L Johnson Promotions: National Black Memorabilia, Fine Art & Collectible Show Celebrating African American History & Culture with vendors and artists selling slavery artifacts, paintings, advertisements, toys, political memorabilia, autographs, books and more.

$15 ADMISSION

ON-SITE PARKING
DELIVERY SERVICE
FOR MORE INFORMATION
VISIT NYCBIGFLEA.COM
OR CALL 917.301.7708

The Status Survey

The *thing to have right now if you're an Italian chef, an Upper East Side lady, a leather daddy, or a Dalton senior. (We know because we asked.)*

GETTY IMAGES; ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY

Photograph by Slim Aarons

STATUS HAS NEVER been strictly about money. Think of Lily Bart's initial distaste for wealthy Simon Rosedale, whose deep-pocketed "smart London clothes" couldn't change his last name into something acceptable for the social register. It's a truth that's both democratic and not: Status is often acquired without cash, which can make it even more difficult to possess. It's a secret handshake, whether in the form of the fresh jonquils and candied cherries of Wharton's era or the ramp capers that locavore chefs clamor for today. And in a sense, those totems have become more secretive than ever. Perhaps as a reaction to our new age of relentless peacocking—to all the posting with fabulous geo-tags and just-right accoutrements at the outside edges of the frame—people have gotten more subtle at signifying social standing in ways that the lay observer wouldn't be able to decode. ¶ Part of the allure of the status symbol is that it's out there for all to see but meant to be understood, perhaps, by a far smaller crowd: your own crowd. When a goth raver puts on her black Manic Panic lipstick, she's doing so to impress her friends, or people she hopes to be friends with someday—the ones who know and care that Manic Panic lipstick is the only lipstick to wear and that you have to schlep to the basement of Trash and Vaudeville on St. Marks to get it. When Williamsburg Guy slowly rolls down Bedford Avenue in his vintage-mobile, he's keenly aware that his fellow Williamsburg Guy neighbors are going to be super-jealous. Even in this era of widening inequality, the ultimate aim is to be—to however small a degree—the envy of your peer group, whether you're an oligarch or a Pratt student. ¶ In an attempt to get them to explain what may pass right in front of our eyes yet remain unseen, we went straight to the members of many such tribes—mathematicians, Goldman Sachs VPs, cactus collectors, chefs, oboists—and asked them to single out their status symbols. The increasingly fine distinctions that emerge require a novelist's eye for detail, but once you're attuned to them, you can look at a stranger on the subway and experience the deep pleasure of recognition without having to clear any social hurdles at all.

NOREEN MALONE

AND FOR SOME PERSPECTIVE ...

Status in *New York* Magazines Past

1975:

THE ELSA PERETTI T-SHIRT:

"Here we have the status joke of the summer—Elsa Peretti's stuff painted on a T ($14), front only, but then status *is* up front, isn't it?

1980:

LAOSHAN WATER:

"The latest status water is Laoshan; $1 a bottle in the Delicacies Department."

1983:

DRIPPING DRAPERIES:

"Arrivistes, beware ... One revealing slip of the tongue—calling draperies 'drapes,' for instance—and it could be curtains."

1995:

THE VOLVO STATION WAGON:

"Spiritual descendant of the VW Bug, it cries out against the soullessness of our rapacious hypermotorized culture."

PHOTOGRAPHS: COURTESY OF GREG STEFANO/COOL HUNTING (CAR); COURTESY OF EVERETT COLLECTION (CORBUSIER); COURTESY OF THE VENDORS (OLFA, MUEHLING, MIYAKE, SHWOOD)

The Car for Hipsters With Country Houses: **An Early-'80s Diesel Mercedes**

"THESE CARS WERE ALWAYS a big deal among auto nerds. They are the apex of beautiful indestructible machines, the apex of German engineering. I started noticing them in Williamsburg about three or four years ago. I would say, 'Oh, there's another one.' And when I realized that their engines last literally forever, I immediately got a 1983 300D Turbo Diesel. These days, I see one at least once a day in my neighborhood. It's kind of like anything else that gets gobbled up by retro-loving hipsters; people think, *It'll look great with my surfboard on the roof.* It's the same reason that these heritage menswear brands are exploding. They're cool-looking, they're well made, and there's a good story. That said, these cars are really vulnerable to rust, and so I recently sold mine—the next big thing are Jeep Wagoneers."

—GREG STEFANO, COOLHUNTING VIDEO EDITOR

The Stroller for Cobble Hill Parents: **The Uppababy Vista**

According to moms on the Bococa Parents Yahoo group.

"The 'in' stroller right now is definitely the Uppababy Vista, for sure."

"Uppababy Vista!!"

"I would say the Uppababy Vista."

"I think it's still the Uppababy Vista."

The Mattress for People With Chambermaids: **Beckley**

"Beckleys are made of horsehair, and they last—especially if the chambermaids turn the mattresses weekly as they should."

—HOWARD SLATKIN, INTERIOR DESIGNER

The Totems for Architects

An Olfa Blade
"Carrying one implies that you're fabricating the projects yourself; you're embedded in the whole process start to finish."
—ALEKSEY LUKYANOV-CHERNY, SITU STUDIO

A Ted Muehling Necklace
"They're coveted among my colleagues—people who want to be considered to have a high level of sophistication."
—SUSANNAH DRAKE, DLANDSTUDIO

An Issey Miyake Bao Bao Bag
"It's highly structured with articulated joints; intuitively attractive for female architects."
—HAYES SLADE, SLADE ARCHITECTURE

Shwood Glasses
"Wooden frames represent this return to natural representations, the perception of authenticity."
—AMIR SHAHROKHI, SHoP ARCHITECTS

Illustrations by Joe McKendry

The Chalk for Math Professors: **Hagoromo Fulltouch**

"We started to find little bits of it years ago, discarded ends," says Joel David Hamkins, a professor of graduate-level mathematics and philosophy at CUNY. "We gathered as many as we could and finally made out the name, Hagoromo. We realized that a Japanese visitor had been leaving behind the leftovers." It wasn't available in the U.S., and shipping costs were exorbitant. But in 2010, Robert S. Landsman, assistant program officer for CUNY's Ph.D. program in mathematics, sent out a jubilant email to faculty: A Japanese student had returned with Hagoromo for the staff. "Finally our prayers have been answered," he wrote. The limited supply was divvied up based on teaching load. "Faculty should save this chalk for use only during their most important lectures or when working on their most important theorems," he cautioned. The chalk was later sold Stateside, but then, last year, tragedy: word that Hagoromo was going out of business. Hamkins—like others—has stockpiled the stuff. "The smooth texture flows so easily across the chalkboard, like a fountain pen," he says. "One puts up mathematics on the chalkboard as if tracing an idea out in the air." ALEX RONAN

The Suit for Rock Stars: **Kyosuke Kunimoto**

"The clover lapels, the vintage fabrics, the slightly flared trousers—these are *not* mainstream suits. And you have to go all the way to Tokyo to have them made."
—RITA ZEBDI, FRANK OCEAN'S STYLIST

Mark Ronson wearing a suit by Kunimoto.

The Bowling Ball for Division Titleists: **Storm Crux**

"Regular bowlers who want to be like the pros are now using the Crux. It's the inside-core construction that's important."
—DINO CHANG, OWNER OF DINO'S PRO SHOP IN ASTORIA

The Bag for Museum Curators: **Obscure and European**

"They have to be issued by a European library or research institute, like the Villa i Tatti, Herzog August Bibliothek Wolfenbüttel, or a small museum, like the Fondation Custodia, and I would say the text really can't be in English."
—A CURATOR WHO PREFERS HIS NAME NOT BE IN ENGLISH EITHER

PHOTOGRAPHS: PHILIPPE KLIOT (RONSON); COURTESY OF HERZOG AUGUST BIBLIOTHEK WOLFENBÜTTEL (TOTE BAG); COURTESY OF STORM PRODUCTS, INC. (BOWLING BALL)

Photograph by Bobby Doherty

The Coffee-Table Books for Art-World Types:

Copies of ***Lapham's Quarterly****; the* **"Raymond Pettibon: Surfers 1985–2015"** *catalogue;* **Dorotheum** *catalogues; the* **"Yayoi Kusama: I Who Have Arrived in Heaven"** *catalogue.*

ON THE COFFEE TABLE OF DAVID AND MONICA ZWIRNER, ART DEALER AND CO-FOUNDER OF ACCESSORIES BRAND MZWALLACE

A View From the Bridge, *by Arthur Miller;* ***Edie: An American Biography,*** *by Jean Stein, edited with George Plimpton; the* **"Richard Prince: Fashion 1982–84"** *catalogue; the* **"Jonas Wood: Paintings and Drawings"** *catalogue.*

ON THE COFFEE TABLE OF BILL POWERS, ART DEALER, AND CYNTHIA ROWLEY, FASHION DESIGNER

The Book of Genesis, *by R. Crumb;* ***Chinati: The Vision of Donald Judd,*** *by Marianne Stockebrand;* ***Andy Warhol: "Giant" Size.***

ON THE COFFEE TABLE OF ALEXANDRA CHEMLA, FOUNDER AND CEO, ARTBINDER

The Weed for *High Times* Editors: **Chem Dog**

"If you smoke it, you'll understand why it's held in such reverence: It has a citrusy flavor and a real depth to the high. There's no ceiling. If you keep smoking, you keep getting higher. It's super-rare, because it's hand-trimmed and has to be grown, harvested, and dried in smaller quantities. You have to know and trust your grower. I'd stick with the East Coast."

—DANNY DENKO, SENIOR CULTIVATION EDITOR AT *HIGH TIMES*

The Watches for Goldman Sachs:

FOR ASSOCIATES: ROLEX

"After your first bonus."

AND FOR VPS: PATEK PHILIPPE

"At this stage, especially if a guy's done time in a European office, it's slim watches by Patek Philippe or Cartier."

AND FOR THE CEO: SWATCH

"Lloyd Blankfein wears one. And you see other high-level guys wearing them; they have nothing left to prove."

—A FORMER GOLDMAN SACHS TRADER

PHOTOGRAPHS: BRIAN JAHN/COURTESY OF HIGH TIMES (CHEM DOG); COURTESY OF THE VENDORS (WATCHES)

Photograph by Bobby Doherty

The Black Lipstick for Goths: **Manic Panic**

"IT'S TRENDY NOW to have a makeup line with goth colors, like the one by Kat Von D. But Manic Panic lipstick is one of those secrets of the streets; you can find it downstairs at Trash and Vaudeville right by the cash register. All of my friends from GHE20G0TH1K wear it."
—VENUS X, DJ AND FOUNDER OF THE PARTY GHE20G0TH1K

The Leather Jacket for Leather Daddies: **The Columbia**

"The Columbia jacket, from Langlitz Leathers in Portland, is very heavy-looking and shiny, so everyone knows when you have one. They start at $1,100, and they're really only for going to leather events like Folsom Street East. It's all word-of-mouth."
—JON FULTON, LONGTIME LEATHERMAN

The Couch for One57 Dwellers: **Built On-site**

"It's a real status move to have your designer dream up a couch that fits the room so precisely that it has to be custom built in the living room itself over several days."
—INTERIOR DESIGNER WITH TAX-SHELTERED CLIENTS

The Acrylic Nail for Flatbush Cliques: **The Coffin**

"I started seeing a lot of girls in this neighborhood wear this style of nail called the Coffin, which is a square shape but slimmer than usual, sexy but not too sexy, so I started getting it too. My friends and I don't do nail art; we like simple. We wore Coffins in nude colors and pinks for the summer, and we'll start switching to deep reds and purple in the fall."
—RENEA SCOTT, 23, CLIENT AT BARRY'S BEAUTY BAR IN FLATBUSH

The Dog for Tribeca Triplex Owners: **Huge**

CONSIDER THE TRIBECA Great Dane: three feet tall, 200 pounds, sturdy and solid as a Citi Bike, visible from an avenue away. To see a dog of this size—whether Dane or mastiff or Bernese mountain dog—is to all but see the apartment it lives in: square feet in the quadruple digits, outdoor space, maybe the keys to the Rhinebeck house nestled in an Alessi *vide-poche*. We might not know that dog's name, but we do know everything there is to know about the woman on the other end of that leash—not her personality or likes or dislikes or hopes or dreams, but whether she lives in a private-keyed elevator loft. Such dogs cannot be returned in the morning, nor can they be lent to a friend. They're not just a sign of wealth, they're a sign of stability. And whereas, say, a pair of fur-lined Gucci loafers reek of called-in favors and wait lists, a dog the weight of two Gucci PR assistants reeks of … well, dog. It's an "It" accessory above tackiness, beyond reproach, impervious to changing trends. The Duane Street Dane eats those fur-lined loafers for breakfast.
JULI WEINER

PHOTOGRAPHS: BOBBY DOHERTY/NEW YORK MAGAZINE (LIPSTICK); COURTESY OF LANGLITZ LEATHER (JACKET); SOPHYNAILS/INSTAGRAM (NAILS); GETTY IMAGES/ISTOCKPHOTO (GREAT DANE). ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY.

The *Casa Mia* for Bensonhurst Newlyweds: **A Detached House**

"Ask any young couple here—the dream is to own a detached house. The one I grew up in shares a wall with a doctor's office."

—ROSSELLA RAGO, HOST OF THE WEB SERIES *COOKING WITH NONNA*

The Ingredient for Locavore Chefs: **Ramp Capers**

"They are really only good for around a week and a half, so serving them showcases a chef's relationship with the farmers. Anyone can buy truffles if they have enough money."

—JOSÉ RAMÍREZ-RUIZ AND PAMELA YUNG OF SEMILLA

The Throat Balm for Broadway Actors: **Grether's Pastilles**

"When someone pulls a tin out of their bag, there is a 75 percent chance that they are involved in the theater. They are like magic beans for your vocal cords. You can buy them at fancy places, and when they're running low you tend to hoard them."

—ANNALEIGH ASHFORD, ACTRESS

The Oboe Reed for Oboists: **Loree**

"You'll see a lot of oboists using cane from China, which isn't always aged properly. Top oboists make their reed from Loree cane, which comes from the south of France. The breeze off the water gives it a special vibration. There's a richness to this cane that's very juicy."

—LIANG WANG, PRINCIPAL OBOIST, NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

The Accessories for Pratt Co-eds: **Pins, Patches, Charms**

"Small accessories—pins, patches, necklaces—are a way people try to be individual in our school. I have a **Lucky Strike** pin that was made for me by another student. We made the pins in class using a machine meant for actual classwork, then made a bunch of other pins for fun on our own."

—OPHELIA SNIFFEN

"I move the Lucky Strike pin that Ophelia and I made to every jacket I wear. And I have this **patch from the movie *Alien***. I'm kind of a movie and sci-fi geek. I wear it on the left arm of my Carhartt jacket."

—DAN CASTRANOVA

"One pin I like a lot is this big one-inch button with a picture of Sarah Palin giving a thumbs-up. On top it says, '**America, Fuck Yeah!**'" —SOPHIA NEARHOOD

"I have a jacket that's covered in cartoon-character patches. I also wear a bunch of handmade charms and necklaces made from classic toys, like **chains with Etch A Sketches and Lego on them.**" —CALEB SHELTON

"I have this **patch that's a portrait of a friend with the tag 'Hot Babes' on it.** It's mostly an inside joke. My friend made it after our silkscreen final with a silkscreen and photo-emulsion stencil." —JARED DIAZ

"Last year, I made a bunch of pins that were stills of **Tim Curry's face in *Home Alone 2***. We have this hand machine in the communications-design lab, and once our teacher showed us how to use it, everyone went pin crazy. When everyone saw that pins were being homemade, they started asking where they could get them. But only the communications-design students had access to the machine."

—ROBERT BRACKETT

PHOTOGRAPHS: KATHRYN PALMIERI/NEW YORK MAGAZINE (HOUSE); DAVID SMITH/CREATIVE SUSTENANCE (CAPERS); COURTESY OF GRUETHER'S PASTILLES (LOZENGES); GETTY IMAGES/DORLING KINDERSLEY (REED).

Photograph by Bobby Doherty

SPEED RACER
TEAM GREEN
AKIRA
BACK IN BLACK

The Seats for Those Who Want to Be Seen …

AT THE GAME

Section 7, Row AA, First Few Seats

At Barclays Center.

AT SOULCYCLE

Bikes 23 and 15 at Stevie's Wednesday-Night Noho Class

A.k.a. "the Dueling Banjo seats." According to avid cycler Sydney Friedman, "Getting these are impossible. When a song with a heavy beat comes on, with these two bikes looking right at each other from across the room, it gets competitive."

AT RESTAURANTS

THE BACK NOOK AT ESTELA

President Obama, when he dined here, sat at the large table in the back nook by the kitchen.

THE SIDE NOOK AT POLO BAR

Big shots sit in one of two side nooks, off the center of the room, where there are good views and some privacy. The far ends of the room: Siberia.

… And the Seats for Those Who Want to Stay Home

The Chandigarh Armchair by Pierre Jeanneret

"In the '50s, Pierre Jeanneret and his cousin Le Corbusier created the capital city Chandigarh from the ground up. They were responsible for every single object. Recently, **the Chandigarh Armchair has fetched high prices at Christie's auctions**, and I've sold them to clients like Kourtney Kardashian, who seems to be following Kanye's fondness for all things Chandigarh."

PATRICK PARRISH, *OWNER OF THE EPONYMOUS DESIGN GALLERY*

BUT IN THE…

… LATE 1600s

A TURNED ARMCHAIR

"We think this chair belonged Jacobus Strijker. A family of their stature would probably have one of these chairs, **for the head of the household**."

—ALYCE PERRY ENGLUND, *ASSISTANT CURATOR OF AMERICAN DECORATIVE ARTS AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART*

… 1780s

A ROCOCO CHIPPENDALE–STYLE ARMCHAIR

"Among the upper class, tea parties were all the rage in the late 1700s. This armchair was part of a larger set that **sat in the parlor of a Wall Street home**, which was the most coveted neighborhood at the time."

—ENGLUND

… 1810

A DUNCAN PHYFE SIDE CHAIR

"Phyfe's status was such that **elites would visit his workshop to check on the timeline of their pieces** and be kept waiting for hours before being told that Phyfe was too busy and to try again tomorrow. The next day, he'd simply say, 'Your furniture will be ready when it's ready.'"

—CARSWELL BERLIN, *ANTIQUE DEALER*

… 1960s

AN EAMES LOUNGE AND OTTOMAN

"Sure, there were more expensive chairs but in the 1960s, this was **the chair to own if you wanted to be known as someone with good taste.**"

—FRANK DALEY, *FURNITURE DEALER*

… 1980s

A ROBERT VENTURI "CHIPPENDALE" CHAIR FOR KNOLL

"I remember walking into a loft designed by Robert A.M. Stern and thinking, What is that?! **They were in the lobby of the Lipstick Building, in Wall Street boardrooms, in lots of apartments**. I am sure a lot of people privately thought they were hideous, but the status of having an artistically driven piece won out."

—JIM WALROD, *INTERIOR DESIGNER*

PHOTOGRAPHS: NBAE/GETTY IMAGES (BARCLAYS); LOLA.GRIFFIN/INSTAGRAM (ESTELA); KIMKARDASHIAN/INSTAGRAM (POLO BAR); COURTESY OF SOULCYCLE (SOULCYCLE)

SHOP OUR NEW MEN'S ADVANCED COLLECTIONS • 9TH FLOOR FIFTH AVENUE AT 39TH STREET
LORDANDTAYLOR.COM

The Totems for Vintage Hounds:

'90s Memorial Tees

"Featuring Aaliyah, Kurt Cobain, Notorious B.I.G., and other deceased rappers and musicians. This shirt was a very popular limited-quantity run produced right after Cobain's death in 1994—and arguably the most sought-after from that era."

—BRIAN PROCELL, OWNER OF THE PROCELL SHOP ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE

Polo Ralph Lauren Snow Beach Jacket

"Worn by Raekwon in the 1994 'Can It Be All So Simple' video, it's a piece that brings up a nostalgia for a time when it was still dangerous to walk the streets of New York dressed well. Its rarity—Ralph Lauren never rereleased it—plays into the hype, with jackets going for thousands of dollars when they show up on eBay."

—DALLAS PENN, POLO COLLECTOR

Set of *Six* Magazines

"Six, Comme des Garçons' free magazine, was given out to customers from 1988 to 1991. Collectors don't often want to part with them, making the full set a kind of badge of honor for hard-core Rei [Kawakubo] fans."

—DAVID OWEN, CO-FOUNDER OF IDEA BOOKS

The Natural Wine for Young Sommeliers: **Arbois Pupillin by Maison Pierre Overnoy**

"A few years ago, this wine was very hard to sell. Now restaurateurs are begging for even two bottles. Because wine from the Jura has become popular with young sommeliers, and the label is easily identifiable, Instagramming it shows you're in the cool kids' club."

—JUSTIN CHEARNO, WINE CONSULTANT FOR THE FOUR HORSEMEN

The Private Plane for Media Barons: **The G650**

"They have a three-year wait list, they start at $65 million, and that's before you go to town customizing them. These are for people who love design. They are the Apple Hermès watch of planes."

—KEN FULK, HOME AND PLANE DECORATOR

The Kimchee Refrigerator for Bergen County Koreans: **The Dimchae**

"They've only been available in the U.S. for a short time, and the freestanding version, which has three separate compartments for storing kimchee, is the best. Ideally, you get one in addition to your regular fridge. It says that you have room in your house for two full-size refrigerators."

—HOONI KIM, CHEF AT DANJI

PHOTOGRAPHS: COURTESY OF BRIAN PROCELL (TEES); GULFSTREAMAERO/INSTAGRAM (G650); COURTESY OF DIMCHAEUSA (FRIDGE)

“Everybody can look, but they don’t necessarily see.”

André Kertész

Still Life with Mirror, Pens and Key, circa 1927 (detail)
Estimate $120,000-180,000

Innovators of Photography:
A Private East Coast Collection
& Photographs Auctions
10am & 2pm, 8 October 2015, New York

Visit our public viewing from
26 September-7 October
at 450 Park Avenue or at phillips.com
Enquiries photographs@phillips.com

PHILLIPS

The Totems for High Schoolers

THE BEACON SCHOOL

Not Wearing a Bra

"It's a way for feminists here to show they don't care what anyone thinks of them."

—ALMA BRADLEY, JUNIOR

FIELDSTON

Cartier Love Bracelets

"Kids are more reluctant to be showy at school, so you see these bracelets more on Instagram, or when people go out. You'll see a lot of girls making a point to make the bracelet visible on Instagram."

—SARAH HIRSCHFIELD, SENIOR

DALTON

Free City Sweatpants

"Girls will wear them around finals. It kind of has that 'I just rolled out of bed' look, but these pants cost like $150."

—ARIA DASBACH, SENIOR

LA GUARDIA SCHOOL OF THE ARTS

Yumiko Leotards

"Everyone wants these—they make your figure look longer and the fabric feels nice, and they are really expensive."

—XENIA NELSON, CLASS OF 2015

BRONX SCIENCE

Black Iced Coffee

"People are always talking about coffee. It's a way to show you're sleep deprived and that you stayed up late working."

—EMILY KOMAROW, SENIOR

The Totems for Grade Schoolers

CENTRAL PARK EAST II

A Limited-Edition Shopkin

"Limited editions like the Apple Blossom are special. Swiss Miss is more common; she's a cheese, and I'm sort of meh to her."

—FIONA, THIRD-GRADER

CHURCHILL SCHOOL AND CENTER

Far Cry 4 for PS4

"I play that game with Owen and Sean, who are the most popular kids in the school."

—WILL, SIXTH-GRADER

STATUS SURVEY

The Grill for Chefs: **Grillworks**

"All the hot chefs who use wood-fired grills have a custom Grillworks grill by Ben Eisendrath: George Mendes, Seamus Mullen, Marc Murphy. Using a wood-fired grill in a restaurant is even more of a status symbol because it means you have the permit to do so, which is about as rare as a key to Gramercy Park."

—JOSH CAPON, CHEF AND PARTNER, LURE FISHBAR, BOWERY MEAT CO., EL TORO BLANCO

The Grillz for Stars: **Dolly Cohen**

"You can tell a Dolly Cohen grill because of the art behind it; she started the movement of only having one gold piece in between the two front teeth. It's actually not that difficult to track her down—you can find her email address online—but she just won't respond if she's not into it."

—IAN ISIAH, HOOD BY AIR AMBASSADOR

Clockwise: Rihanna, Rita Ora, M.I.A., Cara Delevingne

PHOTOGRAPHS: WALT DISNEY CO./COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION (RUSHMORE); SHARPSHOOTER IMAGES/SPLASH (SURI CRUISE); COURTESY OF THE VENDORS (CARTIER, FREE CITY, YUMIKO, FAR CRY 4); LIFESTYLEADDICTS/INSTAGRAM (BRA); SHOPKINSBASKET/INSTAGRAM (SHOPKINS); RIHANNA/INSTAGRAM; RITA ORA/INSTAGRAM; M.I.A./INSTAGRAM; CARA DELEVINGNE/INSTAGRAM

SUNDAY BRUNCH AT

RAINBOW ROOM

The Swag Bag for Fashion Editors: **A Jeremy Scott x Longchamp Weekender**

"It shows you're important enough to sit front row at a Jeremy Scott show—they're only given out to people in those seats, and they don't go on sale for another six months. They always have a print from the collection he shows that day, so you're a season ahead of everyone else."

NOAH JOHNSON, *DETAILS*' FASHION FEATURES EDITOR

The Destinations FOR DEREK BLASBERG

Thirty-five places Vanity Fair*'s newly appointed Man on the Street geo-tagged on Instagram over the past six months.*

BURNING MAN

Burning Man · Four Seasons, Beverly Hills · Chateau Marmont · The Broad Museum · The Peninsula Beverly Hills · Sunset Tower Hotel · Briermere Farms · Affton, Missouri (his home state) · Dollywood · Blackberry Farm, Tennessee · Southampton · Il San Pietro di Positano hotel · The Berkshires · Kensington Palace Garden · Wimbledon Tennis Club · Hotel Le Bristol · Caviar Kaspia · Gardens of the Musée Rodin · Palais Brongniart · The Surf Lodge · Austin · Garage Museum, Moscow · Le Sereno, St. Barts · Colombier Beach, St. Barts · Four Seasons, Florence · Hôtel du Cap-Eden-Roc · Cannes · Palais Bulles de Pierre Cardin · Palm Springs · Sunset Tower Hotel · Las Vegas · Scarsdale Golf Club · Icebergs, Bondi Beach, Sydney · Villa Bonaparte · Rome

BONDI BEACH

ST. BARTS

The Totems for Central Park Conservancy Committee Members

Van Cleef Alhambra Earrings
"The designs are all nature-oriented; the ladies love that."

Chanel Tweed Jacket
"Always."

Tiffany's Stationery
"With just the name up top and the address on the envelope."

Havanese Dog
"Small, but they have a big-dog personality."

Estée Lauder Moisturizer
"Evelyn was on our board, so it would always appear in goody bags and such."

Lexus SUV
"You're up higher, so you get to see everything. It's not too fancy, and it's reliable."

—GILLIAN MINITER, FORMER PRESIDENT AND CURRENT MEMBER OF THE WOMEN'S COMMITTEE OF THE CENTRAL PARK CONSERVANCY

PHOTOGRAPHS: COURTESY OF LONGCHAMP (LONGCHAMP); DEREKBLASBERG/INSTAGRAM (DESTINATIONS); COURTESY OF GILLIAN MINITER (MINITER); SHAROK HATAMA/REX USA (CHANEL); COURTESY OF THE VENDORS (VAN CLEEF, ESTÉE LAUDER, LEXUS)

EXPERIENCE EXTRAORDINARY.
EVERY DAY.
Home to Top of the Rock Observation Deck® and
the iconic Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center is
New York's ultimate shopping and dining destination.
rockefellercenter.com | @rockcenternyc | #rockcenter
ROCKEFELLER CENTER®

The Bat/Bar Mitzvah Venue for Rich Kids: **The Mandarin Oriental ...**

A bat mitzvah at the Plaza

BUT IN THE ...

... Or the Pierre, or the Plaza.

"People say they want offbeat places now, but the fact is these hotels will transform into anything you want, whether it's an enchanted garden or a basketball arena."

... 1980s Maxim's

"Maxim's was very French. New York had not seen anything like this. It was always packed. You had to book your bar mitzvah there way, way in advance."

... 1990s The Rainbow Room

"So Old World, so spectacular. It is gorgeous, fabulous, wonderful. I did a ton of bar mitzvahs there."

... 2000s Cipriani Club 55

"We did a Moroccan bat mitzvah there. We had a real camel out front. I swear. These people. You can't make this stuff up."

—PARTY PLANNER HARRIETTE ROSE KATZ

PRIMI POMODORI

The Canned Tomatoes for Dyker Heights *Nonnas*: **Sclafani**

"The *nonnas* in the neighborhood buy cases at a time of Sclafani tomatoes—whole peeled and crushed, for making Sunday red sauce, not meat sauce. They get very angry if they're out of stock; I always keep a few extra cases on reserve in the basement."

—NICK PESCE, CO-OWNER OF LA BELLA MARKETPLACE

The Canned Tomatoes for Italian Chefs: **Il Miracolo di San Gennaro**

"It's like the difference between fresh-made pasta and Ronzoni. They're not available at most stores, so you have to know about them. Gustiamo is the only distributor for them, which makes them precious like a small gem."

—EDOARDO MANTELLI, CHEF-OWNER OF SARAGHINA

The Totems for Hunter-Pony Riders

The Pony
"From Dr. Betsee Parker. These are super-well trained and well bred. They win everything. It's like a golden ticket."

The Farm
"Heritage Farm in Katonah. You can find Betsee Parker ponies here. They're a baby-rider factory."

The Jacket
"Custom Charles Ancona."

The Monogram
"From Personally Preppy; on your helmet, boots, spur straps."

—A FORMER HUNTER-PONY RIDER

PHOTOGRAPHS: ANDY MARCUS/FRED MARCUS STUDIO (BAT MITZVAH); COURTESY OF M.A. BRAKENRIDGE/PHELPS MEDIA GROUP (PONY); COURTESY OF CHARLES ANCONA (JACKET). ILLUSTRATIONS BY TK.

Photograph by Bobby Doherty

THE
RUG
COMPANY
HANDMADE
SOHO 88 Wooster Street, NYC 10012
UPTOWN 219 East 59th Street, NYC 10022
T 877 743 8656
www.therugcompany.com
Tracery by Kelly Wearstler

The Poster for Cinephiles: **'Blow-Up,' in Polish**

"It's eye-popping and wonderfully esoteric."

—STANLEY OH, GALLERY MANAGER AT POSTERITATI

The Cactus for New New Agers: **Copiapoa**

"All copiapoa plants originally came from the Atacama Desert in northern Chile, but stopped reproducing years ago, so any living copiapoa is the last of its kind. Getting a mature one is all about who you know."

CARLOS MORERA, CO-OWNER OF L.A.'S CACTUS STORE

The Drone for ValleyWag Readers: **A Prototype of the Lily**

"Anyone who has one this early is either one of their investors or an Olympic snowboarder they hired to do promo. It follows you in the air, and the footage makes your life look like a video game."

—CODY BROWN, TECH ENTREPRENEUR

The Friendship Bracelet for 50-something Women: **A Stack of Sidney Garber Rolling Bracelets**

"They announce that you're friends with Sidney Garber designer Brooke Neidich, who's a big-deal art philanthropist. I actually have a set, and people come up to me and will be like, 'Oh, how do you know Brooke?'"

—STELLENE VOLANDES, *TOWN & COUNTRY* JEWELRY EDITOR

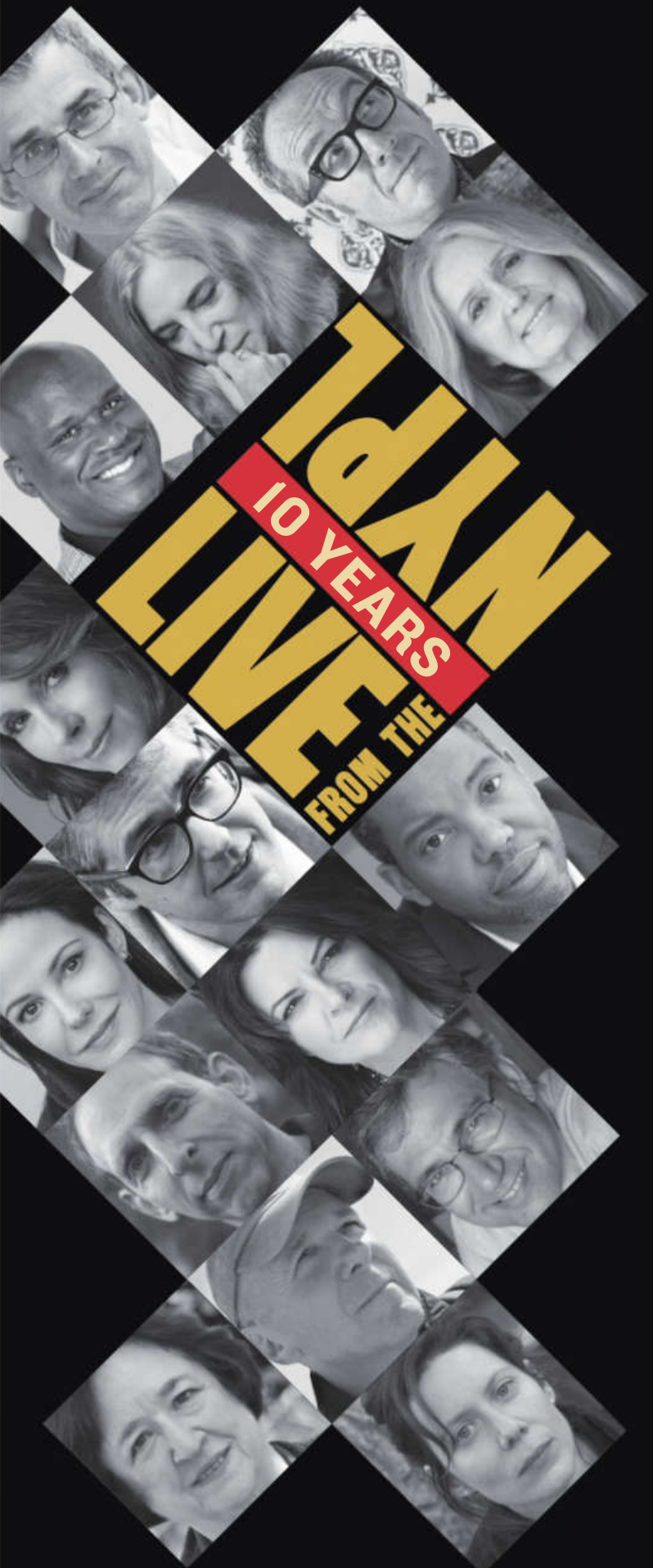
The Friendship Earring for 30-something Women: **A Pair of Noor Fares Gray-Agate Wing Earrings**

"Noor is close friends with aristos like Eugenie Niarchos, also a jewelry designer, and they trade each other's stuff. Another friend, Beatrice Borromeo, just wore Noor's earrings to her wedding. So having these earrings implies that you're part of this group of friends."

—S.V.

PHOTOGRAPHS: COURTESY OF POSTERITATI (BLOW-UP); COURTESY OF SYDNEY GARBER (BRACELET); COURTESY OF NOOR FAYES (EARRINGS); ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY.

REPORTING BY *Jason Chen, Belle Cushing, Nate Freeman, Wendy Goodman, Véronique Hyland, Crystal Martin, Rebecca Milzoff, Seth Porges, Robin Raisfeld, Trupti Rami, Margaret Rhodes, Alex Ronan, Kayleen Schaefer, Katy Schneider, Lauren Schwartzberg, Erica Schwiegershausen, Jessica Silvester, Raven Snook, Joshua David Stein, Alexis Swerdloff, and Sierra Tishgart*



FALL 2015

CELEBRATING 10 YEARS OF CONVERSATIONS WITH NOTABLE WRITERS, ARTISTS & LEADERS

Engage with the brightest at **The New York Public Library's** premier cultural series, hosted by Paul Holdengräber.

9/30	ROSANNE CASH
10/5	SHAQUILLE O'NEAL
10/6	PATTI SMITH
10/13	TA-NEHISI COATES
10/16	ELVIS COSTELLO
10/21	ORHAN PAMUK
10/26	GLORIA STEINEM | ROBERTA KAPLAN
10/30	SIMON WINCHESTER
11/4	NANCY UPDIKE | DAN EPHRON | IRA GLASS
11/9	MARY-LOUISE PARKER | MARY KARR
11/16	EDMUND DE WAAL
12/8	HELEN VENDLER: ROBERT B. SILVERS LECTURE

TICKETS & INFORMATION
nypl.org/live2015
888.718.4253

10th Anniversary Season Sponsor
FORD FOUNDATION

New York Public Library

Composite photograph of various construction projects in New York since 2013.

New New New

The glass towers, block-long behemoths, and Roosevelt Island rentals going up right now.

BY S. JHOANNA ROBLEDO

THE SCAFFOLDING DOESN'T LIE: We're in the midst of a serious condo-and-rental-building boom. Over 3,600 permits have been filed for new residential structures in the past two years—to be precise, 2,394 in 2014 and 1,230 thus far this year, compared with 2,804 in total for 2009 and 2010. Talk of the 421(a) tax abatement expiring this past summer (it didn't) may have spurred the recent frenzy, with much of it concentrated in the usual suspects of Hudson Yards, Downtown Brooklyn, and LIC. But new pockets of construction are emerging in unlikely corners, like the St. George neighborhood of Staten Island and the South Bronx. With an overwhelming number of projects to sift through, here's a selection of some of the more notable arrivals, for magnates and non-magnates alike.

Photograph by James Porto

Overall spending on residential construction
2009:
$2.6 billion
versus
2014:
$12 billion

Look What's Rising

A selection of new construction from Midwood to midtown.

MASSIVE BUILDINGS

550 VANDERBILT AVE., PROSPECT HEIGHTS
On the market: June.

Apt. 621; studio
$625,000
The Corcoran Group

The debut condo to be built in Pacific Park (the area formerly known as Atlantic Yards), a 22-acre development. Eventually, 15 buildings will go up here; this 17-story structure is the first of three planned condos and will launch 278 apartments out of the gate.

40-26 COLLEGE POINT BLVD., FLUSHING
On the market: Fall.
This is the second phase of the Sky View Parc development—the project will total 800 apartments by the time the third condo rises. Amenities include a private club with a swimming pool.

111 MURRAY ST.
On the market: June.
This 800-foot tower has architects and designers Kohn Pedersen Fox, David Mann, David Rockwell, and Edmund Hollander working together. Prices start at $2 million, and there's a private bakery and blowout bar.

PORTE-COCHÈRE ALERT!

GRAMERCY SQUARE
On the market: Fall.
Straddling East 19th and 20th Streets, this project takes three existing buildings—including the former Cabrini Medical Center—and adds a brand-new structure to the mix. A large amenity space underground will link all four buildings and offer a "teen room" and swimming pool. Prices start at $1.35 million.

LARGEST GREEN SPACE FOR A MANHATTAN CONDO.

180 E. 88TH ST.
On the market: Fall.
This will be the tallest building above 72nd Street once it opens. Many of the 48 apartments will have 16-foot-high ceilings, a feature rarely seen in residential towers.

111 W. 57TH ST.
On the market: Fall.
By the time this JDS Development is finished in 2018, it'll stand 1,428 feet tall, in the courtyard of the old Steinway Building. There'll be a semi-private concert hall for residents.

TINY BUILDINGS

538 WASHINGTON AVE., CLINTON HILL
On the market: Sept.

Apt. 2A; one bedroom
$975,000
Katherine Akerly, Halstead Property

There are just ten units, each with outdoor space. A 533-square-foot studio is priced at $499,000; a 2,650-square-foot three-bedroom with a garden is $2.4 million. Developer Sam Boymelgreen bought the once-stalled project in 2013 and hired interior designer Luca Andrisani to dress it up.

12 WARREN ST.
On the market: Oct.
There are only 13 units here, all hitting the market later this fall; on average, they're 3,500 square feet. DDG's Joe McMillan says they found a dearth of large, loftlike, newly built apartments in Tribeca and decided to fill the void.

34 PRINCE ST.
On the market: Fall.
This collaboration between Time Equities and Hamlin Ventures remade the interior of a 1966 building into nine units—two townhouses, plus seven apartments with prices starting at $7.74 million. Lots of amenities, including a "cold room" for perishable deliveries.

1769 E. 13TH ST., MIDWOOD
On the market: Sept.
This 11-unit project, called the Lighthouse Condos, will have a swimming pool, sauna, and rooftop terrace. Prices start at $770,000.

1896 ON THE OUTSIDE, 2015 ON THE INSIDE.

NEW OLD BUILDINGS

360 CENTRAL PARK W.
On the market: June.

Apt. 8H; four bedrooms
$5.395 million
Alan Shaker and Jeffrey Stockwell, Stribling Marketing Associates

A 1929 Rosario Candela reimagined by CetraRuddy. (The building will retain some rent-stabilized tenants, plus a church and school.)

101 WALL ST.
On the market: June.
Piet Boon is behind the interiors of this 1931 former office building.

NEWLY POPULAR AMENITY: A GOLF SIMULATOR.

212 FIFTH AVE.
On the market: Sept.
This 24-story former office building (Delmonico's once anchored its ground floor) will house 48 units, with two-bedrooms starting at $3.8 million.

318 W. 57TH ST.
On the market: Fall.
Known as "the Sorting House," it's being built atop a post office, which will continue to operate on the first two floors. Many of the apartments will have outdoor space; prices start at $1.3 million.

275 W. 10TH ST.
On the market: Sept.
The Shephard, from the Naftali Group, is an 1896 former warehouse, with prices starting at $4.35 million. There's a basketball court and golf simulator.

Why I'll Only Live in a New Building

"At a certain point, character goes out the window."

"I've been in the city since 1996, all over, and I had always lived in older buildings. I was just tired of hiking up and down to do my laundry, cooking with old appliances, and using old bathrooms. When you live in an old building, things break and run down more quickly. You're constantly maintaining stuff. I couldn't stand the old air conditioner anymore, the constant rattling. The heating in the winter was even worse. I couldn't control it. At a certain point, character goes out the window. My best friends lived in Williamsburg, so I was already semi-familiar with the area. So when I saw this building, **One North Fourth**, going up, I took it. I love being there. I love coming home to it. Where I used to want to be out all the time, now I want to be in. I have a washer and dryer, which has completely changed my life. It's worth every single penny in rent. It's a little Miami-esque, a very good vibe. I would never go back to old, unless it's an old mansion in Montauk."

—MARIA MAKRES, MEDIA SALES MANAGER

PHOTOGRAPHS: REDUNDANT PIXEL STUDIOS (111 MURRAY ST.); DDG (12 WARREN ST.); MARVEL ARCHITECTS (34 PRINCE ST.); COURTESY OF THE REALTORS (REMAINING)

ADVERTISEMENT

7 E. 84TH ST.

In a palatial New York residence, a width of 25-feet is the ideal for creating well-proportioned, grand, and voluminous rooms. For this stately Regency-style Flemish brick mansion, the perfect width is just one of its assets. It is another stunning offering from Corcoran, one of city's most elite real estate companies.

Just steps off of Fifth Avenue on the regal 84th Street, the building was commissioned in 1884 for Philip Braender, a wealthy German-American real estate developer and automobile tire manufacturer. The façade was redone in 1906 by the world-renowned architect Augustus N. Allen, whose accomplishments ranged from Manhattan townhouses to swank Long Island estates, as well as the 1910 John Jermain Memorial Library in Sag Harbor.

This six-story private residence is graced with a classic rusticated limestone base, Flemish red brick, limestone bay windows, and a private garage.

The expansive overall design provides a gracious layout for formal entertaining while accommodating six generously proportioned bedrooms all with ensuite bathrooms. The combination of a family room/informal dining area, garden sitting room, and commercial grade kitchen can support the most lavish of soirées. Surprise your guests by leading them down a flight where a temperature-controlled wine cellar and tasting room await.

A living room, dining room, and butler's pantry are on the second floor. Above the pantry, the staff quarters has its own back staircase, which provides further privacy from the rest of the residence. The six bedrooms are spread smartly through the upper levels, sharing the ample spaces with nine bathrooms, a formal library, a nanny's room (or playroom), a family room, and a kitchenette. Among other features are eight wood-burning fireplaces and an elevator that operates clear from the basement through the fifth floor. And perhaps most notable of all is the very presence of a garage, a feature unheard of in the historic district of the Upper East Side. It is just one more example of Corcoran's rare status in New York real estate.

Pricing $29 million, IMMEDIATE.

CARRIE CHIANG | 212-836-1088 | RICHARD PHAN | 212-605-9299 | WWW.CORCORAN.COM

Written by David Butwin

FOR .00001 PERCENTERS

70 CHARLTON ST.
On the market: June.

Apt. 14E; four bedrooms
$7.1 million
Extell Development Company

This Hudson Square condo designed by Beyer Blinder Belle is filled with amenities, including a saltwater pool.

16 W. 40TH ST.
On the market: Fall.
Another first-timer: David Chipperfield's 33-story construction is part boutique hotel, part condo.

100 E. 53RD ST.
On the market: Fall.
From Lord Norman Foster, with Aby Rosen; there will be 61 floors and a beveled façade.

MAIL IS HAND-DELIVERED TO RESIDENTS.

118 E. 59TH ST.
On the market: Sept.
Hong Kong developer Euro Properties' first New York City building. There will be two-bedrooms from $4.5 million.

527 W. 27TH ST.
On the market: Fall.
Isay Weinfeld's New York debut, known as Jardim, will comprise two structures, both rising 11 stories, built around a courtyard garden.

520 W. 28TH ST.
On the market: Fall.
Zaha Hadid's condo—her first in the city—has glass walls crafted in Italy; the façade's cladding is hand-finished; and the windows open by motor.

360 E. 89TH ST.
On the market: Oct.
Known as the Citizen360 and designed by SHoP Architects, this complex will have 83 units, as well as a music room and an art room.

FOR RENTERS

170 AMSTERDAM AVE.
On the market: April

Apt. 3N; one bedroom
$4,365 a month
Equity Residential

A dramatic concrete exoskeleton surrounds this 236-unit rental building near Lincoln Center, developed by Equity Residential and designed by Handel Architects. Prices range from $3,610 a month for a studio to $11,945 for a three-bedroom.

TWO MUSIC ROOMS, ONE WITH A STEINWAY.

535 CARLTON AVE., PROSPECT HEIGHTS
On the market: Fall.
This rental, set to rise in Pacific Park, will feature 298 affordable units, half of which are designated for middle-income renters, 30 percent for moderate earners, and 20 percent for low-income residents. Designed by Cookfox, it'll scale 18 stories high and include rooftop-gardening plots.

625 W. 57TH ST.
On the market: 2016.
This shiplike concrete-and-steel pyramid from Bjarke Ingels Group and SLCE architects will have 709 rental apartments; 20 percent will be set aside for affordable housing.

480 MAIN ST., ROOSEVELT ISLAND
On the market: June.
Related's newest development with Hudson Companies, Riverwalk Point, joins six other buildings, in a project that'll eventually add 2,000 apartments to the island. Studios start at $2,650 a month.

Are There Enough Buyers for All These Superluxury Condos?

Probably not.

1. **The shifting economy abroad may have shrunk their audience.** The ruble has weakened. The euro's shaky. And then there's China: "The China buyers have already bought their $50 million apartments," says Noah Rosenblatt of UrbanDigs—it's unclear if many more will follow.

2. **Even for the megarich, these prices are just too damn high.** It's a different calculus investing in real estate with $30 million condos being the norm, according to analytics firm Reis's chief economist, Victor Calanog. He adds that "there are other areas that are clamoring for the attention of the superrich."

3. **Which means the prices will likely drop.** Though there are 480 properties asking $10 million or more in the city right now, numbers can deceive. Some make the big ask just for the cachet. According to Jonathan Miller of appraisal firm Miller Samuel, "The superluxury market is plagued with wildly overpriced properties. What you see is just silly. They'll never sell, not in our lifetime."

Outer Clusters *Three neighborhoods suddenly bursting with apartments.*

THE SOUTH BRONX
Since Mayor Bloomberg's 2006 South Bronx Initiative rezoned wide swaths of the area and refreshed streets, parks, and subway stations, developers have converged on the South Bronx and its surroundings. **In the past two years, 62 residential-project permits have been filed**; that could lead to thousands of new apartments. Big-name developers like the Related Companies—which paid $66 million for a Castle Hill rental—and the Chetrit Group (which, with Somerset Partners, reportedly paid $26.5 million for a waterfront site) have arrived.

ST. GEORGE AND STAPLETON, STATEN ISLAND
All the planned activity by the waterfront (a hotel-rentals-and-restaurants cluster called Lighthouse Point, **an outlet mall, an observation wheel**) has meant that there are now 160 buildings in the works along the northern shores of the island, including BFC Partners' 475 Bay Street and Ironstate's Urban Ready Living redevelopment project.

GOWANUS, BROOKLYN
Though only a handful of permits were filed here in the past year and a half, **one of the projects is massive: 363–365 Bond Street,** two canalside rental buildings that will transform the neighborhood by swelling its relatively quiet streets with 700 apartments. (The rest will add hundreds more, bringing the total number of new units to more than 1,000 in the next few years.)

PHOTOGRAPHS: HAYES DAVIDSON (520 W. 28TH ST.); DBOX (100 E. 53RD ST.); COOKFOX (535 CARLTON AVE.); COURTESY OF THE REALTORS (REMAINING). MAP BY JASON LEE.

COSTIKYAN

"SINCE 1886"

CARE & CLEANING OF FINE RUGS & CARPETS

FULL SERVICE RUG AND CARPET ARTISAN WORKROOM

CLEANING | REPAIR | FIBER PROTECTION

PADDING | IN HOME CLEANING

1.800.247.RUGS
F: 718.726.1887

28-13 14th Street,
LIC, NY 11102

www.COSTIKYAN.com

ADVERTISEMENT

SINGAPORE:
INSIDE OUT
September 23–27
Madison Square Park, NYC
Visit **singaporeinsideout.com**

NEW YORK AND SINGAPORE FIND CROSS-CULTURAL CROSS-GENRE COLLABORATION

In honor of *Singapore: Inside Out*—a worldwide traveling exhibition celebrating the rising stars of Singapore's creative scene—we paired Singaporean artists with New York-based artists to talk about collaboration, inspiration, and craft.

Becca McCharen

Elyn Wong

NEW YORK DESIGNER Becca McCharen is a CFDA fashion-fund finalist whose architecture-inspired fashion line Chromat has earned her big fans in Beyoncé and Madonna. Elyn Wong, designer and creator of STOLEN, lives 10,000 miles away in Singapore, but the two are kindred creative spirits in how their work builds on, then busts out of, existing silhouettes. Much of this has to do with their previous day jobs: McCharen was an architect and Wong worked as an advertising creative director.

Both say they worked long hours on their passion project after their day job was done, and that their previous career gave rise to creative breakthroughs in their designs. "My strong visual background gave birth to my simple, graphic, and almost architectural design style," says Wong. STOLEN's signature backless feature with an architectural silhouette presents an alternate sexiness that she felt was lacking in the market.

With her architectural eye, McCharen sees the body as a building site and data set that can be interpreted through structures. "My non-fashion background helps me be innovative when it comes to what can actually be worn, and to make shapes that aren't traditionally used in wearable clothing concepts," she explains.

Stolen's signature backless silhouette

Chromat experiments with structure and wearable exoskeletons
Photo above: Erez Sabag. Photo right: Christine Hahn

Both women encourage people to be proactive if they want to make a career switch into fashion design. "Spend more time doing and less time thinking," says Wong. "Overthinking creates fear." McCharen advises honoring an incubation period and not rushing into things before feeling that you have a unique point of view. "I had many years of no one knowing about my work," she says. "That made it a risk-free place to experiment without having to worry about opinions or if pieces would sell."

Syndicate resident visualist, Brandon Tay, presents unique visual narratives

Kiat produces experimental sights and sounds at the Syndicate Subsessions at Singapore: Inside Out

NADA is a "digatalogue" electronic group made up of electronic whiz kid and Syndicate co-founder Max Lane, and award-winning performer Rizman Putra

IN THE WORLDS OF visual arts and music, artist collaboration has a long and rich history. We spoke with NYC-based painter-illustrator Tara McPherson and Singapore's music festival favorite Syndicate about how they find inspiration in the conflux of the two genres and in the community they create.

McPherson got her start illustrating band posters (some are in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame) before launching the Cotton Candy Machine gallery to celebrate the work of contemporary artists she loves. "We wanted to create a place where their art and merchandise would be accessible and affordable," she explains. "We've hosted exhibitions, book-signings, workshops, 'zine fests, plays, musical performances, and more. It's been so great to have a space where we can do anything we want."

For Syndicate's art director Kiat and visual artist Brandon Tay, pairing visual art with electronic music makes perfect sense. "Communities have always existed on some level, although they have been rather fragmented," Kiat says. "What we have done is to create a *kampung* (community/common ground) space for these different scenes to come together, to create something beyond the individual." Tay believes that the cohesiveness of a musical performance combined with the finesse of visual art components make it something transcendent.

All three—McPherson, Tay, and Kiat—work to expand or explode conventional notions of what art can be. McPherson loves the essence of portraiture, capturing an idealized moment in time, but also likes pushing the boundaries of it. "My characters are not based on real people," she says, "but more on facets of personalities.

The Love Space Gives Is As Deep As The Oceans *by Tara McPherson*

An Interruption of Blood *by Tara McPherson*

I can explore a surreal take on the human condition and impart a power into the gaze of the subject. I really love to explore ideas that maybe wouldn't typically be associated with art, like biology, astrophysics, and psychology." Kiat and Tay agree on the idea that what constitutes art is hard to define. "With regards to what we do, we try our best to communicate our intentions in the most honest way possible," they say. "As long as we feel that our work has integrity, it will show. That hopefully creates a dialogue between us and the audience."

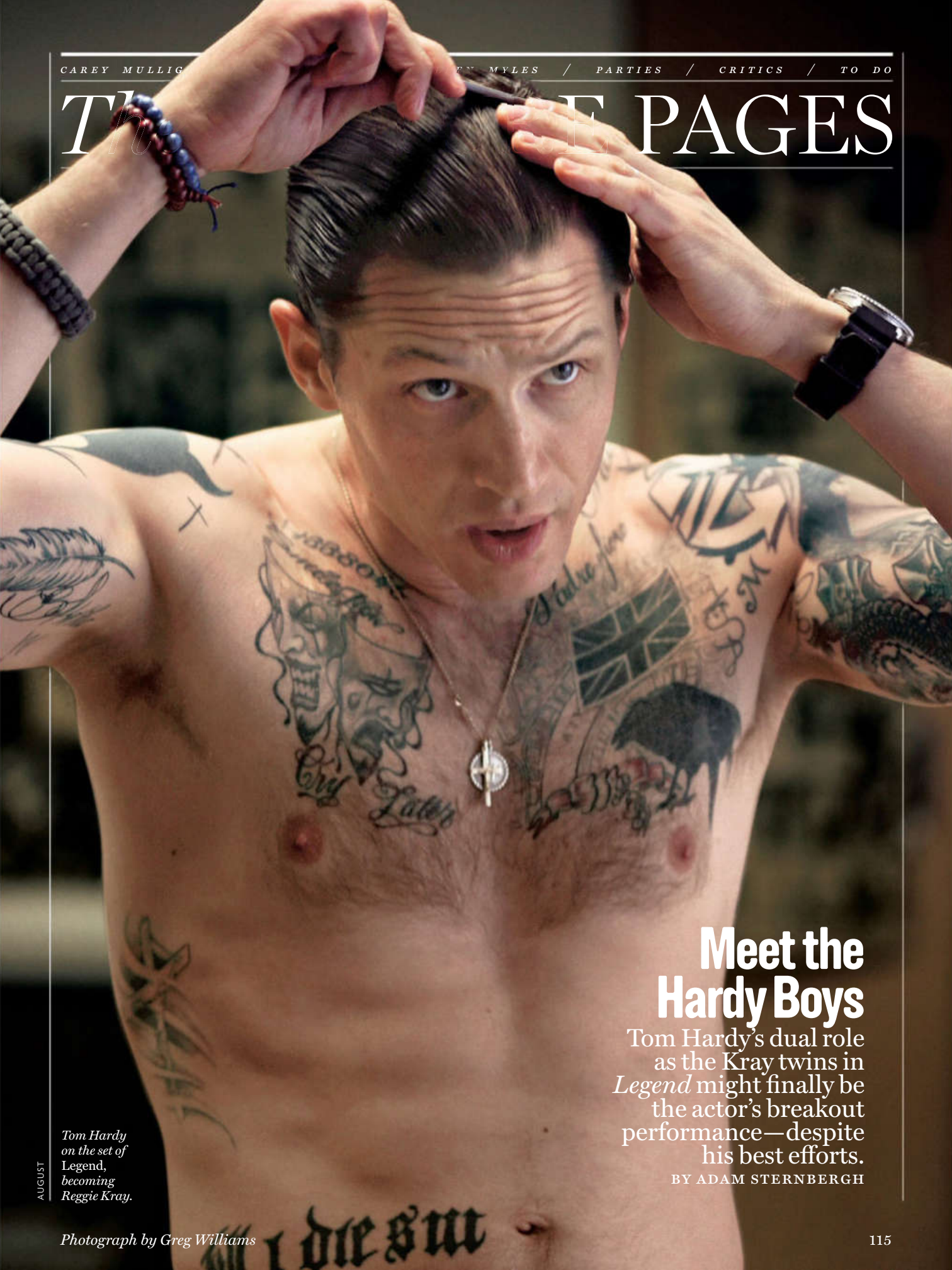
McPherson's characters exude an idealized innocence with a glimpse of hard earned wisdom in their eyes

Across cultural and genre borders, the language of art and the desire to connect is universal.

EXCLUSIVE IMAX AND PREMIUM LARGE SCREEN ENGAGEMENTS START SEPTEMBER 30

CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS FOR THEATERS AND SHOWTIMES

The [illegible] PAGES



Meet the Hardy Boys

Tom Hardy's dual role as the Kray twins in *Legend* might finally be the actor's breakout performance—despite his best efforts.

BY ADAM STERNBERGH

Tom Hardy on the set of Legend, *becoming Reggie Kray.*

Photograph by Greg Williams

In the film *Legend,* which opens this fall, Tom Hardy plays the infamous English gangster Reggie Kray as well as his English-gangster brother, Ronnie. One day during filming, Hardy received a visit from Freddie Foreman, who is himself acquainted with criminal infamy. Foreman, now 83, was an alleged hit man for the real-life Krays (nickname: "Brown Bread Fred"). And Foreman had met Hardy back in 2008 when the actor was preparing for a different film, *Bronson.* As it happened, on the day Foreman visited the *Legend* set, the scene they were shooting—one in which members of a rival gang visit the Krays at a pub—re-created an event at which Foreman had been present in real life.

After chatting for a bit, Hardy excused himself—he had to get into his Ronnie Kray makeup. Though Reggie and Ronnie were identical twins, there were several physical differences between them, which Hardy was meticulous about imitating. Ronnie had a widow's peak hairline. He wore glasses and favored double-breasted suits. He was heavier than Reggie, an effect that Hardy conjured through a simple realignment of his posture. Ronnie also had a broken nose, which Hardy mimicked by having a rubber baby-bottle nipple shoved up one nostril before Ronnie's scenes.

When Hardy reappeared as Ronnie, Foreman was still talking with the crew. "So I just stood there. As Ronnie," Hardy tells me. In Hardy's recounting, Foreman turned to him, went quiet, staggered backward slightly, dumbstruck, then pointed a finger toward Hardy and said simply, "Fuckin' 'ell."

You might say that if Tom Hardy, who's 38, isn't the best film actor of his generation, he's certainly in the conversation—except for the fact that Hardy keeps changing the conversation. Here is why Hardy is more impressive than your current favorite actor: Did your favorite actor once bring a notorious historical character to life? When Hardy played the charismatic, possibly psychotic prison boxing champion Charles Bronson in *Bronson,* he was so convincing he reportedly terrified members of the film's crew. Did your favorite actor skillfully evoke a person hampered by physical limitations? Hardy once did an entire movie, *Locke,* in which he was driving a car, alone, having a series of conversations on speakerphone. Did your favorite actor reinvigorate a beloved action franchise? Earlier this summer, in *Mad Max: Fury Road,* Hardy not only reinvented an iconic character that had been in mothballs for 30 years (his formula: Double down on the "Mad" part, then double down again), he also gamely deconstructed the role of the action hero itself, in part by handing the rifle to his kick-ass female co-star Charlize Theron and letting her take the killing shot.

Every account of Tom Hardy's career—he's a much bigger star in the U.K. than he is, so far, in North America—will point to a "breakout" role, but there's little agreement on exactly which role constitutes the breakout. For some, it was Bronson; for others, it was Bane in *The Dark Knight Rises,* if only because that film was such a big deal. (Hardy, who was impressive, was also largely obscured by a rubber-plunger cup of a mask.) Or perhaps the breakout came in an earlier Christopher Nolan film, *Inception,* in which Hardy played a debonair accomplice named Eames. His scenes were short and few but memorable enough that, when you walked out of the theater, he was the one who left you thinking: *Wait a second—who was that?* This is the recurring theme of Hardy's Stateside film career: He is rarely the person who draws you to the movie, but he is reliably the person you remember best when it's over.

Hardy is also extremely good-looking—this isn't my opinion, this is the internet talking—and by that simple calculus (very good actor, very good-looking), it seems strange he isn't already a huge star. Yet at one point while I was talking about Hardy to my wife, she stopped me and said, "I have no idea who he is." I struggled to think of a representative role, then realized there isn't one. Instead, you have roles like the one Hardy played in the 2011 movie *Warrior,* in which he was cast as an MMA fighter opposite the Australian Joel Edgerton, who played his brother. Both characters are Irish-American, and together the actors provide dueling performances that recall Russell Crowe and Guy Pearce in *L.A. Confidential*—i.e., a reminder that, as with so many things that America used to lead the world in, we've pretty much forgotten how to make male movie stars. Which wouldn't be a problem if an import like Hardy were interested in being a leading man. Instead, he's more interested in tearing through challenging roles until he finds the one insurmountable acting challenge that will stump, defeat, or kill him. "Eventually, something will kill me. Of course it will," he tells me. "Eventually, I'll be rubbish. But if I don't take on something that I feel will eat me alive, I don't think I'd have the compulsion to work my ass off."

If you ever have a chance to Skype with Tom Hardy, I'd highly recommend it. In fact, *Skyping With Tom Hardy* would make an excellent reality show. I'm in New York and he's in London, where he's just hosted the U.K. premiere of *Legend,* accompanied by the

Photograph by David Bailey

Reggie and Ronnie Kray, 1968.

film's writer and director, Brian Helgeland, and Hardy's dog, Woody. I ask Hardy if he stayed to watch the film—many actors at such events slip away once the lights dim, either because they've seen the movie or they can't stand to watch themselves onscreen. Hardy says he watched the film and he also watched the audience. "It's good to keep an eye on something you've put into the world." When I mention that not every actor would do that, he says, "Well, either they're in a shit film or they're not as involved in the process as much as they ought to be and could be. I feel like I'm duty bound to stand by it. And I care about it."

To give you a flavor of what it's like to Skype with him, imagine that Hardy is gesticulating so enthusiastically that it challenges the rendering capabilities of the screens' pixels to keep up. He's also vaping extravagantly. (I haven't seen anyone attack a hookahlike smoking implement with such relish since the caterpillar in the cartoon version of *Alice in Wonderland.*) He's sporting a shaved head and a scraggly, aggressively anti-glamorous beard. Hardy is not what you'd call polished, onscreen or off, but he's outlandishly unpolished in a way that is, onscreen and off, very refreshing—and which is essential, no doubt, to his being as good as he is at what he does. He is, for example, the creator of one of the most legendary MySpace profiles of all time, which has been dissected and endlessly admired by websites like BuzzFeed. It contained photos of a nearly naked Hardy preening so unabashedly that you first assumed they had to be fakes. Then there's the "About Me" bio, which was very long, in which he described himself like this: "I'm Grateful,

arrogant self centred, tenacious, versatile, honest, honourable, loyal, loving, gentle, consistent, reliable, focussed, prideful, passionate and nuts," and nothing about the rest of the bio will convince you any of those descriptions are untrue.

The MySpace page is no longer online, but Hardy shows little desire to rein himself in, even as his public profile grows; he recently said he's "not remotely ashamed" of the photos. And, in conversation, once you get him going, he'll unburden himself to you in a way that will make you believe he's saying exactly what he'd say to a best mate. Or a therapist.

For example: the subject of directors. Hardy is on record as not being the biggest fan of directors, or at least not the ones in whom he loses faith. Hardy is enthusiastically, even obsessively, collaborative; this, to him, is where the joy in acting lies. He'll watch playback of each take if the director lets him. Not every director likes to do this. "Sometimes a filmmaker might not want to tell you what he's doing," Hardy says. "He might not want to let you watch his dailies. And you go, 'Oh, fuck it.' Because then you have to do what they call 'trust.' Now why the fuck would I do that?" Hardy's reportedly had his share of friction with directors (Nicolas Winding Refn, for one). Not Chris Nolan, though—he loves Nolan. He loves George Miller, who directed *Mad Max.* He loved working onstage under the direction of Philip Seymour Hoffman in the play *The Long Red Road.* And writers—he loves writers. He's just not a big fan of so-called auteurs—you know, those fancy types who view actors as little more than chess pieces. "A writer comes with nothing and he writes something down and there's a story," says Hardy. "Then a bunch of actors come along, and people can watch that. Then a third person comes along and says, 'I really love what you guys are doing. And if you'd just do it the way I see it, we'd really be onto something.' And there's part of me that goes: 'Why are you here?' A director who hasn't written something, and they say, 'Trust me.' And I'm like, 'With what, mate?'"

Hardy knows he has a reputation among some people for being difficult. "Knowing what the best idea is, having an open mind, and having the conviction that something's going the wrong way—you fucking speak up, no matter how bad the reaction is from people who don't want to hear it," he says. "And you say, 'This has to change, and I'm really sorry it's going to fuck you all off, but we haven't nailed it.' They don't like to hear that. So you're difficult." But the way he sees it, Hardy isn't as hard on anyone else as he is on himself. "Everyone wants to be excellent. And if you're striving for that excellence, and it's expected from me, then I expect that from you."

Hardy, who completed a grueling six-month shoot in 2012 in Namibia for *Mad Max,* followed it with an even more grueling, eight-month shoot in Alberta and Argentina for Alejandro González Iñárritu's Western thriller *The Revenant,* set for release on Christmas, which co-stars Leonardo DiCaprio as a vengeful fur trapper. When I mention the movie, Hardy jokingly calls it *Forever and Evenant.* "Yeah, I was never not going to make it out of that movie alive, mate," he says. "But it was fucking epic. Alejandro picked up from *Birdman* and decided to take everything he did in that and make it work in the great outdoors, in natural light, in minus-20 degrees Celsius." The shoot was overbudget and overschedule, and many crew members quit. But you get the sense this is exactly the kind of recklessly insane undertaking Hardy loves to sign up for. "It was fucking hard," he says. "I think [Alejandro] bit down hard on something that bit him back. And he bit back as well. And it continued to be a beast that was biting him, and he was biting it, and we all bit down." The result, he promises, will be "fucking awesome."

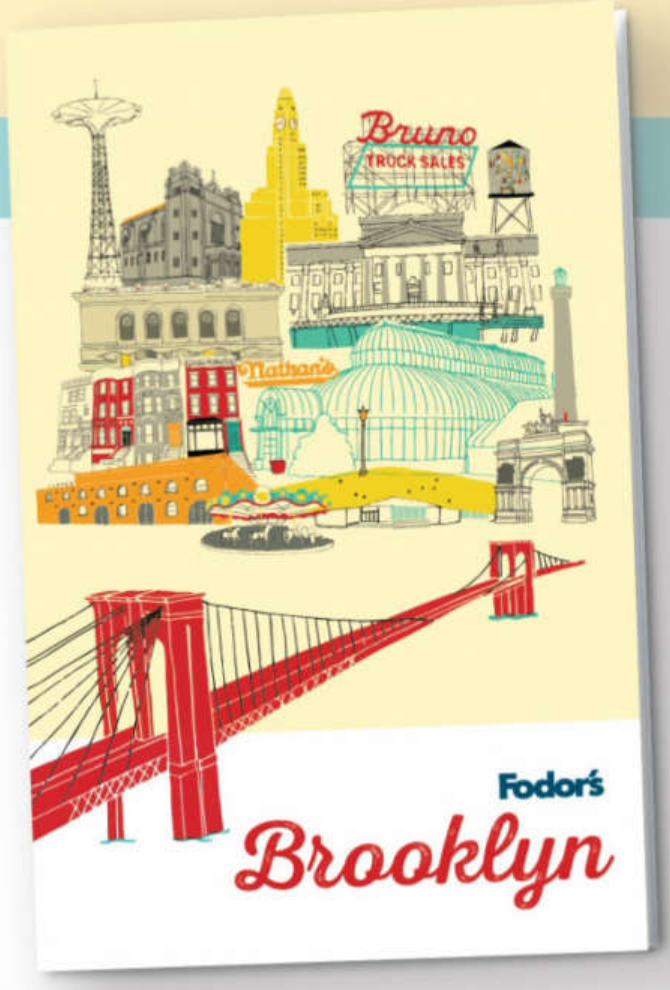
"If you're striving for that excellence, and it's expected from me, then I expect that from you."

In the meantime, you can enjoy two great Hardy performances, conveniently contained in one new movie. When Helgeland set out to cast the twin brothers, he wasn't sure if he wanted one actor or two. "Two actors is limiting, because they have to look alike," he says. "I could never have, say, Benedict Cumberbatch play Ron, because you'd never believe he and Tom are brothers. But the reverse is, with one actor, if it's a gimmick and people can't get past it, then the movie is doomed from before you even start shooting." He liked Hardy for the lead role of the more glamorous Reggie; Hardy, naturally, was more drawn to Ron. "If you're Tom, that's obviously the part that's more appealing," says Helgeland. "His desire is to be a character actor because the parts are more interesting, so he tries to hide his leading-man abilities." They met for dinner, and at the end of the meal, Hardy made him a proposition. "He said, 'You give me Ron, and I'll give you Reggie,'" says Helgeland. "And that decision that was either going to make or break us was made."

Hardy is often compared to Marlon Brando, but he is not a practitioner, nor a fan, of Method acting. "I respect it, it has a place, but it was more of a Zeitgeist thing, from Strasberg and Stella Adler and that kind of stuff, Meisner and God knows what, Stanislavski," he says. He's classically trained in the standard way of a London actor; he also has had essentially two acting careers. He appeared, in his early 20s, in roles such as a soldier in *Black Hawk Down* and a clone of Captain Picard in *Star Trek: Nemesis.* Then he ran into addiction issues, most dramatically with crack. In his telling, he almost died. Then he kicked his addictions. Then he resumed acting, with a renewed, exuberant, ex-addict's energy. Rather than engage in what he terms "gritty realism," he likes to create characters that border on caricature. "It's what I like to call Disney World meets *Taxi Driver,*" he says. "You're laughing along with all the fun, and it's all good, and you're immersed in a colorful, cartoonlike world. Then you ground it with something really honest—where you change the tone completely. It's like putting a hypodermic needle into a candy floss and giving it to a child. It's wrong," he says. "It's fucking wrong."

The next challenge for Hardy will be to figure out what happens when Disney World meets *Taxi Driver* meets Hollywood leading man. Interestingly, even as you're marveling at the technical virtuosity of his twinned performances in *Legend,* the film's Swinging London setting, sharkskin suits, and casino backdrops all reinforce the notion that Hardy would make an excellent James Bond. "He obviously does a great job as Ron, but I'm excited that, for the first time in his career, as Reggie, he struts the movie-star stuff," says Helgeland. "He's handsome and well groomed, he looks sharp, he plays strong and silent—all the things he's tried to avoid in his career. And because he had Ron at the end of the day, he was happy to do Reg. But it's the Reggie no one's seen Tom play before, not Ron." The transition to traditional leading-man roles might seem like a natural progression, but it would also be an unfortunate diversion. As a Hardy fan, I was relieved that *Mad Max: Fury Road* wasn't a typical star turn, if only because it meant that the day when his name will loom over movie posters—when no one anywhere will be able to say, "I have no idea who he is"—has been postponed, if just for a little while longer. ■

The Go-To Guide for Locals and Visitors Alike



Whether you're visiting Brooklyn for the first time, moving in, or are a longtime resident looking to explore a new neighborhood, *Fodor's Brooklyn* is the perfect guidebook for you. Written and illustrated by locals, it covers 29 neighborhoods throughout the borough and includes recommendations listing the top places to find great food, shop for Brooklyn-made products, hear live music, and more. The guide also features Q&As with notable Brooklynites and plenty of insider tips. The result is a curated guidebook infused with authentic Brooklyn flavor.

Visit **Fodors.com/Brooklyn** to learn more.

Fodor'sTravel

Use **#InsideBklyn** to share your own Brooklyn adventures.

BOOKS

Punk Poet

It only took 19 books and a presidential bid for Eileen Myles to get her due.

BY RACHEL MONROE

It's not until we're at the bottom of the 30-foot ladder, necks craned up at the bright West Texas sky, that Eileen Myles casually mentions that she's afraid of heights. The rusty ladder is the only way to get to our destination, an old spring-fed railroad tank off a ranch road. Myles recently bought a small stucco house in Marfa, about 20 miles from here, and splits her time between rural Texas and the East Village apartment she's lived in for four decades. Fortunately, the 65-year-old poet doesn't seem inclined to let fear slow her down. She grips the railing and begins clambering up. Once at the top, she drops into the water and emerges wearing a broad, satisfied grin.

Four decades into a writing career spent decidedly and defiantly in the underground scene, Myles is having an unexpected bout of mainstream success. Her first decade-spanning collection, *I Must Be Living Twice: New and Selected Poems 1975–2014,* will be released by HarperCollins on September 29; that same day, the publisher will reissue Myles's influential, out-of-print 1994 novel *Chelsea Girls*.

Her influence is cropping up elsewhere as well. In the second season of *Transparent,* Cherry Jones plays a poet loosely based on Myles—two poems used for the show were actually written by Myles—and Myles also has a cameo role. The new Paul Weitz film, *Grandma,* stars Lily Tomlin as an irascible lesbian poet in her mid-60s and opens with a quotation from Myles. ("Time passes. That's for sure.") "She's badass," Weitz said when I asked him about Myles. "I don't mean to be flippant, but she's an ass-kicker. She's incredibly literate, with an aspect of punk rock. That's what I was hoping to capture with Lily Tomlin's character—that somebody in their 60s can be more edgy than somebody in their teens."

Myles's first mimeographed book of poetry came out in 1978; since then, she's published 19 books of fiction, poetry, and criticism. In 1992, she campaigned as an "openly female" write-in candidate for president. She toured the country as part of the lesbian, feminist spoken-word/performance-art group Sister Spit. Part of Myles's enduring appeal is that she's experimental in the true sense of the word; every time you turn around, she's up to something different. "I keep trying to do something that will look good with everything," she says, treading water. "But then the world changes and I have to make something entirely new." She just finished her first sci-fi book, about a time-traveling dog. She considers it a memoir.

Myles's narrators often share the broad outlines of her biography but in a slightly skewed fashion. One of her most famous pieces of writing, "An American Poem," begins:

I was born in Boston in
1949. I never wanted
this fact to be known

And then, midway through, proclaims, "Yes, I am, / I am a Kennedy." Myles is not a Kennedy. (The poem apparently still confuses some people.)

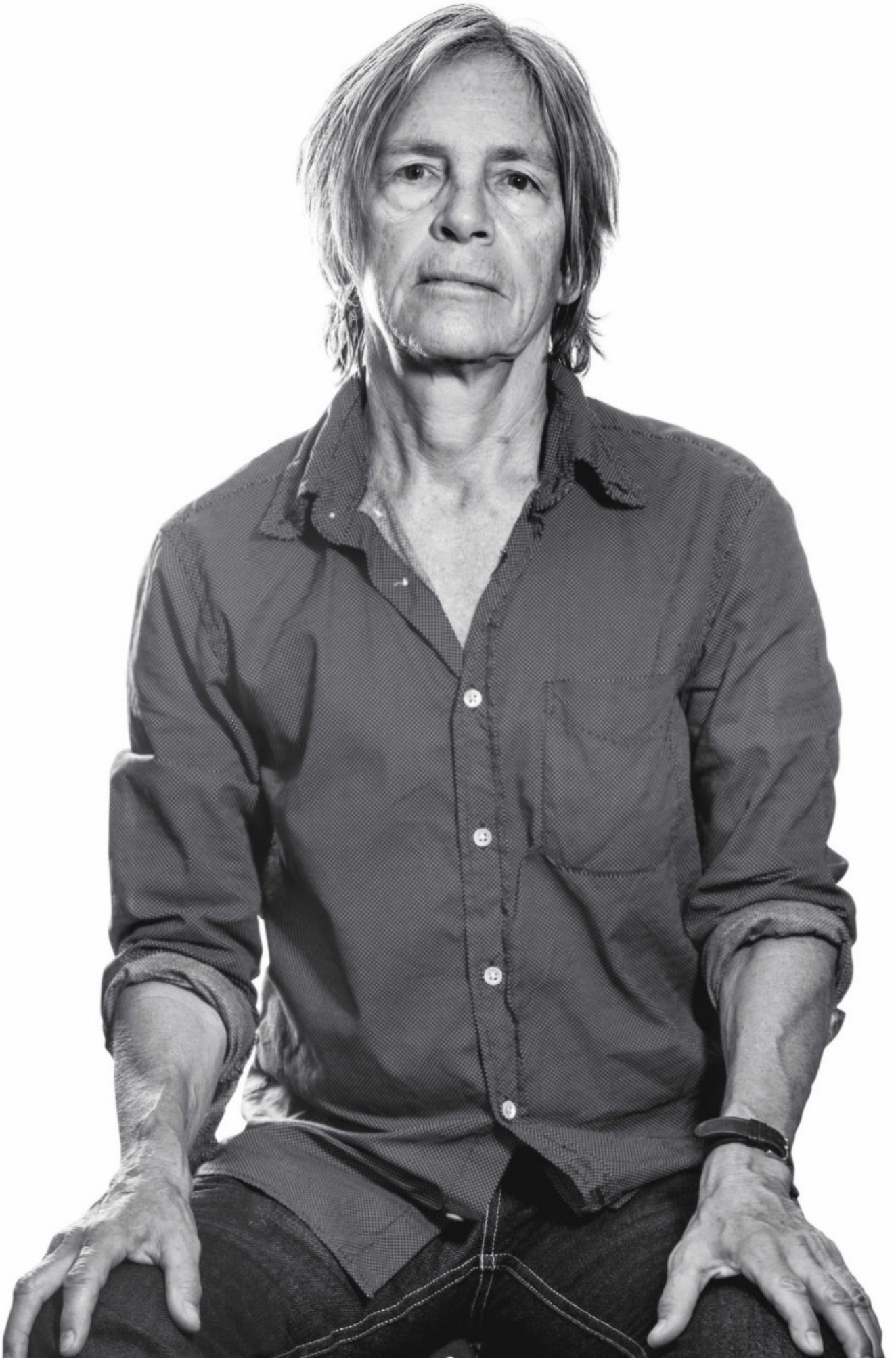
Chelsea Girls was her first novel. Like the novels that followed, the story unfolds through a series of brief vignettes told in short, immersive bursts ("I thought of them as films just as much as stories," Myles says, "or mistakes, or embarrassments—things I needed to exorcise") about a character named Eileen: her tumultuous childhood in Massachusetts; her moving to New York to become a poet in 1974; her early, drunken, romantic years; her reckoning with her queerness and her substance issues. In one section, Eileen gets her photo taken by Robert Mapplethorpe. In another, she assists the ailing New York School poet James Schuyler, who is living in the Chelsea Hotel in a kind of glamorous squalor.

"I thought *Chelsea Girls* was going to change my life," Myles says. It didn't. She remained an outsider—albeit a frequently name-checked and influential one. Even as the book went out of print, echoes of its biographical playfulness showed up in *faux*-memoir novels by Teju Cole, Sheila Heti, and Ben Lerner. And she's continued to pick up fans; Lena Dunham, Kim Gordon, and Maggie Nelson all blurbed the new books. It hasn't hurt that Myles is very good at both Twitter and Instagram. "With Instagram, you're captioning a moment," she says. "Twitter is the caption without the image. Even if it's there, the words come first."

Part of Myles's allure for a younger generation is that she seems to have gotten away with precisely the kind of New York life that doesn't seem possible anymore—living cheaply, maintaining only glancing alliances with major academic institutions, and earning a living by making art pretty much the way she wants. "It helps that I was queer, it helps that I grew up working class," she says. "I wasn't afraid of being poor. I didn't want to live in a big house. I'm the perfect size for poetry. I can move around."

Lately, Myles says, people have started using the word *legend* when talking about her life and work. Isn't it weird for her to find herself installed in this 21st-century version of a canon after spending her whole life outside it? "I always aimed at being a legend," she tells me, grinning. "In the '70s in New York, Allen [Ginsberg] was treated

Photograph by Shae Detar



like a legend. But he was still engaged—and it was always a thrill when he would show up at your reading, like a kind of validation. So it's like there are people whose work you respect, and you want to succeed them." *I Must Be Living Twice* is a 368-page bid for that legendary status. "Women's collecteds are smaller than men's collecteds," she points out. "And collecteds usually come out after you're dead. So it's great I have a publisher who is fine with a big one. And I like having it all out now, so I can go on. It's like shedding all this work."

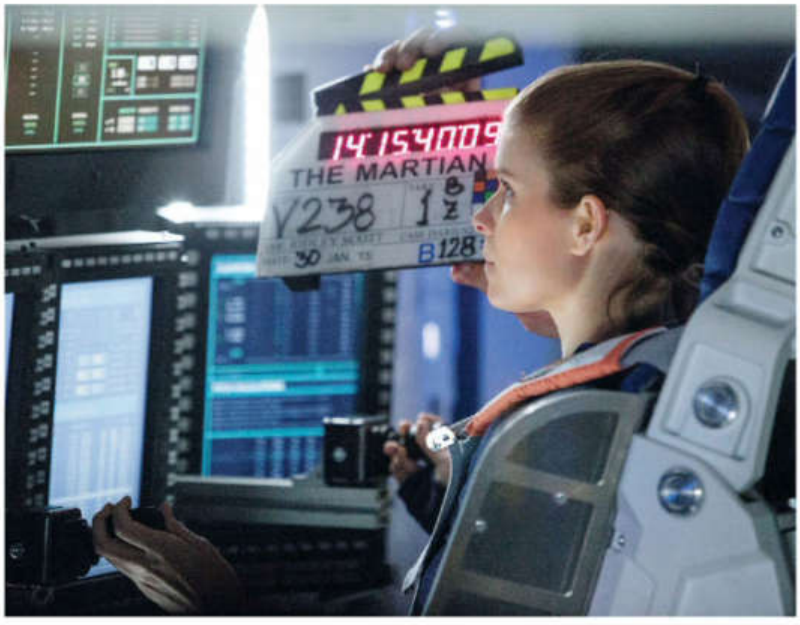
Myles's transition to a mainstream publisher hasn't been seamless. Editors attempted to correct some of the punctuational and grammatical exuberances of her work. And Myles and her publisher spent weeks debating possible cover images for both books. Eventually, they found common ground: The reissued *Chelsea Girls* will feature a photo of Myles from 1980 taken by Mapplethorpe; *I Must Be Living Twice* uses a photo of Myles taken by Catherine Opie. In the Mapplethorpe photo, Myles peers out from behind a thick shag of hair, with eyes that look both knowing and slightly suspicious. (She was hung-over.) In the Opie photograph, Myles is older, no longer wary. She sits on a stool in front of a deep-red background, looking straight ahead, a lesson in powerful posture.

As we swim and talk, I start to realize that despite her avant-garde bona fides, there's something almost old-fashioned in Myles's dedication to the capital-*R* romantic life of the artist, with all its attendant economic and emotional turmoil. When she was young, she moved to New York with the explicit goal of being a poet, and she never decided the idea was a childish notion she had to get over. And then she became a poet.

Sometimes, Myles keeps her momentum up by, as she puts it, "fleeing." "I like it in Marfa, because it doesn't look like anywhere else for me," she says. She also hopes the Marfa house will serve as a refuge from the overstimulation of life in New York. She tells me about a recent evening involving gallery openings and performance art and cheap late-night dumplings, during which she happened to run into both Kim Gordon and Sofia Coppola. Nights like that make New York worthwhile, she says. They also leave you feeling ravenous: "You get greedy for more," she says. "More and more and more." But as many times as she's left the city—for New Mexico or San Diego or, now, West Texas—she keeps coming back. "New York is like a tether," she says. "You know how Gertrude Stein wrote, 'I am I because my little dog knows me'? Sometimes I feel like I am I because New York knows me." ■

PROCESS

KATE MARA'S LEARNED A FEW THINGS



*The actress tells us about some good experiences she's had lately with effects-heavy big-budget Hollywood movies (*The Martian, *out October 2) and some not-as-good ones (*Fantastic Four*).*

I didn't know a lot about space, so I did my homework [for *The Martian*]. **I visited the NASA website and just made sure I understood the things that I was supposed to be saying.** I have the science and math knowledge of a first-grader. So for me to remember certain terms, that's not my forte. As long as I understood what I was doing in the moment while we were shooting, that was the most important thing.

The stunts were wirework. You're attached to these rigs, and the stunt team choreographs your route with [director] Ridley [Scott], and it's really like a dance. **When you're doing it right, it feels like you're flying.**

For [*Fantastic Four*], I'm not happy that people were so distracted by my reshoot wig. But there's only so much I can do about that. **I've been told that people played drinking games with my hair continuity.** So if anything good came out of it, I'm happy I could help. [*Fantastic Four*'s] Sue Storm is famously a blonde, and that's what everybody wanted. But people use wigs all the time in reshoots. In *The Martian,* you would never be able to tell, but in one scene I have a reshoot wig on. I'll say they're not fun to wear.

AS TOLD TO JADA YUAN

PHOTOGRAPH: COURTESY OF 20TH CENTURY FOX

Who will make the list of 2016 Five Star Wealth Managers?

See our special section in the December 28th issue

Share your opinion – go to fivestarprofessional.com/wmconsumerfeedback

MILES LIVES:
THE MUSICIAN IN NINE PARTS

1. WHAT TO KNOW ABOUT HIS SOUND

Grammy-nominated trumpeter and jazz educator Jon Faddis explains:

"The thing that is special about his sound is economy when he was improvising. Before Miles, most people thought of the trumpet as a very extroverted instrument. Miles was more introverted in his approach. He used a Harmon mute—it wasn't really popular before he started to use it—and it's a very beautiful sound. I also think his minimal use of vibrato was a tremendous influence on instrumentalists. Recordings like ''Round Midnight,' 'Someday My Prince Will Come,' 'I Thought About You' were ingenious. And one of the things that set Miles apart was his use of space, making the space a part of the music. Before Miles came on the scene in the 1940s, we had players who were more technically proficient, but he really didn't have the technique at that time to play like a Dizzy Gillespie, so he wanted to go in a different direction. He developed in a way that suited his cool persona. When you listen to Miles, it feels like you get to know the person. You hear in the music: 'This is who I am. Check it out.'"

9. WHAT'S CONTROVERSIAL?

Davis was aggressively outspoken about racism when few were, and his habit of performing with his back to the audience was seen as dismissive. His use of rock and funk rhythms and electric instrumentation led hidebound jazzbos to accuse him of selling out. But it's the subject of women, though, where his legacy gets dark. Davis admitted to having "slapped the shit out of" his third wife, actress Cicely Tyson. His first wife, Frances Taylor, told the New York *Times* that she "actually left running for [her] life—more than once" during their marriage. In the late '70s, Davis hospitalized a girlfriend with a punch to the jaw. He had issues outside of relationships, too, briefly turning to pimping in the '50s to support a heroin habit.

2. MILESTONES

1926 Born on May 26, in Alton, Illinois, to a homemaker mother and dental-surgeon father.

1943 While a student at East St. Louis Lincoln High School, begins performing in local bands, earning $75 to $80 a week.

1944 Hears Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker perform, which he later calls the greatest moment of his life "with [his] clothes on." Moves to New York to attend Juilliard.

1945 First recording date, with Herbie Fields for Savoy Records. Drops out of Juilliard. "If I stayed any longer," he said, "I was going to have to play like a white man."

1950 Meets John Coltrane. Arrested for drug possession; acquitted in January 1951.

1953–54 Kicks heroin, starts going to the gym and practicing boxing, which he'll do for the rest of his life.

1955 Coltrane joins Miles's first Great Quintet. Davis has throat polyps removed; damages vocal cords while recovering and develops hoarse speaking voice.

1957 *Birth of the Cool* is released and is considered the first "cool jazz" album.

1959 Records *Kind of Blue*, the definitive modal-jazz album. Beaten by a policeman outside Birdland. The event "made me bitter and cynical again ..."

1966–67 Meets future wife Cicely Tyson. Coltrane dies. Begins adding electric elements into his music.

1968 Dates Betty Mabry, who appears on the cover of *Filles de Kilimanjaro*. (The two marry that same year.) Makes drastic changes to band including hiring three keyboardists.

1970 Releases *Bitches Brew*, which ushers in jazz's fusion era, during which musicians experiment with rock.

1972 Releases the Sly Stone–and–James Brown–influenced *On the Corner*.

1975–80 Enters a period of seclusion in which he barely picks up his trumpet and struggles with drug use.

1981 Marries Tyson at Bill Cosby's house on Thanksgiving. Releases *The Man With the Horn*, his first new album in six years.

PHOTOGRAPHS: DAVID REDFERN/REDFERNS/GETTY IMAGES (DAVIS)

8. IN HIS OWN WORDS: ON HIS MUSIC: "I HAVE TO PLAY THE WAY I WANT TO PLAY, BECAUSE THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN FEEL LIKE SOMETHING, YOU KNOW." **ON HIS ALBUMS:** "I DON'T KEEP

When Miles Ahead, *directed by and starring Don Cheadle, premieres at the New York Film Festival in October, it'll mark the first time that the jazz genius Miles Davis has been the subject of a non-documentary film. It wasn't a lack of interest that has kept Davis from movie theaters till now. Nor was it lack of material: Davis, who died in 1991, lived a dynamic and controversial life, both personally and musically. (Multiple biopics wound up in development hell.) Cheadle's film focuses on a period when the trumpeter was living in seclusion, so here's a broader overview of one of American music's true giants.* GREG CWIK AND DAVID MARCHESE

1946
First uses Harmon mute on his trumpet in an effort to sound less like Gillespie.

1948
Dexter Gordon tells him to dress more "hip." Miles begins his sartorial fixation.

1949
Travels to Paris, where he meets Juliette Greco. Leaves Paris and Greco, becoming depressed and beginning a heroin addiction.

1960
Marries dancer Frances Taylor in December. Their marriage lasts for eight years.

1963–64
Forms second Great Quintet, with whom Miles forges a new style based on "time, no changes," emphasizing democratic interplay.

1985
Releases *You're Under Arrest*, featuring his versions of Cyndi Lauper's "Time After Time" and Michael Jackson's "Human Nature."

1987
Meets Ronald Reagan. Hates Ronald Reagan. ("Nancy is the one who [had] the charm.")

1991
Dies at 65 as a result of pneumonia, respiratory failure, and a stroke in Santa Monica, California, on September 28.

3. DON CHEADLE PICKS FIVE ALBUMS

Porgy and Bess
(1959)
"I love that it was theatrical, but so hip. There are people that think it's square music. I think it's beautiful."

Kind of Blue
(1959)
"Instead of being vertical like bebop, here the modal musical landscape became horizontal."

Bitches Brew
(1970)
"This helped a lot of young people find their way to Miles's earlier music—sort of a gateway."

Circle in the Round
(Compilation, 1979)
"He took the music he did with Herbie [Hancock] and Tony [Williams] and Wayne [Shorter] as far as it could go."

We Want Miles
(1982)
"The music felt aspirational, like it was reaching out for something, leaning forward."

5. WHERE TO SEE HIM ONSCREEN

MIAMI VICE
(1985)
Davis guested on the hot-cop show as a bordello owner. "Playing a pimp was easy," he recalled, "because there's a little of that in every man."

SCROOGED
(1988)
In this retelling of *A Christmas Carol*, which starred Bill Murray, Davis is glimpsed briefly as a street musician playing "We Three Kings."

DINGO
(1992)
Davis's only feature-film role; he played a jazz trumpeter, Billy Cross, who takes an aspiring musician under his wing after the two meet in Australia.

6. LIFE AFTER DEATH

42
ALBUMS RELEASED UNDER HIS NAME WHILE HE WAS ALIVE.

63
ALBUMS RELEASED UNDER HIS NAME SINCE HIS DEATH, 24 YEARS AGO.

4. THE LPS PEOPLE BUY

1. *Kind of Blue*
(1959)
3,495,572
COPIES SOLD

2. *Sketches of Spain*
(1960)
861,000
COPIES SOLD

3. *Porgy and Bess*
(1959)
286,000
COPIES SOLD

4. *Birth of the Cool*
(1957)
280,000
COPIES SOLD

5. *Doo-Bop*
(1992)
276,000
COPIES SOLD

7. MUSICIANS MILES CALLED A "MOTHERFUCKER"

AND MEANT IT IN A GOOD WAY: **Cannonball Adderley/Louis Armstrong/Count Basie/Nat "King" Cole/John Coltrane/Jack DeJohnette/Duke Ellington/Michael Jackson/Elvin Jones/John McLaughlin/Charles Mingus/Charlie Parker/Bud Powell/Prince/Carlos Santana/Frank Sinatra/Bessie Smith/Sarah Vaughan**
AND MEANT IT IN A BAD WAY: **Steve Miller***

* *"At the Fillmore East in 1970, I was opening up for this sorry-ass cat named Steve Miller … so I'm pissed because I got to open for this non-playing motherfucker just because he had one or two sorry-ass records out. So I would come late and he would have to go on first, and then when we got there, we just smoked the motherfucking place and everybody dug it!"*

ANY OF MY RECORDS. I CAN'T STAND TO HEAR THEM AFTER I'VE MADE THEM." **ON JAZZ:** "JAZZ IS AN UNCLE TOM WORD. THEY SHOULD STOP USING THAT WORD … JUST [CALL IT] MUSIC, MAN."

MOVIES

Carey Mulligan Goes to Work

The erstwhile ingénue takes a radical turn in *Suffragette*.

BY LINDSAY ZOLADZ

CAREY MULLIGAN IS the sort of actress who—mercifully—complicates "cute." Her eyes are somehow as dewy as they are world-weary; her mouth has a tendency to go rogue mid-grin and transform into a vaguely impish smirk. Even with a perfect pixie cut (and a vocal cameo on a Belle & Sebastian album, to boot), Mulligan projects something tougher than twee. The characters she's known for (Daisy Buchanan in Baz Luhrmann's *The Great Gatsby,* most notably) convey a complicated, expertly modulated blend of innocence and experience, joie de vivre and ennui. "I feel old," sighs 16-year-old Jenny in *An Education,* the 2009 role for which Mulligan earned an Oscar nomination. "But not very wise."

Over the past decade, though—ever since she made her screen debut playing Keira Knightley's sister in the 2005 adaptation of *Pride and Prejudice*—the Westminster, England–born Mulligan has orchestrated her career with a shrewd kind of wisdom, wriggling out of pigeonholes at every turn. "I worry about repeating myself," she told *Vogue* in 2010. "I'm afraid of anything remotely period, afraid of anything to do with the '60s or playing a schoolgirl." Suffice it to say, the girl's got range. Onstage, she's dazzled, playing Nina in an acclaimed 2008 run of Chekhov's *The Seagull* and, more recently, acting opposite Bill Nighy in this year's staging of *Skylight.* Onscreen, she eschewed the requisite post–"It" girl superhero's-girlfriend roles and instead sought out nervier fare. She lent a touch of humanity to Nicolas Winding Refn's stylish neo-noir *Drive* and a bit of welcome anarchy to Steve McQueen's placid *Shame.* By the time of 2013's Coen-brothers folkie homage *Inside Llewyn Davis*—not the first movie in which she'd sung, but the first one where she proved her voice could hold while harmonizing with Justin Timberlake—she could put those fears about repeating herself to rest.

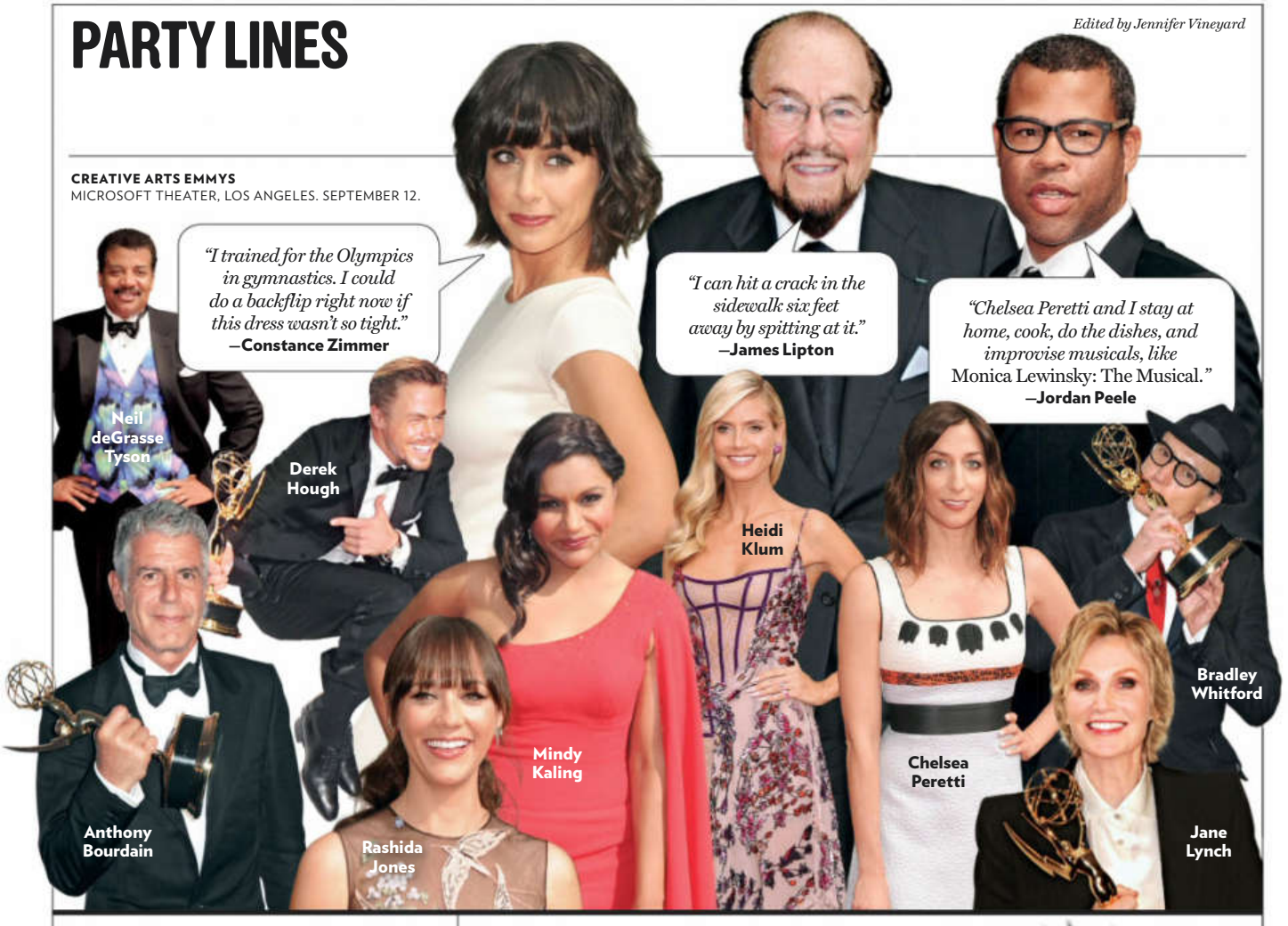
Up next: Mulligan's Norma Rae moment. In October, she stars in *Suffragette,* the female-written-and-directed (by Abi Morgan and Sarah Gavron, respectively) period piece. She plays Maud Watts, a factory worker radicalized by the early pioneers of the women's-suffrage movement. (This fall, she's also expecting her first child with musician-husband Marcus Mumford.) The cast is stellar (Meryl Streep, Helena Bonham Carter), and Mulligan is already generating awards-season buzz. The uncompromisingly political role is unlike any she's ever tackled, but expect a classic Mulligan performance—as fresh as it is fiery. ■

Photograph by Brigitte Lacombe

PARTY LINES

Edited by Jennifer Vineyard

CREATIVE ARTS EMMYS
MICROSOFT THEATER, LOS ANGELES. SEPTEMBER 12.



TANGENT

"I can't remember what movie we saw—it was completely eclipsed by Manolo's performance. Afterward, I realized he'd been banned from every movie house in London because he keeps up this incredible, Blahnikian running monologue at very high pitch, primarily focused on the protagonist's feet."
—Hamish Bowles, on going to the cinema with Manolo Blahnik

2015 COUTURE COUNCIL AWARDS LUNCHEON HONORING MANOLO BLAHNIK
DAVID H. KOCH THEATER, LINCOLN CENTER. SEPTEMBER 9.

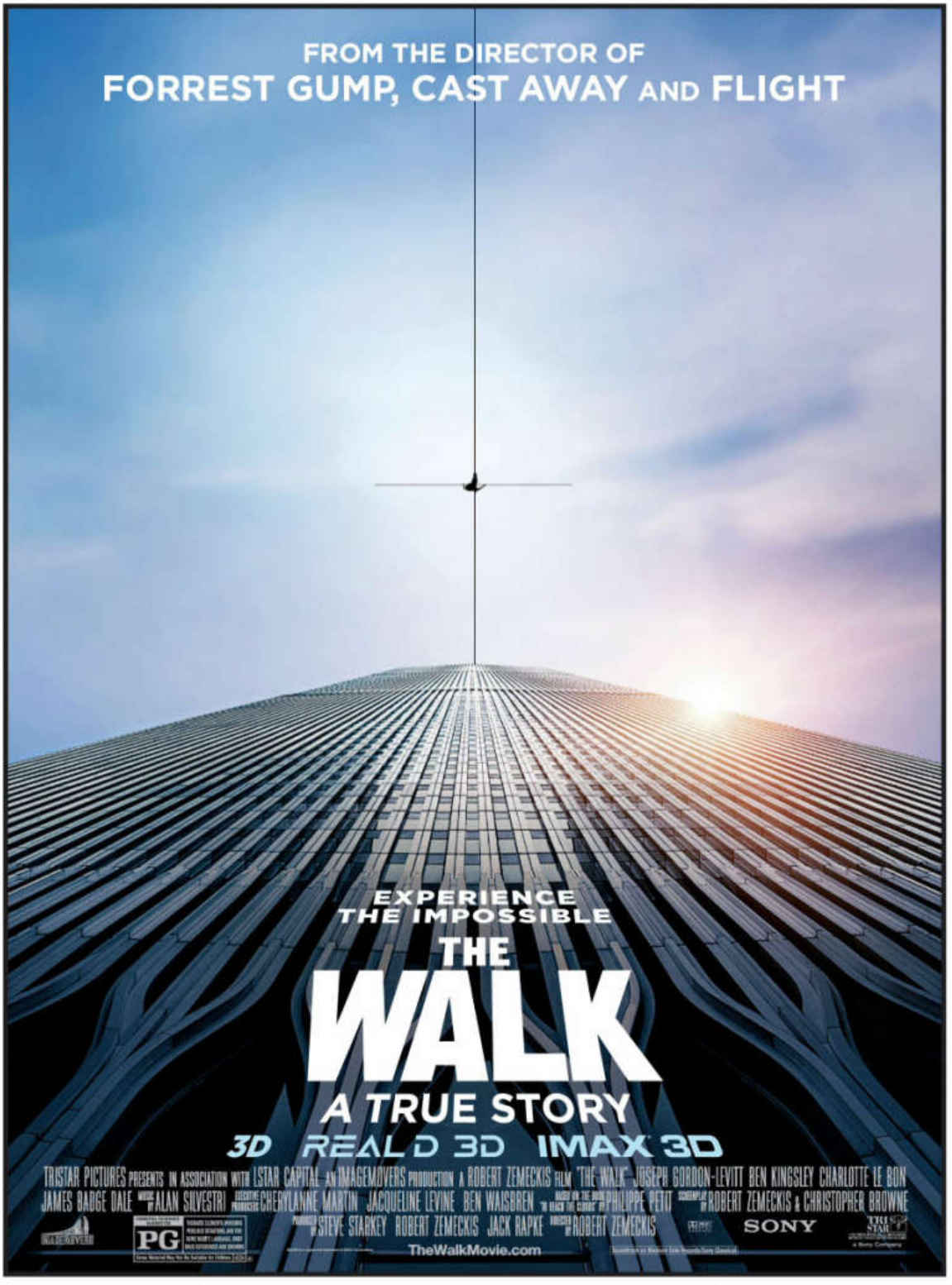
LOS ANGELES PREMIERE OF *SLEEPING WITH OTHER PEOPLE* HOSTED BY DARK HORSE WINE
ARCLIGHT HOLLYWOOD AND WOOD & VINE. SEPTEMBER 9.

"I think you should do it on the first phone call. You should just say, 'Let's French on the phone right now' and then start licking the phone."
—Adam Scott, on when to kiss someone for the first time

PHOTOGRAPHS OF CAPLAN, MANTZOUKAS, AND SUDEIKIS: JOHN SCIULLI/GETTY

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

You and a guest are invited to an advance screening



in IMAX 3D on Monday, September 28th in a Manhattan theater!

The first 50 readers to go to www.sonyscreenings.com and enter the code NYMAGWALK will receive screening passes.

No purchase necessary. Passes are not transferable. Entry is granted on a first-come, first-served basis. Must be 18 years or older. Theater capacity is limited and pass does not guarantee admittance to screening. Theater is not responsible for overbooking. The screening will be monitored for unauthorized recording. NYMAG is not the sponsor of the screening pass giveaway.

ADVERTISEMENT

TUESDAY, NOV. 10, 6-9PM
THE WATERFRONT, 269 11TH AVENUE

SAVOR CUISINE FROM THE CITY'S BEST RESTAURANTS

ALMANAC • AMERICAN CUT • BÂTARD • BETONY • BODEGA NEGRA • BUDDAKAN • CASA LEVER
DINOSAUR BAR-B-QUE • ED'S LOBSTER BAR • FONDA • GOTHAM BAR & GRILL • GRAMERCY TAVERN
JUNI • L'AMICO • LEYENDA • THE CLOCKTOWER • THE MEATBALL SHOP • MISS LILY'S • PEGU CLUB
PERRY STREET • RED FARM • SCARPETTA • TORO • TUOME • UPLAND • ZUMA • AND MANY MORE!

TICKETS ON SALE NOW!

NYMAG.COM/TASTE

OFFICIAL SPONSORS
Celebrity Cruises · Jaguar Land Rover Manhattan · SQUARESPACE · Stella Artois Belgium

PARTICIPATING SPONSOR
taylor creative inc. furniture rentals

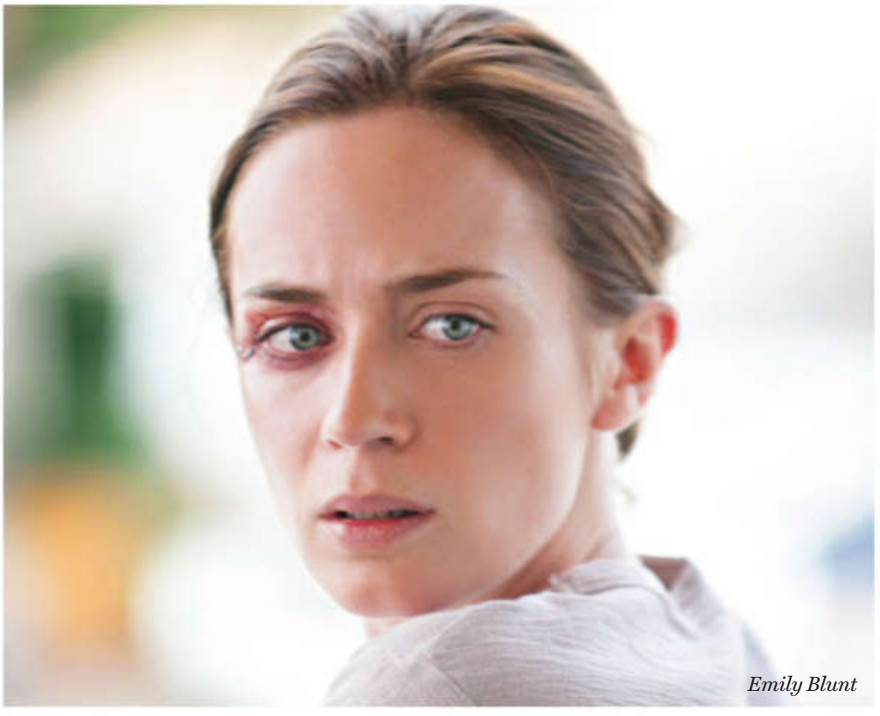
CHARITY PARTNER
City Harvest cityharvest.org

TICKETING PARTNER
ticketweb

The CULTURE PAGES

CRITICS

David Edelstein on Sicario *and* 99 Homes *... Jerry Saltz on "Picasso Sculpture" at MoMA ...*
Matt Zoller Seitz on The Muppets.



Emily Blunt

PHOTOGRAPH: RICHARD FOREMAN JR. SMPSP/COURTESY OF LIONSGATE

MOVIES / DAVID EDELSTEIN

Borderline Terrific

Denis Villeneuve's drug-cartel drama *Sicario* delivers.

TOP-BILLED Emily Blunt in combat apparel stands in the foreground of the poster for *Sicario,* looking oddly pensive but still very much like the hero of a balls-out military drug-bust thriller. Well, she is and she isn't. The foreground of the story is murky, oblique, the shadowy aftermath of decisions made somewhere else based on events that have unfolded over decades. The drug busts seem strangely irrelevant. There's no clear military hierarchy. Blunt's character, an FBI agent named Kate Macer, isn't even the title figure, *sicario* coming from an old Latin word for assassin resurrected by the new Latin American mafia. Denis Villeneuve's film turns out to be a stupendously unnerving descent into moral chaos, our presumed action hero Alice in Cartel-land.

You could take *Sicario* as a corrective to Kathryn Bigelow and Mark Boal's *Zero Dark Thirty,* that brilliant, morally reprehensible female-led thriller that boiled down—Bigelow's subsequent obfuscations notwithstanding—to the idea that going over to the "dark side" was the only way to win the War on Terror. Having had a few more decades to prove itself unwinnable (partly thanks to Americans' ceaseless drive to be Anywhere But Here), the War on Drugs makes for an even starker prism through which to view the handshakes with the devil that are the running theme of U.S. foreign policy. Working from a script by Taylor Sheridan, Villeneuve puts the emphasis on dead families, dead children. The movie is a diagram of human suffering spread over the whole of the Americas.

Sicario opens in bloody confusion, with a thunderous assault on a compound said to be packed with drug-war hostages. Still shaking from the subsequent horror, Kate is recruited into an elite force overseen by a cryptic agent called Matt (Josh Brolin). To whom does Matt answer? Funny you should ask. It's what Kate keeps asking, too, along with "What's the *objective* of our mission?" She finds herself smack on the Mexican border—in El Paso, the relatively quiet little city from which you can watch parts of nearby Juarez blow up like Beirut in the '80s. Directed to make noise, call attention to themselves, "shake the tree," Kate and her team hurtle back and forth across the Bridge of the Americas, apparently breaking domestic and international laws. What the hell are they doing? And who is the man called Alejandro (Benicio Del Toro) who sits in planes and armored vehicles in silence, staring at nothing?

As Kate realizes that she's more a witness than participant, Blunt does more and more with her eyes, her open mouth, her body that starts going one way—its muscles trained to obey—while her mind tries to intervene with a *stop, whoa, what the fuck.* It's a beautifully reactive performance, abetted by Daniel Kaluuya as a brotherly FBI compadre. Around her, Villeneuve, the great Expressionist cinematographer Roger Deakins, and the vigorously dissonant composer Jóhann Jóhannsson create a scrambled,

alien world in which harsh-lit desert landscapes give way to black tunnels. When Kate descends into one, Jóhannsson comes up with a noise that's like the Earth giving up a final groan. Before that was what sounded like the keening of lost souls—fuzzed out, leaving the planet for somewhere better.

The Quebec-born Villeneuve hates violence on a level so visceral he mourns his own images. He doesn't show as much as he did in his 2010 film, *Incendies,* which was partially set in an unnamed Mideast country much like Lebanon. But every road out of the frame leads to hell. A subplot centers on the young Mexican son of a man who comes and goes, palpably treasuring breakfast with his family while pouring liquor into his coffee, the father's face inexplicably a mask of dread. In small and large (but rarely sensationalized) sounds and sights, Villeneuve evokes a Mexico that—since overtaking Colombia as the dominant player in Latin American terror—is no country for old or young men or women or children.

SICARIO
DIRECTED BY DENIS VILLENEUVE. LIONSGATE. R.

99 HOMES
DIRECTED BY RAMIN BAHRANI. BROAD GREEN PICTURES. R.

The lens of *Sicario* finally settles on Del Toro, whose sad, heavy eyes don't prepare us for the swiftness of his brutality. There's something childlike about Blunt's Kate, a hint of a family man (and a bad boy) in Brolin's Matt, but anything naïve and hopeful in Alejandro was incinerated long ago. I have no way of knowing if the alliance at the heart of *Sicario* has a basis in reality, but history is lousy with examples of the U.S. befriending enemies of our enemies—an improvisatory, opportunistic, tragically shortsighted geometry that has come to be seen as Realpolitik. By the end of the movie, Villeneuve has us knotted up with dread while at the same time unsure what we're dreading. The failure of this mission would be hard to live with, but its success is the opposite of a design for living.

What keeps *Sicario* from cynicism is the nature and depth of Villeneuve's gaze, not childishly wide-eyed but capable still of feeling pain. He's a terrific director. You know that if his heroine, Alice, gets out of Cartel-land alive, she might spend a few months in an asylum, but she'll be back, hell-bent on seizing the foreground.

99 HOMES is the fifth and most sensational feature by Ramin Bahrani, a slam-bang morality play in the *Wall Street* mode set closer to home. Here, the embodiment of rapacious, conscienceless, deregulated capitalism is now a Florida Realtor, Rick Carver (Michael Shannon), who evicts people who've been foreclosed on (sometimes under criminally false pretenses), using cops to pull crying, pleading, raging families out of the houses. That's what happens to the protagonist, Dennis Nash (Andrew Garfield), a barely employed builder and single dad living with his son and mom (Laura Dern) in the house where he grew up. The scene in which Carver and his men arrive on Nash's doorstep is so agonizingly pitched and gruelingly drawn out that I had to get up and walk in the theater. But Bahrani is pushing it in the name of realism. Owning a home in the United States is hugely freighted with emotion, with issues of real worth and imagined self-worth. He wants to invade our space.

The film turns on an improbability you just have to go with: that Carver takes a shine to Nash, who proves himself by literally shoveling shit. Really: An evicted homeowner has backed up the septic tank before departing, and Nash charges in where Carver's regular lowlife employees won't. This is the *Wall Street* (also *GoodFellas*) template, in which an honest young man acquires a satanic mentor and can't resist his newfound power. We're complicit. After going through Nash's eviction, we root for him to make big money and get his home back, even if it means doing unto others … Well, there's the rub.

Bahrani's last film, and first with stars, was *At Any Price,* which was better than most people said but made in the drearily realistic style of '80s Midwest farm indies. Bahrani learned from his mistake. He opens *99 Homes* with a self-consciously bravura tracking shot that starts on the feet of a man who has just blown his head off in the bathroom while his family stood by and ends with Carver barking into the phone about the next scheduled eviction.

In the best devil-mentor tradition, Carver delivers punchy, driving monologues on the subject of how his business actions make sense in the larger capitalist economy. "America doesn't bail out losers," he says. "America was built on bailing out winners." He's proud to steal from the government or its entities, like Fannie Mae. He even finds a way of yoking self-interest to Scripture, likening himself to an animal refusing to drown when Noah's ark sails. You gotta love Shannon. He has such a twitchy, wild-man vibe that most people forget he's a controlled (and marvelous) stage actor. His Carver is a man who—like Shannon—has channeled his demons with supernatural discipline.

One of my complaints about *The Wolf of Wall Street* was that Martin Scorsese kept the victims offscreen, allowing us to groove on his anti-hero's brazenness. *99 Homes* is more conscientious—and more heavy-handed, too. When Nash becomes Carver's right hand, he evicts weeping, screaming families more in sorrow than anger, and Garfield signals his misery so madly that the film loses some dramatic tension. But Bahrani's casting of Dern is genius. She's such a profoundly unaffected actress that you instantly buy her aversion to her son's lucre. She has a moral and aesthetic problem with that tacky mansion on the waterway. She wouldn't fit in there.

Tidy and moralistic as it is, *99 Homes* makes you understand why this swampy financial ecosystem thrives. Bahrani's first films were lucid studies of people on the outside of society looking in. Now he's able to dramatize the way everyone fancies himself or herself an outsider and—out of fear, a sense of injury, or both—can justify any kind of behavior to get inside. In this time and place, even evictors fear the knock on the door. ■

ART / JERRY SALTZ

Picasso Was Always a Sculptor

A new survey shows just how much he reimagined art history in 3-D.

ON OCTOBER 9, 1912, Pablo Picasso wrote a letter to Georges Braque, his confrère in Cubism, whom he later derided as "my wife" and who, for his part, described himself and Picasso as "two mountaineers roped together." "I am in the process of imagining a guitar," Picasso wrote—a line that still sends shivers. He went on to declare that, after their summer working together in the south of France, he was hijacking two of the biggest artistic ideas of the century: collage and three-dimensional assemblage. Both would change the landscape of art. Via collage, painting took on a more physical body, changing its spatial presence forever; assemblage did all this, too, but in even more varied materials and space, a technique so radical that it essentially remapped the boundaries of painting, bas-relief, molding, and sculpture. Both ideas were Braque's! As Picasso himself said, "Great artists steal." Or, as Matisse put it after a studio visit from Picasso, "He will put it all to good use in time."

PICASSO SCULPTURE
MOMA.

MEATPACKING DISTRICT OPEN MARKET NEW ORIGINAL

DISTRICT-WIDE FESTIVAL KICK-OFF PARTY

THURS OCTOBER 1
7PM - 10:30PM
HIGHLINE STAGES

HEADLINING
SANTIGOLD
+ DJ SETS FROM TANLINES AND NICK ZINNER (YEAH YEAH YEAHS)

BITES AND DRINKS PROVIDED BY:

BAGATELLE
BILL'S BAR & BURGER
BODEGA NEGRA
BUBBY'S
DOS CAMINOS
GIOVANNI RANA
HIGH STREET
HILO
INDIE FRESH
LE PAIN QUOTIDIEN
MACELLERIA
MORIMOTO
SOHO HOUSE
SPICE MARKET
STK
TROY LIQUOR BAR

TICKETS & INFO
OPENMARKETNYC.COM

PRESENTED BY
LEXUS

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH
HIGHLINESTAGES + TAO + New York

We don't think of Picasso as a sculptor, but we should. He was a great one. In the years after that summer with Braque, Picasso performed a vivisection of 500 years of Western spatial perspective. For much of the 19th century, artists like Constable, Corot, Courbet, Manet, and many others tried to break the rigid illusionistic strictures and the structure of vaunted Renaissance perspective. Yet no matter what artists did, including Monet's breaking down every brushstroke into a physical thing that functioned at once as a mark and a picture—still, the borders and surfaces of the object reasserted themselves. With collage and assemblage, Picasso finally jarred space from a kind of 500-year sleeping sickness, a system that had silted up, impeded, and confined vision. With these works, Picasso broke forever from Renaissance tradition into modernist, Einsteinian relativity, the paradoxical space where things exist in different dimensions at once. It's important to remember, of course, that Renaissance perspective was maniacally practiced only in the West. In Asia, Africa, and most of the rest of the world, systematic illusionistic space never caught on. In the West, however, Picasso (and the others) set space free.

Now, for the first time since its epic 1967 "The Sculpture of Picasso," MoMA returns to this fertile delta with nearly 150 of his slabbed, shattering, avian-shaped, hallucinogenically assembled sculptures. This is a fantastic show. The work in the exhibition represents a macroevolution in the history of art, and at MoMA, you will see objects that look like loofahs shellacked with tough nuggets and nettles; vertebrae forms; craniums that look like crustaceans; dolls and Roman soldiers that might be from the Crab Nebula; iron-cage works that go off like slow fuses, morphing into movies, maps, and sliding diagrams. I found myself constantly having to catch my breath, reassessing what I thought about Picasso's sculptures, even seeing a lot of what I thought were clunkers as packing information that scores of artists are still putting to good use. (One abstract cast of a crumpled paper bag basically gives rise to artists like Jean Dubuffet and movements like Art Informel and Tachisme.) Whatever you do, don't miss this exhibition; this is exactly the kind of show MoMA is made for. Museum co-curators Ann Temkin and Anne Umland (with Virginie Perdrisot) make MoMA's fourth-floor galleries look more beautiful and useful than they have ever looked. Linger in these spaces; the chance won't come again for a long time. "Picasso Sculpture" could be one of the great learning experiences of your seeing life.

Above all, this show lets you know in your bones that Picasso's art was always sculptural—always structural, architectural, and tectonically imagined first. The figurative works in the first gallery, from 1902 through 1909, are really just Picasso turning the key in the sculptural ignition; assimilating Degas, Maillol, and Matisse; African, Oceanic, and early Iberian sculpture, seeing what he can put "to good use." The rupture comes in the next galleries. Categories prolapse in constructed, cut, painted, assembled, and cast works that might be bas-relief, paintings, sculptures, all of the above, or none at all. You're seeing something never seen before, yet Picasso does it with such utter clarity that you can feel the scales fall from your eyes. And even muse, *I could do this.*

Picasso, Head of a Woman *(1931), concrete (left), plaster (right).*

Ponder the incomprehensibly influential guitars. For the first time in the history of Western sculpture, the inside, or the hollowness, of form is depicted—here, the hole of the guitar becomes an object with space and illusion all at once. Imagine Michelangelo's *David* somehow also revealing chest cavity and organs flip-flopping and interfacing with the outer surfaces, seeing this beautiful boy from behind and in front at once. The guitars represent a new kind of illusion and a new realness in sculpture simultaneously, where the object comes to self-explanatory life and negative space isn't a void anymore. In the same astounding gallery are the famous absinthe glasses, which do the same things but in more compact scale, using curves, torque, and twists, exploring different material states and gravity in ways that push dimensional limits into something like the uncanny. Are we really seeing these things from all sides—including the liquid—at the same time? The same thing is happening in the guitars.

Opportunistic super-predator that he was, when Picasso took, he took fast. Between that October 1912 letter to Braque and December 3 of that year, he made paperboard, string, and painted-wire guitars, each of which exists in a spectrum of different non-narrative spaces at once. By 1915, in addition to groundbreaking collages, Picasso fashioned more guitars out of sheet metal, paper, wood, nails, string, and painted wire. Three of them are here. And still radioactive. These works change the sculptural game. The guitars are what Donald Judd later called "specific objects": neither conventional sculpture nor musical instruments, but something else. (In fact, let's use "something else" as one of the definitions of art.) Picasso's sculpture so encompasses this strange all-at-once dimension that today, flatfish with eyes on the same side of their heads are sometimes called "Picasso fish."

The room two galleries later gave me whiplash. And got me hot. This space is a bacchanalian garden of voluptuous, abstract female forms made between 1930 and 1932. Here are new hieroglyphic shapes becoming faces, heads, breasts, mouths, vulvae—pendulous forms that are so unphilosophical and distorted that they become concretions of garrulous, graceful, free-flowing, libidinous meaning. This work doesn't fit into any other concurrent movement of the time; Picasso is off the sculptural reservation here. Which is one reason many academics poohpooh this and much that follows in his work. It's true: At this point, he does break with modernist teleological progress, and certainly with Cubism; most of what comes next doesn't fit neatly anywhere art-historically. Only in Picasso-ism. And he produced epic amounts of art, much of it not that good or even very avant-garde-looking. Yet it's squeamish and persnickety to limit the greatness of Picasso to just Cubism and a few other high points. In this gallery, you see art that is blissed-out, brutal, Greek, goofy, a genus of modern Venuses rendered in new formal topographies. With Matisse, Miró, Calder, and others, Picasso is paving the way for much of the biomorphic abstraction used by artists all over the world ever since. These busts are a real depiction of how love deforms. They're the ones I'd want in my inner museum.

There's so much more: galleries packed with uncovered information for artists and viewers, single works that can detonate into whole careers. Please visit this exhibit more than once; every gallery is a world unto itself that deserves attention. And before you leave the show, think about where it is in the museum. And why. Most rotating shows have been elsewhere at MoMA, in temporary galleries. While many museum visitors might protest the absence of the usual masterpieces on this floor, we must be

grateful that MoMA undertook the gargantuan task of totally dismantling the fourth-floor permanent collection for the Picasso show. The ceilings and spaces of the second- and sixth-floor galleries would have overwhelmed, dwarfed, and distracted from this work. Other spaces at MoMA are too small. Temkin and Umland's Picasso show points to a way through MoMA's spatial problems, suggesting that these galleries don't always have to be static with teleologically installed masterpieces from the enormous collection. Instead, they can be used for continual experimenting with the greatest collection of modernism on Earth, opening that collection up, letting the world see just how incredible MoMA really is. Here, Picasso lifts a veil, letting us see things we hadn't dreamed of before. All while seeing an artist edging into undiscovered spaces, interstices between flatness and dimensionality, spaces that are at once ancient Egyptian, clear, and Mesopotamian in insistence. I might still want to live with a Matisse, but "Picasso Sculpture" lets us know that space—even MoMA's—really has a wide wingspan. ■

The Muppets

PHOTOGRAPHS: @RACHELKLEINYC/INSTAGRAM); ANDREA MCCALLIN/COURTESY OF ABC (MUPPETS)

TV / MATT ZOLLER SEITZ

Deeply Felt

The new Muppet show recaptures some of the original's glory.

WHEN MUPPETS CREATOR Jim Henson died in May 1990, it wasn't just Kermit the Frog who lost his voice; it was his whole enterprise. The Jim Henson Company has struggled ever since to recapture the magic—or at least to remain a viable entertainment brand. A big part of the problem was that word, *brand*: More than any other set of lovable characters, the Muppets never felt like a product. Between them, Henson and his puppeteer

ABT
AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE
75th ANNIVERSARY 1940–2015

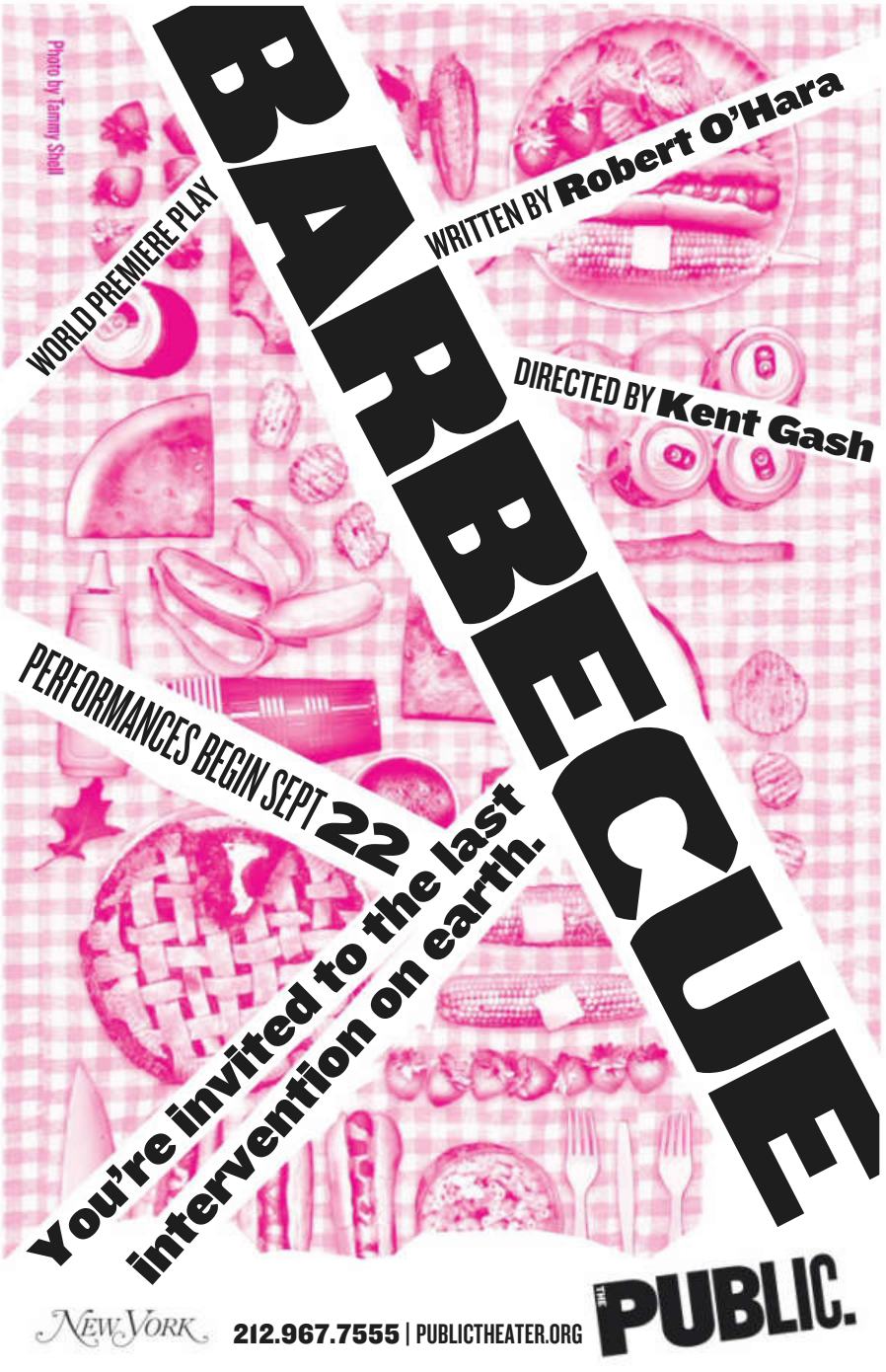
2015 FALL SEASON
Oct 21 – Nov 1 @ Lincoln Center
212-496-0600 · abt.org

PREMIERES
NYC PREMIERE Morris | Hummel
AFTEREFFECT Gomes | Tchaikovsky
MONOTONES I AND II Ashton | Satie
VALSE-FANTAISIE Balanchine | Glinka

RETURNING FAVORITES
THE BRAHMS-HAYDN VARIATIONS Tharp | Brahms
COMPANY B Taylor | The Andrews Sisters
THE GREEN TABLE Jooss | Cohen
LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE Fokine | von Weber
PIANO CONCERTO #1 Ratmansky | Shostakovich

Performances at David H. Koch Theater, Lincoln Center, Broadway & 63rd Street
Photo by Fabrizio Ferri. No refunds or exchanges. Casts, prices and programs subject to change.

59 59 THEATERS 212-279-4200 59E59.ORG
THE ACTING COMPANY PRESENTS
DESIRE
AN EVENING OF PLAYS BASED ON SIX STORIES BY
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
PLAYS BY
ELIZABETH EGLOFF · MARCUS GARDLEY · REBECCA GILMAN · DAVID GRIMM · JOHN GUARE · BETH HENLEY
America's most lauded playwrights come together for a celebration of one of America's greatest wordsmiths. Adapted from Tennessee Williams' short stories, the plays of *Desire* serve as a reminder that great stories have the power to change our lives.
THROUGH OCTOBER 10



partner, Frank Oz, provided the voices of Kermit, Dr. Teeth, Rowlf, Waldorf, and the Swedish Chef (Henson), and Animal, Fozzie Bear, Miss Piggy, and Sam the Eagle (Oz). And they acted them, too, hoisting lovingly crafted creations over their heads. The effect was less like a constellation of salable characters than a repertory company of actors. They didn't just have recurring bits of shtick: They had neuroses, manias, yearnings, blind spots. They were only human, because they were so powerfully associated with the humans who created them; that's why, no matter how diligently new actors and puppeteers worked, things always felt a bit off.

The shifting cultural context hurt, too. The original *Muppet Show,* which ran in syndication from 1976 to 1981, adopted the variety-show format descended from vaudeville. Even during the late '70s, it was a bit of a nostalgia act. The last full-on attempt to mount a new Muppets series was *Muppets Tonight,* which ran from 1996 to 1998 on ABC; it was fitfully charming but lacked the spark of Henson's original, and its overall faithfulness to its predecessor gave it an unintentionally sad undertone; it served mainly to remind Muppet lovers that what was lost was lost. At a certain point, you had to wonder if time had simply passed the Muppets by—if their greatness would eventually have to be accepted as past tense, along with Henson's.

But then there were a string of delightful hits: the 2005 TV special *The Muppets' Wizard of Oz*; the 2011 movie *The Muppets* (written by and starring lifelong Henson devotee Jason Segel) and its sequel, *Muppets Most Wanted* (2014). Finally, there was hope. All three put the familiar characters into fresh contexts and made breakout stars of new characters, including the kindhearted, confused Walter in *The Muppets* and Pepe the King Prawn (who'd been around for a while, but graduated to icon status with adults when he stole *Oz* out from under Dorothy by turning to the camera and intoning, "Those of you who have *Dark Side of the Moon,* press PLAY"). And now comes a new ABC series, simply titled *The Muppets*, which feels like a culmination of the company's post-Henson struggles: a show that incorporates many of the trends that have defined TV since 1990, including reality television and scripted sitcoms with documentary affectations.

The Muppets is set on and around a nonexistent late-night variety show, *Up Late With Miss Piggy,* that's shot on a Hollywood soundstage and supposedly airs after *Jimmy Kimmel Live.* Series creators Bill Prady and

THE MUPPETS
ABC.
TUESDAYS. 8 P.M.

Partnership™ for Drug-Free Kids
Where families find answers
Toll-Free Helpline For Parents
1-855-DRUGFREE

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S PUZZLE

J	A	M	B	■	G	S	H	A	R	P	■	M	I	M	E	■	S	N	I	T
O	M	A	R	■	M	E	A	N	E	R	■	O	L	A	V	■	C	A	N	E
T	A	K	E	A	C	R	U	I	S	E	■	B	L	U	E	R	I	D	G	E
S	T	E	A	M	■	A	L	T	O	S	■	■	S	I	R	I	■	I	O	N
■	■	■	S	U	M	■	■	R	U	I	N	S	■	■	S	P	O	R	T	Y
W	A	I	T	S	O	N	H	A	N	D	A	N	D	F	O	O	T	■	■	■
H	A	N	■	E	S	A	I	■	D	E	V	I	C	E	■	N	I	K	E	S
O	N	T	O	■	S	Y	D	S	■	■	■	D	O	N	Q	■	S	I	Z	E
O	D	O	R	S	■	S	E	E	M	■	S	E	N	D	U	P	■	T	E	A
P	E	T	T	Y	L	A	R	C	E	N	Y	■	■	■	A	L	P	E	R	T
■	■	H	O	K	E	Y	■	T	O	O	N	S	■	P	R	O	O	F	■	■
L	I	E	N	E	E	■	■	■	W	I	T	H	O	U	T	D	E	L	A	Y
A	R	M	■	S	L	U	R	P	S	■	H	E	W	N	■	S	T	Y	L	E
O	M	I	T	■	A	P	I	A	■	■	■	A	L	I	A	■	S	E	L	L
S	A	X	E	S	■	A	C	C	E	P	T	■	E	S	S	O	■	R	I	P
■	■	■	S	M	O	T	H	E	R	S	W	I	T	H	K	I	S	S	E	S
L	I	S	T	E	N	■	■	M	A	Y	O	R	■	■	S	L	O	■	■	■
A	V	A	■	L	E	D	A	■	■	C	L	O	S	E	■	O	P	E	R	A
M	O	U	N	T	A	I	N	S	■	H	A	N	K	S	O	F	H	A	I	R
E	R	T	E	■	C	O	N	K	■	O	N	E	U	P	S	■	I	S	L	E
D	Y	E	D	■	T	R	A	Y	■	S	E	D	A	N	S	■	E	Y	E	S

Bob Kushell have made some bold choices, including shooting the entire thing with a handheld camera and presenting it as a series of "caught" moments, giving an effect similar to that of *The Office* or *Parks and Recreation*. A summer PR campaign played up the idea that the Muppets were real-world stars who had private lives as well as careers, and broke the bombshell revelation that Kermit had split with his longtime girlfriend, Piggy, to take up with a younger pig, Denise. Denise is the head of marketing for the network; the pilot deals with the fallout from Kermit's decision, which includes Piggy's fury, unexplained until the show's final moments, that Elizabeth Banks has been booked as a guest. (No spoilers here, but the big reveal is both surprising and psychologically acute.) Kermit-Piggy-Denise is mirrored by Fozzie's budding relationship with a human woman named Becky whose parents worry that a human-bear relationship can't work and say things that are, frankly, speciesist. ("He likes the salmon, what a surprise," Becky's dad mutters.) In the second episode, Piggy falls in love with Josh Groban, which is both a good thing for the show and a very bad thing. On the plus side, Piggy's suddenly nice to everyone. On the minus side, Groban persuades her to class up the show by making Dr. Teeth and the Electric Mayhem go acoustic and play soft jazz.

There are dangers inherent in this approach: A big one is that by adopting some of the trappings of entertainment aimed at grown-ups, *The Muppets* would risk becoming too pretentious, too showbiz-insidery, or, heaven forbid, too tawdry, perhaps verging on *Avenue Q* or Peter Jackson's R-rated Muppet send-up, *Meet the Feebles*. The show stumbles over that last border from time to time, but not so much that young kids would notice; as with Warner Bros. cartoons and classic *Simpsons* episodes, the gags are pitched so that grown-ups will get the real joke while children laugh because the characters sound funny. ("When your online profile says passionate bear looking for love, you get a lot of wrong responses," says Fozzie.) It might take some time to adapt to what the gang is trying to do here, but it's definitely in sync with the Muppet mission of entertaining everyone at their own level, and for every misjudged moment there are several more that are sublime, such as when the camera zooms in to capture a Piggy-Kermit argument through the slit of a barely open dressing-room door, or when Gonzo asks Kermit for notes on his Russian-themed *Dancing With the Czars* sketch. "Do you have any notes?" Gonzo asks. "I hate everything about it," Kermit says. "You hear that?" Gonzo exclaims. "Only one note!" ■

Carlyle

COMFORT. DAY AND NIGHT.

Think you can't afford a Carlyle?

Introducing
The Essentials Collection

Three of our most popular sofa bed styles, full or queen, a range of fabrics to choose from, ready in 4 weeks. Starting at just $3995.
Yes, you can.

Stop by our store or visit our site to learn more.

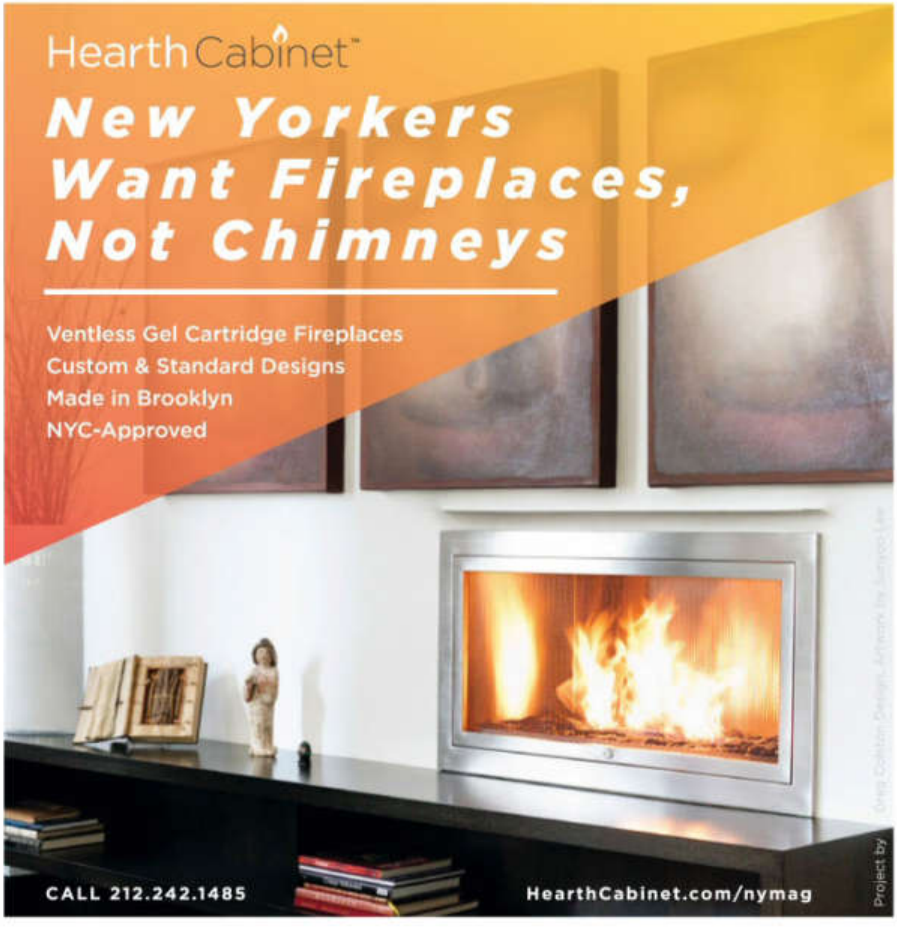
CarlyleSofa.com

1056 Third Ave (at 63rd St) NYC 10065, 212.838.1585 • M-F 10-7, Sat 10-6, Sun 12-5

HearthCabinet™

New Yorkers Want Fireplaces, Not Chimneys

Ventless Gel Cartridge Fireplaces
Custom & Standard Designs
Made in Brooklyn
NYC-Approved



CALL 212.242.1485

HearthCabinet.com/nymag

For full listings of movies, theater, music, restaurants, and much more, see **nymag.com/agenda.**

The CULTURE PAGES

To Do

TWENTY-FIVE THINGS TO SEE, HEAR, WATCH, AND READ.

SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 7

MOVIES

1. See Pawn Sacrifice

Checkmate.

In theaters.

You may find Tobey Maguire mannered and robotic as the demented chess genius Bobby Fischer in this dramatization of the build-up to Fischer's 1972 world-championship match against Soviet titleholder Boris Spassky (a low-key Liev Schreiber). But clips of Fischer reveal the same mannered, robotic quality. Ed Zwick's film is not as edifying as it might be, yet he captures the absurdity of a nation pinning its hopes on a madly unattractive loon. DAVID EDELSTEIN

BOOKS

2. Read Elena Ferrante's The Story of the Lost Child

Bring on the ending.

Europa Editions.

Ferrante's Neapolitan series, of which this is the dark, clamorous finale, is really just one four-volume novel, but its piecemeal translation has allowed the pseudonymous author's American cult to swell to Knausgaardian proportions. In part four, intellectual Elena and her cohort age from their turbulent 30s to their 60s, raise and struggle with children, and seek solace in the vibrant, violent Italy of their birth. BORIS KACHKA

POP

3. See Tame Impala

Getting wilder.

Radio City Music Hall, October 6.

On their excellent third album, *Currents,* the Aussie psych-rockers all but transformed themselves into a dance band—albeit one that still appreciates a good proggy guitar riff. Spacey new songs like "The Moment" and "Let It Happen" should sound downright transcendent live. LINDSAY ZOLADZ

TV

4. Watch The Daily Show With Trevor Noah

And good luck to him.

Comedy Central, September 28 at 11 p.m.

Noah has giant shoes to fill, but it will be fun to watch him try to reinvent *The Daily Show.* He'll have to: Between the pop-culture cachet of *The Nightly Show With Larry Wilmore* and the weekly brilliance of John Oliver on HBO, he's surrounded by *Daily Show* alums who've broken off pieces of the flagship's concept and made something fresh. MATT ZOLLER SEITZ

SO, DENIS LEARY, WHAT CULTURAL THING ARE YOU MOST INTO RIGHT NOW?

"I'm kind of obsessed with **Janet Jackson's single 'No Sleeep.'** I wasn't looking for it; I'd just heard she was going to put something new out, and I think it's one of the best tracks she's ever done. I've been playing it over and over again in the truck. The day that I got it, we were heading out on the press tour for *Sex&Drugs&Rock&Roll,* so I was playing it for everybody on my phone. It's one of those songs where, as soon as you start playing it, they go, 'I've got to have that.' Well, get your own copy. I fucking paid for this!"

THEATER

5. Listen to Hamilton

History has its eyes on you.

Atlantic Records.

With its super-dense web of referentiality and its mile-a-minute lyrics, *Hamilton* is the kind of musical that rewards repeat viewing (if you could ever get in). The original cast album (out digitally September 25 and on CD October 16) makes an excellent stopgap, gradually unpeeling Lin-Manuel Miranda's achievement for megafans and casual listeners alike. JESSE GREEN

OPERA

6. See Anna Bolena

And hail a new soprano queen.

Metropolitan Opera, opens September 26.

Back in the '70s, when Beverly Sills sang all of Donizetti's Tudor queens (Anne Boleyn, Mary Stuart, and Elizabeth I), she turned three disparate operas into a de facto trilogy. Sondra Radvanovsky now revisits those indomitable characters, starting with *Anna Bolena.* Thanks to *Wolf Hall,* the sumptuously ruthless characters are more familiar now, but Donizetti's vocal writing demands a whole other order of swagger. JUSTIN DAVIDSON

POP

7. Listen to The Weeknd

Fully emerged from the underground.

Republic Records/XO.

That dark lothario Abel Tesfaye makes a break for straight-up pop stardom on his epic new album *Beauty Behind the Madness,* featuring worthy song-of-summer finalist "Can't Feel My Face" and Christian Grey's official theme song, "Earned It." Inevitable next single? The shimmery, fleet-footed "Billie Jean" homage "In the Night." L.Z.

ART

8. See Nari Ward's Breathing Directions

From suffocation, sculptural release.

Lehmann Maupin, through November 1.

For more than two decades, Ward has impressed with sculptures assembled from the salvaged materials of city lives. His new show combines abject materials, traditional Congolese cosmographical diagrams, and drilled holes like those used by escaping slaves hiding under floorboards; here, they sing, sigh, and fill us with pathos. JERRY SALTZ

POP

9. Listen to Ben Folds's So There

The more elegant side of a piano man.

New West Records.

Going back to "Brick," many of Ben Folds's most affecting songs have had the intimate feel of chamber pieces. His new collaboration, with genre-busting sextet yMusic, embraces that spirit again, setting his frank lyrics, piano melodies, and still-plaintive tenor over lush arrangements.

MOVIES

10. See Stonewall

From an unlikely student of history.

In theaters.

The director Roland Emmerich has steered clear of gay themes in his (clunky) blockbuster disaster pics, but his new, lower-budget film tells the story of the 1969 riot inspired by brutal arrests at the now-landmarked Village bar. The film (starring Jonathan Rhys Meyers, Ron Perlman, and Joey King) has already taken flak for its trailer (which focuses on a comely white boy), but the script is by star playwright Jon Robin

PHOTOGRAPHS: AMITAVA SARKAR/COURTESY OF HOUSTON BALLET (DANCE); MICHAEL BECKER/COURTESY OF FOX (LAST MAN ON EARTH); TAKASHI SEIDA/COURTESY OF BLEECKER STREET MEDIA (PAWN SACRIFICE); ABBY GILLARD/WIKICOMMONS (TAME IMPALA); DANIEL DAZA/COURTESY OF NETFLIX (NARCOS)

Baitz—so who knows? It should be quite the opening-night scene. D.E.

NEW MUSIC

11. Go to National Sawdust

Not the same old grind.

Opening night October 1.

New music has a new home in Williamsburg: a small, high-tech hall floating in its sound-insulated womb within an old sawdust factory. The first-ever set features a royal flush of composer-performers, including Nico Muhly, Theo Bleckmann, Bryce Dessner, and Jeffrey Zeigler; the second brings back the reborn '90s band Cibo Matto. J.D.

NOW STREAMING

Vulture's picks from the Hulu comedy archives (now available commercial-free!).

Everybody Hates Chris
It took the blue streak cussing Chris Rock to deliver the rare worthy *Wonder Years* successor, a sitcom both intelligent and cute, with a teen-boy protagonist equal parts knowing and naïve.

Party Down
A sublime black comedy set in L.A.'s cater waiter trenches, about what's left of life when your once grand illusions are proven to be nothing more than delusions.

Samantha Who?
Christina Applegate's comedic prowess as amnesia plagued 30 year old Samantha would've made her the Carole Lombard of a previous era; she capably delivers screwball and pathos in the same breath.

Key & Peele
The just ended sketch show starring Keegan Michael Key and Jordan Peele was a master class on morphing normalness into ludicrousness into hilariousness.

For more picks, go to Vulture.com.

DESIGN

12. See Ettore Sottsass

Geometric progression.

Friedman Benda Gallery, through October 17.

In the late '50s, Sottsass, an Italian architect, artist, and designer, helped introduce the idea that industrial design could be playful and sexy. He went on to found the collaborative Memphis group in 1981, ushering in postmodernism with boldly colored, cartoony furniture; this show takes in his work leading up to Memphis, with ceramics, furniture, and art. WENDY GOODMAN

POP

13. See Ariana Grande

She might not even need a mic.

Barclays Center, September 26 and 27.

The petite pop princess with the arena-size voice brings her Honeymoon Tour to Brooklyn. Doughnut jokes aside, she hasn't been dubbed Mini Mariah for nothing. L.Z.

ART

14. See Liz Glynn

A new kind of 3-D selfie.

Paula Cooper Gallery, through October 10.

This super-talented sculptor shone previously with huge reconstructions of ancient cities that she then

Performances Begin September 22

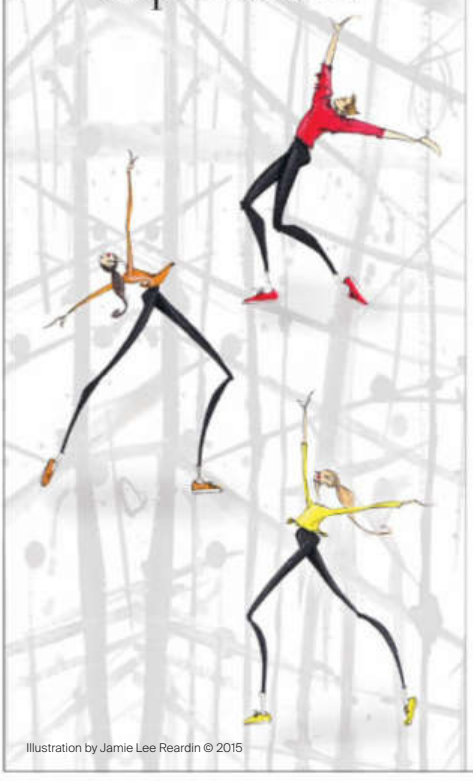


Illustration by Jamie Lee Reardin © 2015

SWAN LAKE
SEPT 22-29

ALL BALANCHINE
OCT 1, 3 Eve, 6, 11

AMERICANA x FIVE
OCT 2, 3 Mat, 4, 7

21ST CENTURY CHOREOGRAPHERS
OCT 8, 9, 16, 17 Eve

BALANCHINE BLACK & WHITE
OCT 10 Mat & Eve, 18

MASTERS AT WORK
OCT 13, 14, 15, 17 Mat

Go inside the season
nycballet.com/explorefall

$30 SEATS INCLUDING ORCH | nycballet.com (212) 496-0600

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

Advertisement

BACK ISSUES
MISSED AN ISSUE ON THE NEWSSTAND?
ORDER TODAY!
nymag.com/backissues

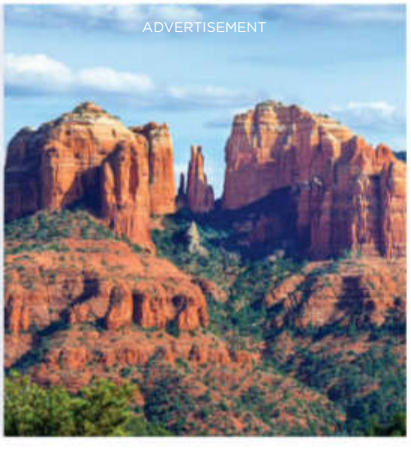
NEW YORK TRAVELS

We take you there.

Sign up for our **FREE** weekly newsletter
nymag.com/newsletters

LIKE US /nymag
FOLLOW US @nymag

ADVERTISEMENT



sacked and destroyed. She shines brighter in "Pathos (The Blind Exercises)," a series of clay masks based on ancient-Greek theater images, each made by pressing clay on her face. The results stun with the power of civilizations now dead. J.S.

DANCE

15. See Fall for Dance Festival

Beautiful bodies on parade.

New York City Center,
September 30 through October 11.

The annual dance extravaganza always brings rarely-seen-in-New York companies to town (Miami City Ballet, L.A. Dance Project), but this time around, look out for two high-profile duets: Fang-Yi Sheu and Herman Cornejo in Sheu's *Pheromones*, and Tiler Peck with clowning master Bill Irwin. REBECCA MILZOFF

THE PERFORMANCE

Jesse Green on Sherie Rene Scott in Whorl Inside a Loop.

A Broadway actress, described as the whitest person at her own Whitey McWhite party, teaches a classroom of black men at a high-security prison. But the setup doesn't go where you expect it to in Dick Scanlan and Sherie Rene Scott's ***Whorl Inside a Loop***. Scott, as she has proved in works like *Everyday Rapture,* is not afraid of portraying herself in a highly unflattering light. In *Whorl*, she's so hilariously wrapped up in herself that even her attempts to satirize her narcissism come off as narcissistic. But the self-mocking chuckle that accompanies her nervous jokes eventually signals full-out bad faith. By the time she begins theatricalizing the prisoners' narratives for her own show ("assimilating," she says), you want to call the cops. You don't want to send her away, though; Scott is such a remarkable actress, so human in her weirdness, that you hope she'll mend her ways. Isn't that what rehabilitation is for?

At Second Stage through September 27.

POP

16. Listen to OVO Sound Radio

What the cool kids are listening to.

Beats 1 and Soundcloud.

Much like predecessors Bad Boy, Roc-A-Fella, and G-Unit, Drake's October's Very Own collective is the party everyone wants an invite to, and the recently launched OVO radio show on Beats 1 gives at least a hint as to why: It's an eclectic mix of what you should be listening to right now, with a sprinkling of exclusive drops like Drake's Meek Mill disses and a remix of the Weeknd's "Tell Your Friends."

CLASSICAL MUSIC

17. Hear the Philharmonic Play L.A. Variations

A taste of what's to come?

David Geffen Hall, September 25 and 26.

The season starts in the Phil's just-renamed, soon-to-be-gutted home with a hint of the future: Alan Gilbert conducts *L.A. Variations,* by the superb composer Esa-Pekka Salonen, who is better known as a conductor and one oft-mentioned candidate to succeed Gilbert as music director. J.D.

TV

18. Watch Narcos

Great mustaches, greater acting.

Netflix.

Netflix's Pablo Escobar bio-drama is basically *GoodFellas*—but that's not a knock. *Narcos* is a compelling, tightly produced series that puts a savvy spin on the surreal (and yet true) rise of the most notorious drug lord in history. MARGARET LYONS

BOOKS

19. Read Margo Jefferson's Negroland

Coming to terms in Chicago.

Pantheon.

In a moment caught between Obama's hope and Ferguson's despair, a critic's memoir of growing up among Chicago's black upper class feels well timed. Jefferson mines the personal for the political, her eye clinical, her voice direct but restrained. B.K.

THEATER/NEW MUSIC

20. Listen to Liaisons

Passion of the art.

ECM Records, September 25; Birdland, September 24.

Piano adventurer Anthony De Mare asked composers from varying genres (Jason Robert Brown, Steve Reich, Duncan Sheik, Wynton Marsalis) to respond to Sondheim songs of their choice. The result: an astonishing three-CD recording that explores, distorts, and honors classic numbers from *Forum*, *Passion*, and others. De Mare debuts the series live in three concerts, the first at Birdland. J.G.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

21. See David Fray

Swoon-worthy.

Park Avenue Armory, October 6 and 9.

With his Romantic locks and dimpled chin, the French pianist could be the cover model for a Harlequin novel about Schubert's love life. Instead, he'll play three of Schubert's sonatas, their lush and tender intimacy complementing the cozy grandeur of the Armory's Board of Officers room. J.D.

THEATER

22. See BOSSS

Highly Instagrammable.

Hudson River Park between 22nd and 29th Streets, October 2 through 4.

Non-theater theater pioneer En Garde Arts offers a showcase of its everywhere aesthetic with its 12-show, all-free Big Outdoor Site Specific Stuff festival. Look for an auto-generated spam musical; talking statues; and an appearance by Bina48, the "sentient robot" created by Martine Rothblatt. J.G.

TV

23. Watch The Last Man on Earth

Second season, not so alone.

Fox, September 27 at 9:30 p.m.

Within a couple of episodes, it became clear that this series about the supposedly isolated title character (Will Forte) was not quite as advertised. But even as it adds new characters and sometimes seems to forget that it's set in a postapocalyptic wasteland, *Last Man* keeps coming up with comically rich scenarios, never losing touch with its unusually wistful and dark personality. M.Z.S.

MOVIES

24. See These Picks at the New York Film Festival

Sort through the slate.

See filmlinc.org for venues, September 25 through October 11.

Among this year's irresistible mix of international-fest hits and big-ticket Oscar-season premieres: Steven Spielberg's Tom Hanks drama *Bridge of Spies*; Todd Haynes's period romance *Carol*; and Portuguese director Miguel Gomes's three-part, six-hour modern-day *Arabian Nights*. BILGE EBIRI

POP

25. Listen to Darlene Love

Back in action.

Columbia Records.

Thank Little Steven Van Zandt for taking up the cause of Darlene Love, the voice of '60s girl-group classics whose rediscovery got an extra boost from *20 Feet From Stardom*. On *Introducing Darlene Love*, she's a new woman at 74, bringing her signature joyous sound to both covers and newer tunes by the likes of Elvis Costello and Bruce Springsteen.

Sign up for Strut Your Mutt.

You make many new dog friends, smell many good smells, and do local doggie shelters good. Join the pack and have your dog walk you.

Best Friends

Strut Your Mutt

presented by: BOBS for Dogs from Shelters

A fundraising dog walk, 5K run and festival

September 26

Hudson River Park's Pier 26, New York City

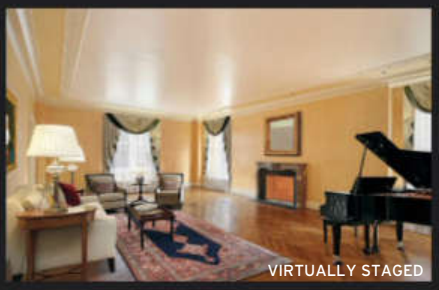
strutyourmutt.org/NYC2015

Many thanks to our Strut Your Mutt sponsors for 2015: BOBS for Dogs from Shelters · Instinct · MINI OF MANHATTAN

STUNNING HOMES

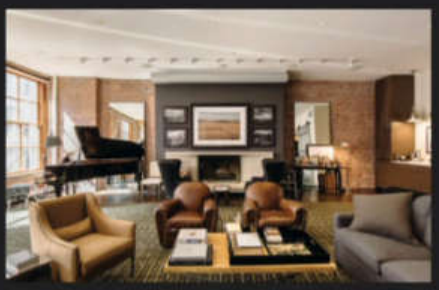
49 E 68TH ST TOWNHOUSE

UES. Magnificent 25' wide, 5-stry red brick & limestone TH 12,500+ SF. Uniquely situated w/3 expos that create a light-filled home. Gracious entertaining rms. Elevator, beautiful large roof terrace and full basement with basketball court. $29.75M **WEB# 3419279**
Steven Cohen 212.836.1029



GRAND AND GLORIOUS

Park/60s. 14 into 12 rooms; 5,000+ SF. Living room, formal dining room, library, 4 bedrooms/4.5 baths, windowed eat-in kitchen, staff room/bath. Good condition. 4 fireplaces. Full service white glove prewar co-op. $14.995M **WEB# 3421194**
Sharon E. Baum 212.836.1036



30 CROSBY STREET

Crosby/Grand St. Magnificent 4,164 SF loft with 12-foot ceilings and original architectural details throughout. Three bedroom/three bath, superb 47' x 31' living room + library. The best of the best. Full service condo. $8.75M **WEB# 3488802**
Maria Pashby (m) 917.520.0592

SUNNY CONDO MAISONETTE

Tribeca/18 Leonard, #1D. Rarely available mint three bedroom, three bath with formal living room plus fireplace, media room, two offices, chef's kitchen, dining room and terraces in full service building. $6.475M **WEB# 3477747**
Carter Wilcox 212.836.1089

GRACIOUS SUN-FILLED APARTMENT

Midtown East. This 2 bedroom/2.5 bath showcases a sprawling 46' living & dining room capped by two balconies. Floor-to-ceil windows offer spectacular east, west & southern expos w/incredible city & river views to enjoy both sunrise & sunsets. $4.9M **WEB# 3445031**
Steven Cohen 212.836.1029

TRIBECA STUNNER

Worth St. Rarely available 4 BR/3 bath condo loft located in a prime Tribeca F/S building. Features include incredible storage space, a top-of-the-line kitchen and soaring ceils. $4.75M **WEB# 3499917**
Alatia Bradley Bach (m) 917.327.8073
Leighton Candler 212.937.6677

PRIME GREENWICH VILLAGE

E 9th St. Sunflooded high-floor with unobstructed views, corner 2 bedrooms/2 bath. Open floor plan, reno kitchen with window, 3 exposures. White glove, full-time doorman, garage, gym, roof deck, pets. $2.895M **WEB# 3485072**
Linda Feder 212.605.9292

TRIPLE MINT EASTGATE

UES. 1,800 square foot 3 BR/3 bath. Renovated to perfection. Full service, top-of-the line appliances, washer/dryer, open floor plan, walk-in closets, wine fridge, gym, pets, pied-à-terres, fabulous finishes. A polished gem. $2.85M **WEB# 3495026**
Linda Feder (m) 917.679.1739

QUINTESSENTIAL 5TH AVENUE

Upper East Side. 2 BR/2.5 bath home located on a quiet tree-lined block between 5th & Madison Aves is just moments from the Met. This triplex offers luxury loft-like living with wonderful light on a beautiful tree-lined street view. $2.195M **WEB# 3355355**
Steven Cohen 212.836.1029

SEARCH BY WEB# ON *corcoran.com*

Real estate agents affiliated with The Corcoran Group are independent contractor sales associates and are not employees of The Corcoran Group. Equal Housing Opportunity. The Corcoran Group is a licensed real estate broker located at 660 Madison Ave, NY, NY 10065. All listing phone numbers indicate listing agent direct line unless otherwise noted. All information furnished regarding property for sale or rent or regarding financing is from sources deemed reliable, but Corcoran makes no warranty or representation as to the accuracy thereof. All property information is presented subject to errors, omissions, price changes, changed property conditions, and withdrawal of the property from the market, without notice. All dimensions provided are approximate. To obtain exact dimensions, Corcoran advises you to hire a qualified architect or engineer.

IN NEW YORK CITY

ENTERTAINER'S DREAM
Chelsea/10th Ave. Duplex PH w/magnificent private rooftop terrace. 60' wall of floor-to-ceiling windows. Sprawling views of the Statue of Liberty, 1 World Trade, Hudson River & Empire State Building. 2 BR, 2.5 bath. Co-exclusive. $7.495M **WEB# 3461379**
Greg Stephen 212.444.7834

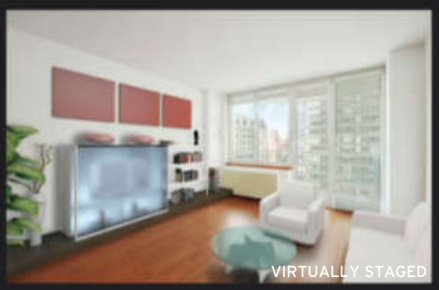
TRIPLE MINT CORNER TEN-ROOM
W 84th St. Orig 16 into 10 rooms. Expansive 4 BRs, 4.5 baths. Ultra high-end custom designer renovation, quality finishes, exquisite detail, top appliances and systems. Chef's eat-in-Kit, luxury double master suite. Laundry room and storage. $8.225M **WEB# 3485110**
Deanna Kory 212.937.7011

SPECTACULAR PENTHOUSE CONDO
85th/Lex. Penthouse duplex in the Lucida Condo 2,469 square foot + 800 square foot terrace 3 bedroom/3.5 bath. Triple mint design and finish throughout. Floor-to-ceiling windows. Excellent amenities. $7.8M **WEB# 3492632**
Michael Gordon 212.753.3111

GOLD COAST LUXURY CORNER HOME
E 65th St. High-floor corner 3 bedrooms/3.5 baths. Full custom designer reno with high-end materials, systems and appliances. Well-proportioned rooms, oversized windows & superb storage. Full service co-op w/RFDK, gym and gar. $4.395M **WEB# 3491787**
Deanna Kory & Ileana Lopez-Balboa 212.937.7011

PRIME LOCATION EAST 72ND STREET
114 E 72nd St. Bright, sunny and beautiful three bedroom plus staff room, 3.5 baths, oversized living room, steps off Park Avenue. Eat-in kitchen, washer/dryer, abundant closets in a full service white glove building. $3.45M **WEB# 3496083**
Elizabeth Sahlman & Liora Yalof 212.323.3241

MINT ART DECO RENOVATION
Park/80s. Oversized 6-room prewar co-op. Sunny corner facing Park Avenue. Living room with wood burning fireplace dining room, 2-3 BRs, 3 baths, windowed eat-in kitchen, staff room, W/D. Pets OK. F/S white glove building. $3.395M **WEB# 3330709**
Sharon E. Baum 212.836.1036



SPACIOUS TWO BEDROOM
Sutton Place. North facing 2 bedrooms, 2 baths plus balcony, windowed kitchen & baths. Generous layout with great city views and oversized windows in every room. Boutique condo with twenty-four hour doorman. $1.5M **WEB# 3485193**
Jennie Ma (m) 917.498.0300

CIPRIANI RESIDENCES
55 Wall St, #804. Alluring 1 bedroom/1.5 baths plus washer/dryer, state-of-the-art kitchen, twenty-four hour doorman, fitness room and roof garden. There are endless amenities at Club 55 including butler service. $950K **WEB# 3491613**
Jennie Ma (m) 917.498.0300

GRAND TERRACE
E 81st St. Spacious and sunny high-floor alcove studio with eastern sunlight and an enormous private terrace. Full service building with twenty-four hour doorman and concierge in the heart of the Upper East Side. $470K **WEB# 3477779**
Emily Yaffe 212.360.2555

FOLLOW THE CORCORAN GROUP

corcoran
corcoran group real estate

COME HOME TO GLENWOOD

MANHATTAN'S FINEST LUXURY RENTALS

WHITE GLOVE SERVICE • 24-HOUR DOORMAN • CLASSIC SKYLINE VIEWS • FULL SIZE WASHER & DRYER IN MANY RESIDENCES • FITNESS CENTER & POOL • CHILDREN'S PLAYROOM MAGNIFICENT LOBBIES • LANDSCAPED GARDENS • SPACIOUS LAYOUTS • BUILDING-WIDE WATER FILTRATION SYSTEMS • ON-SITE PARKING GARAGE • NEAR THE BEST NYC SCHOOLS

UPPER EAST SIDE
1 BEDROOMS FROM $3,195
CONV 3 BEDROOMS FROM $6,295
3 BEDROOMS FROM $7,995

MIDTOWN & UPPER WEST SIDE
1 BEDROOMS FROM $3,495
2 BEDROOMS FROM $5,295
3 BEDROOMS FROM $8,495

TRIBECA & FINANCIAL DISTRICT
1 BEDROOMS FROM $3,995
CONV 2 BEDROOMS FROM $4,495
CONV 3 BEDROOMS FROM $6,195

UPTOWN LEASING OFFICE 212-535-0500 **DOWNTOWN LEASING OFFICE 212-430-5900**
OPEN 7 DAYS, 10AM-6PM • NO FEE • FREE PARKING WHILE VIEWING APARTMENTS

REBNY
Equal Housing Opportunity

GLENWOOD
BUILDER OWNER MANAGER

GLENWOODNYC.COM

550VANDERBILT

Sales Gallery Now Open

550 Vanderbilt, designed by the celebrated architect COOKFOX, brings 278 exceptional residences to the heart of Pacific Park, Brooklyn's newest neighborhood.
One, Two, and Three Bedroom Condominium Residences from $830,000 to over $4M

SALES GALLERY

179 Flatbush Avenue (at the Barclays Center), Brooklyn NY, 11217

(718) 679-9000 | 550vanderbilt.com

A GREENLAND FOREST CITY PARTNERS PROJECT

The complete offering terms are in an offering plan available from Sponsor File #CD15-0007. Sponsor: Pacific Park 550 Vanderbilt LLC c/o Greenland Forest City Partners, having an address of 1 MetroTech Center, 23rd Floor, Brooklyn, NY 11201. Images are artist renderings. Equal Housing Opportunity. Exclusive Marketing and Sales Agent: Corcoran Sunshine Marketing Group.

ALGIN MANAGEMENT

With over 3,500 NO FEE apartments throughout NYC, we are Manhattan's first name in Luxury Rentals

UPTOWN • DOWNTOWN
EAST SIDE • WEST SIDE

THE PARKVIEW
108 East 96th Street

THE PEARL
400 East 66th Street

330 EAST 85TH STREET
330 East 85th Street

96TH STREET TOWNHOUSES
128-136 East 96th Street

THE LAURENCE TOWERS
200 East 33rd Street

THE MURRAY PARK
120 East 34th Street

THE LIANE
315 East 21st Street

148 EAST 30TH STREET
148 East 30th Street

THE TOWNSWAY
145 East 27th Street

THE HILARY GARDENS
300 Mercer Street

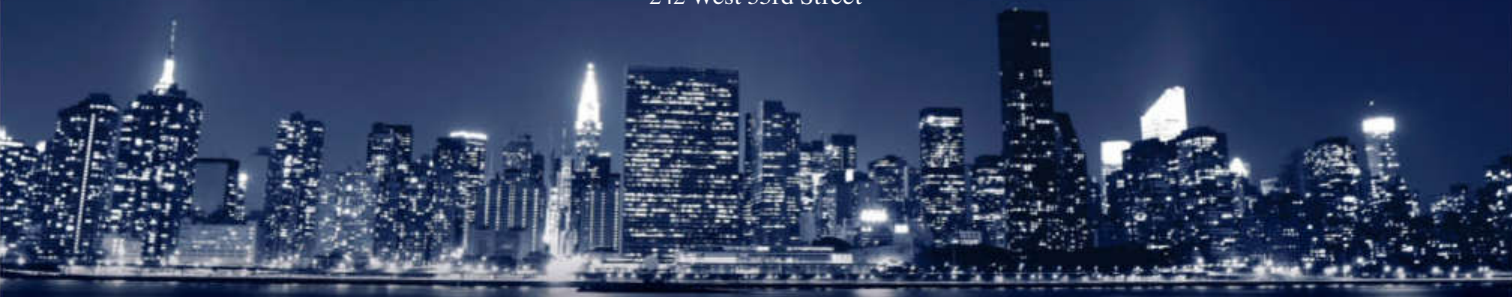
530 2ND AVENUE
530 2nd Avenue

461 CENTRAL PARK WEST
461 Central Park West

SESSANTA (Outdoor Tennis Court)
229 West 60th Street

242 WEST 61ST STREET
242 West 61st Street

A 61 story, Super Luxe Rental coming 2017
242 West 53rd Street



For more information on our rentals visit: **WWW.ALGINNY.COM** Or call: **212.213.1727**

Equal Housing Opportunity

The Gonnella Team

#1 Agent in Short Hills-Millburn for 9 years, including 2014!
Top 100 Agents in USA by WSJ 2009-2014
Sold Over $100 million in 2014!

368 OLD SHORT HILLS ROAD, SHORT HILLS. $1,768,000

6,000 sq. ft. Spectacular Gourmet chef's kitchen. Folding 15ft wide glass wall looks out to the oversized patio & beautifully landscaped backyard. Extraordinary Master suite w/sitting area & ethanol ventless fireplace, custom detailed walk-in closet. Whole house generator, central vac, office, basement w/rec room, gym & optional au pair/nanny quarters. 5 beds, 5.1 baths. 0.35 of an acre.

5 RIVER LANE, MILLBURN. $899,000

Mint condition Colonial with gorgeous Gourmet Eat-in Kitchen totally open to family room. All new baths, all new windows, new roof, new furnace, new air conditioning. New hot water heater, new french drains, sump pumps & sprinkler system. Ideally located on quiet street close to Downtown Millburn, the Millburn Train Station, highly rated South Mountain Elementary School and Millburn High School. 4 bedrooms, 3.1 baths, 0.13 of an acre.

SHORT HILLS: 40 MINUTES TO MID-TOWN & WALL STREET

ARLENE GONNELLA
Office: 973.467.7576
Cell: 201.306.1357
www.Gonnellateam.com

Like The Gonnella Team
Follow us @GonnellaTeam
Weichert Realtors

ADVERTISEMENT

REAL ESTATE

For space reservations, contact
Kathleen Gladstone at 212.508.0806
or email kathleen.gladstone@nymag.com

Live the dream.

NO FEE MANHATTAN APARTMENT RENTALS
in New York's best neighborhoods.

Upper East Side | Upper West Side | Clinton | Murray Hill

Gramercy Park | Union Square | East Village

For over 30 years, Bettina Equities has been helping New Yorkers live well in the world's greatest city. With over 40 properties and more than 2,000 units throughout Manhattan, we help people find apartments they love, in the neighborhoods they prefer.

BETTINA
EQUITIES

227 East 85th Street, New York, NY 10028
212-744-3330 • BettinaEquities.com

The Isoldi Collection.com

739 Lawrence Avenue, Westfield, NJ...Offered at $1,999,950

255 Munsee Way, Westfield, NJ...Offered at $1,899,900

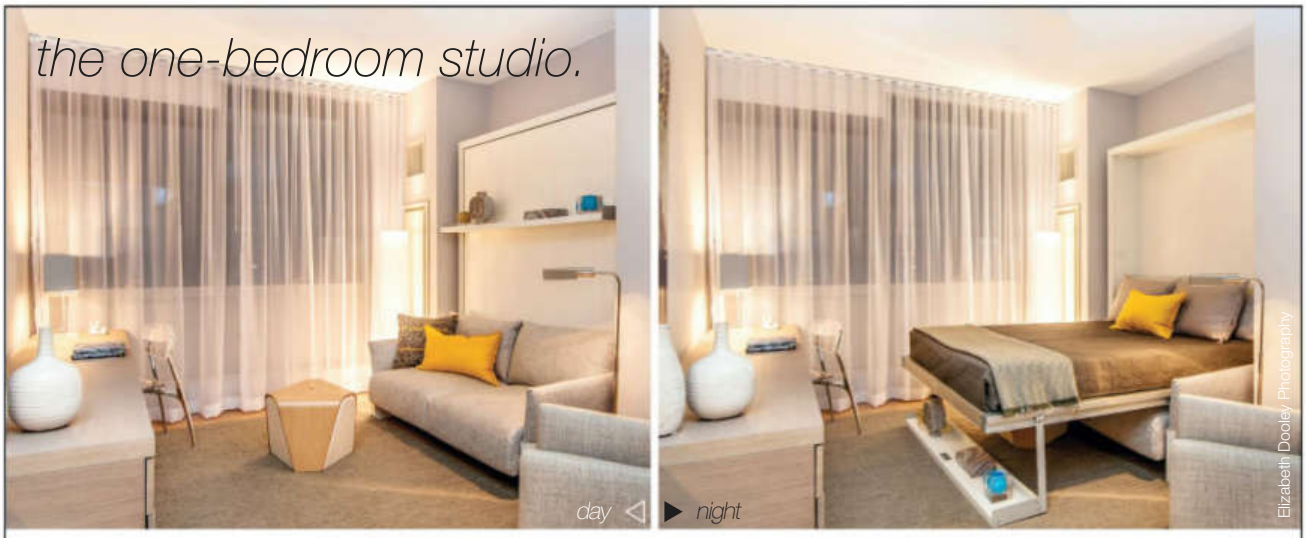
29 Hawthorne Drive, Westfield, NJ...Offered at $1,549,000

111 Prospect Street #3E, Westfield, NJ...Offered at $1,395,000

Frank D. Isoldi - Broker Associate
Coldwell Banker Residential Brokerage
#1 Agent Westfield Office
Office: 908-233-5555 x 202 | Direct: 908-301-2038 | Email: isre@aol.com | www.TheIsoldiCollection.com

COLDWELL BANKER PREVIEWS INTERNATIONAL

FOLLOW ME ON TWITTER @HOMESWESTFIELD TO GET A SNEEK PEEK AT OUR NEW LISTINGS AT #209CENTRAL!



One-bedroom apartment functionality in a studio apartment footprint.

Change the way you use your space with Nuovoliola, one of 60+ effortless, customizable solutions that make every square foot live up to its potential. Designed and made in Italy by clei: the global leader in transformable furniture design for over 50 years. Exclusively from Resource Furniture. Many items available for immediate delivery. *Lifetime warranty on all mechanisms.*

RESOURCE FURNITURE
SPACE. REINVENTED.®

969 Third Avenue, 4th Floor | @ 58th Street | NYC
212 753 2039 | *resourcefurniture.com*

New York | Los Angeles | San Francisco | Toronto | Vancouver | Calgary | Montreal | Mexico City

RevitaLash
COSMETICS

Your Lashes, Only More Luxurious

98%
Improved Lash Appearance*

Eyelash Conditioner

Expect The Best

877.909.5274 | revitalash.com RevitaLash® Advanced not available in California.

*Survey results from an independent 6-week consumer study. ©2015 Athena Cosmetics, Inc.

WHERE IN THE WORLD DO THE MOST SATISFIED AND HIGHEST-ACHIEVING STUDENTS GO TO SCHOOL?

BASIS INDEPENDENT BROOKLYN

BASIS.ed students rank amongst the very top global performers for problem solving and critical thinking in math, reading, and science, and for satisfaction with their teachers.*

TOUR OUR NEW, STATE-OF-THE-ART SCHOOLHOUSE
556 Columbia Street, Brooklyn, NY 11231
REGISTER: Brooklyn.BASISindependent.com

Preschool–Grade 12 | Transportation Available

BASIS INDEPENDENT™ BROOKLYN

Education redefined.

*Based on participating BASIS.ed schools' results on the 2014–15 OECD Test for Schools (based on PISA). Results for all other educational systems are from the 2012 PISA exam. BASIS INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS ARE MANAGED BY BASIS.ed

Don't Cry.
We'll Repair or Clean It.

Wherever it hurts, Artbag will heal it. Plus, we guarantee the repair for nine months. Artbag repairs handbags, luggage and umbrellas. Leave any bag for repair and receive 20% off any new handbag. *
*Not to be combined with any other offers or discounts.

Artbag
Artbag Creations Inc.

Visit us at artbag.com
1130 Madison Ave. (at 84th St.)
New York, N.Y. 10028 • 212-744-2720

La CANADIENNE®
MONTRÉAL

273 Laurier Avenue West, Outremont, Montreal
4920 Sherbrooke Street West, Westmount, Montreal
1400 Sherbrooke Street West, Golden Square Mile, Downtown Montreal
1-877-550-5088

For a fine retailer near you please visit
lacanadienneshoes.com

ADVERTISEMENT

NYC fall Must-Haves

Soak Into The Fall With Organic Bath Bombs

Organic bath bombs infused with clays, salts, butters & oils to relax, moisturize and detox are the perfect way to kick off the Fall. Here's to a little "you" time.

Take 10% Off with promo code: NYBATHBOMBS

www.beautybyearth.com

Groovy Baby!

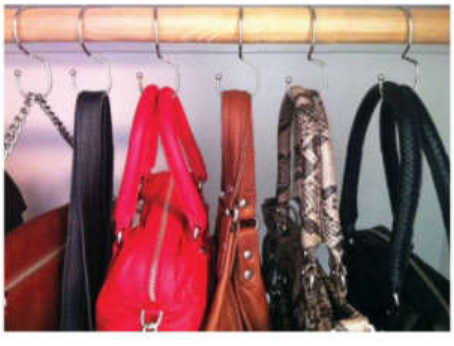
Dutch brand Kidsmill nursery collection, The "Sixties" now available in the USA.

kidsmill.us

STYLUS: NEW Fashion Fave Inspiring the Runways

Backstage at Fashion Week, the NEW favorite go-to hair tool for professionals is STYLUS. It has all of the qualities of a hair brush and heats up to 400F. It's fast and easy to use - Smooth, Touch-Up, De-Frizz, Style, Re-Style, Create Volume, Lift, Waves, Curls, Control, Bumps, Flips and Bends. Infinite Styling Possibilities, groundbreaking results!

Buy yours at fhibrands.com



TOTE HANGER

New York Handbag Designer Jacki Easlick invented the new Tote Hanger. These hooks are designed to hang your handbags in your closet just like a coat hanger.

Sold at The Container Store. 6 hooks per pack for $9.99

www.ToteHanger.com

liza phillips design

Alto Steps

A revolution in home decor! Alto Steps are hand made, modular rugs for stairs. All natural & sustainable lots of colors and designs. Visit our website to explore the possibilities including custom options.

lizaphillipsdesign.com

Bracelet Fairy™ Is An Award-Winning, Must-Have Tool

This innovative fastener is ergonomically designed to effortlessly clasp any bracelet or watch. The perfect gift for all jewellery owners.

MSRP $19.95 USD

FairyFastener.com • 1.888.330.4736 ext. 2

Personalized Luxury Soap

Discover the perfect gift for every recipient and every occasion. Impress them with your discerning taste. Personalized Soaps, Candles, Dinnerware, Beverageware, Jewelry and more! **Made in USA. FREE SHIPPING!**

www.livingpersonal.com

Go ahead and pamper your skin with these A-list stars without overpaying.

Available at these and other finer pharmacies everywhere

C.O. Bigelow Pharmacy, 414 Sixth Ave	212-533-2700	Pro Health Pharmacy, 370 Lexington Ave	212-286-8400
Caligor Pharmacy, 1226 Lexington Ave	212-369-6000	Stanley's Pharmacy, 31 Ludlow Street	646-476-9622
Carnegie Hill Pharmacy, 1721 Broadway	212-246-0020	Thompson Chemists,137 ThompsonStreet	212-598-9790
Carnegie Hill Pharmacy, 1331 Madison Ave	212-534-1300	Value Drugs, 80 Pondfield Rd, Bronxville	914-337-4007
Chemist Shop, 30 East 40th St	212-684-5125	Village Apothecary, 346 Bleecker Street	212-807-7566
Clyde's Chemist, 926 Madison Ave	212-744-5050	Whitney Chemists, 50 University Place	212-473-4166
Gramercy Drugs, 214 E 23rd St	212-532-0022	Kiel's Pharmacy, 732 Valley Rd, Montclair NJ	973-744-2113
Health Source Pharmacy,120 E 34th St	212-481-6600	Rye Beach Pharmacy 464 Forest Ave Rye, NY	914-967-0856
Health Source Pharmacy, 1000 First Ave	212-310-0111	Aid Pharmacy, Inc. 807 Kings Hwy., Brooklyn, NY	718-376-3313
Madison Ave Pharmacy, 1407 Madison Ave	212-722-3200	Mil-Rue Chemists 66-87 Fresh Pond Rd, Ridgewood, NY	718-821-3721
Nate's Pharmacy, 205 Third Ave	212-955-9400	VLS Pharma Inc. 4402 Fifth Ave, Brooklyn, NY	718-854-1384
Nature's Cure Pharmacy 324 E. 34th St.	212-545-9393	Healthy Corner Pharmacy, 116-66 Queens Blvd Forest Hills	718-261-6699

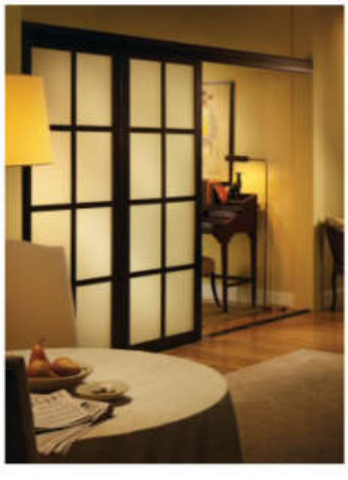
MADE IN THE USA

COLUMBIA SKINCARE
SINCE 1871

crueltyfree

WWW.COLUMBIASKINCARES.COM | 914.337.5131 | INFO@COLUMBIAPOWDER.COM

Design your inner space.



Get inspired by our interior room dividers.

Brooklyn Showroom
309 Atlantic Avenue
Brooklyn, NY 11201
(718) 222-3800

Manhattan Showroom
230 5th Avenue
New York, NY 10001
(212) 213-9350

nyslidingdoor.com

THE SLIDING DOOR COMPANY®
The signature choice for today's interiors.

ADVERTISEMENT

DESIGN DIRECTORY

For space reservations,
contact
Cheryl Vawdrey at 212. 508.0721
or email
cheryl.vawdrey@nymag.com

TO THE TRADE & HOMEOWNER
COME BROWSE OUR SHOWROOMS

914-968-9200 | 550 Saw Mill River Road | Yonkers, NY 10701
845-573-0080 | 575 Chestnut Ridge Road | Spring Valley, NY 10977
212-876-0100 | 1254 Park Avenue | New York, NY 10029
212-777-7984 | 19 Bond Street | New York, NY 10012
212-588-1997 | 141 E. 56th Street | New York, NY 10022
www.CentralPlumbingSpec.com

SINGLE. SUCCESSFUL. SELECTIVE. SIMPLY TOO BUSY?

NEW YORK'S PREMIER EXECUTIVE MATCHMAKING
SERVICE FOR THE PAST 27 YEARS

KELLEHER INTERNATIONAL
making love happen.. since 1986

AWARDED TOP GLOBAL MATCHMAKER

212.244.1514

WWW.KELLEHER-INTERNATIONAL.COM

NEW YORK | CHICAGO | BOSTON | WASHINGTON DC | LOS ANGELES | SAN FRANCISCO | MIAMI | LAS VEGAS
SAN DIEGO | SCOTTSDALE | SEATTLE | DALLAS | HOUSTON | ATLANTA | DENVER | STOCKHOLM | LONDON

Single And Successful? Let's Talk Man To Man About The Ultimate Woman

If you're a super successful, single guy without a breathtaking woman in your life then we need to talk, man to man. We're Model Quality Introductions, the nation's only male-owned introduction agency. We get what guys want. In fact, the only thing more impressive than our female clients is our results.

We invite you to go online right now and view MQI's stunning ladies. Then call or email us to arrange a private consultation. We'll discuss what you're looking for in the perfect partner, and then we'll introduce you to HER!

VIEW OUR SINGLES AT:
WWW.MODELQUALITYINTRODUCTIONS.COM

MODEL QUALITY INTRODUCTIONS™
MALE OWNED. NOBODY GETS WOMEN LIKE WE DO.
(917) 734-4764
NEW YORK | ATLANTA | TAMPA | ORLANDO | BOCA RATON | CHICAGO | HOUSTON
DALLAS | PHOENIX | SAN FRANCISCO | LA JOLLA | IRVINE | BEVERLY HILLS

World's Finest Eye Cream!

A "selections" product in *Oprah* Magazine

Refreshing, anti-aging Airbrush Eye Refining Treatment hydrates, soothes, reduces crows feet and puffiness, and promotes collagen for younger, brighter looking eyes. **20% off!**

Code: **NY37** at:
www.dremu.com or 800-542-0026

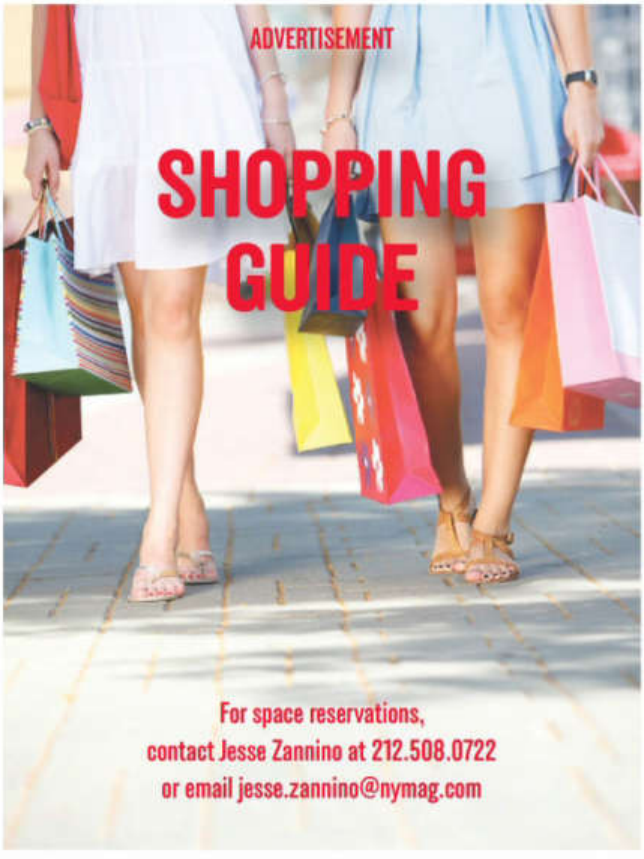
OPEN 7 DAYS

ADVERTISEMENT

EXTRA! EXTRA!

For space reservations, contact Lauren Blatter at 212.508.0571
or email lauren.blatter@nymag.com

ADVERTISEMENT



For space reservations,
contact Jesse Zannino at 212.508.0722
or email jesse.zannino@nymag.com

THE EYES HAVE IT!!!

Trust Your Eyes to an EYELID SPECIALIST

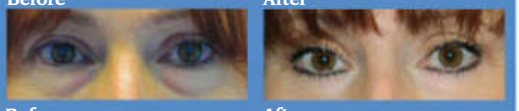
DRGUPTAEYELIDS.COM

1070 Park Avenue
New York, NY
(212) 203-2838
•
1230 Mamaroneck Ave
White Plains, NY
(914) 997-2646

L.Yogesh Gupta, M.D., FAAO, FAACS
Stanford-trained, Board-certified
Eye Plastic & Cosmetic Surgeon

Laser Eyelid Rejuvenation:
For baggy/droopy upper & lower lids

Before / After

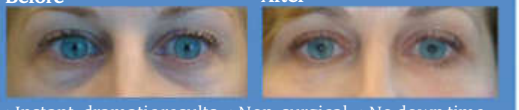


Before / After

• No scalpel • No going under • In-office • Rapid recovery

Tear Trough Elevation with Filler:
For undereye hollowness/dark circles

Before / After



• Instant, dramatic results • Non-surgical • No down time

MARKETPLACE FOR YOUR HOME

APPLIANCES

ALL MAJOR APPLIANCES
Guar lowest prices. Imm del. Auth dealer.
718-338-3500 / 774-0198 Expert advice.

To Advertise in FOR YOUR HOME
contact Cheryl Vawdrey at **212-508-0721**
or email **cheryl.vawdrey@nymag.com**

ADVERTISEMENT

FOR YOUR HOME

For space reservations,
contact Cheryl Vawdrey at 212.508.0721
or email cheryl.vawdrey@nymag.com

MARKETPLACE EXTRA! EXTRA!

PSYCHICS

Psychic Readings by Michael Lafferty
CCs. www.psychicread.com **215-482-6517**

To Advertise in EXTRA! EXTRA!
contact Lauren Blatter at **212-508-0571**

ADVERTISEMENT

EXTRA! EXTRA!

For space reservations,
contact Lauren Blatter at 212.508.0571
or email lauren.blatter@nymag.com

MARKETPLACE HEALTH & FITNESS

DENTAL SPECIALIST

HEALTH & BEAUTY

Stacey—Body Rejuvenation.
303 E. 71st St. **212-517-7330**

Spa 31 Body treatment. Wax/Shave
35 W. 31 St. **212-239-3800** Pat 10am-12am

Spa For Men Shave, Massage, Waxing.
516-935-1259 2 Jerusalem Ave Iralda

212-268-3688— Body Scrub, Bodywork
333 E 49th St Lobby O. **herbalfairy.com**

HEALTH SPA

East Spa 10am - 1am, Bodywork,
Couples Room **212-832-3333**
216 E49th St. L&HL, Inc.

LICENSED MASSAGE THERAPY

Massage,Colonic Therapy,HiEnema
176 W. 94 12th Fl. **212.222.4868** 235 E.51st
3rd Fl. **212.751.2319**. CCs 7 Days 11-8pm

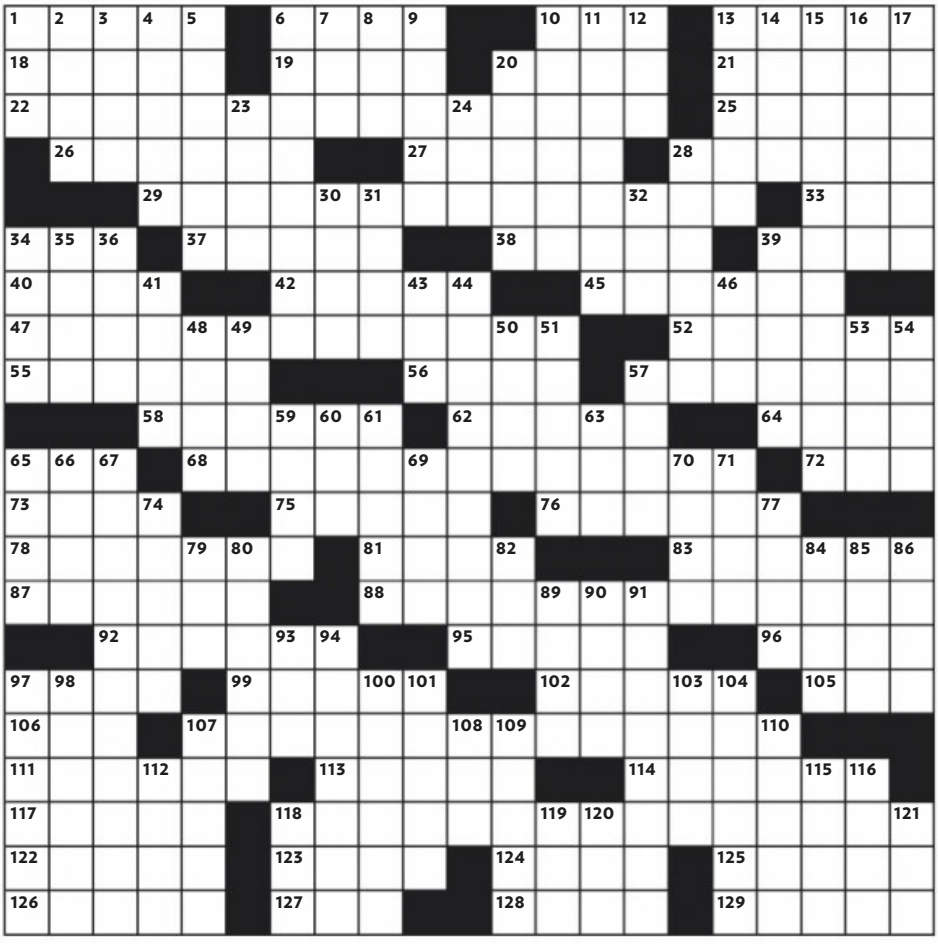
ADVERTISEMENT

HEALTH & FITNESS

For space reservations,
contact Lauren Blatter at 212.508.0571
or email lauren.blatter@nymag.com

A Separate Piece

New York *Crossword by Cathy Allis*



Across

1 Rapper's bandanna, perhaps
6 Cause of shaking
10 Sylvester, Jane's "Glee" role
13 Admit
18 Sunset Strip disco the Whisky ___
19 First-rate
20 Tries to tan
21 Idolize
22 "It's not an "it"; she's female!"?
25 Archie Bunker type
26 Ball participant
27 Beyond portly
28 Highly effective
29 Possible result of recycling plate glass?
33 ___ Aviv
34 List-ending abbr.
37 Allan- ___ (Robin Hood cohort)
38 Author Anya or saint Elizabeth
39 Expose
40 Sourpuss
42 Units of some sentences
45 Flak
47 Truth about the guy who golfs?
52 Secured at the pier
55 Gold-medal skater Baiul
56 Pre-1917 ruler
57 Island partner of Principe
58 Pitched in
62 "The Colossus" poet Sylvia
64 Most of Turkey's in it
65 Six-pack muscles
68 Warmly greet what one surfs on?
72 Norm: abbr.
73 Past the curfew
75 Greek column style
76 "Meet the Fockers", e.g.
78 Staple of Hawaiian music
81 Twice tetra-
83 Expels, as an ATM card
87 Sacred Saudi city
88 "This Boggle set is really big!"?
92 "Hey, bro!"
95 Holdup
96 Minuscule
97 Tiff
99 "I wonder who's knocking" response
102 Fourth estate
105 Put the kibosh on
106 Sphere
107 "Are we watching boxing here?"?
111 Chuck of martial-arts movies
113 Value system
114 "Death of a Salesman" family
117 Steer clear of
118 Request to shipbuilders?
122 Give a ribbing
123 Secluded valley
124 Camaro classic, ___ -Z
125 Welsh "dwarf dog"
126 European viper
127 Soul singer Cooke
128 E-reader brand
129 Four-door, often

Down

1 Perp prosecutors
2 Prayer-opening words
3 Alitalia hub
4 Broker
5 "Ha-ha, ya fell for it!"
6 Golf-course components
7 Seeming eternity
8 "Hulk" director Lee
9 Lay new turf
10 From Genève or Gruyères
11 Ousts from office
12 Serpentine shape
13 Toil
14 Menu-bar word
15 Why the chicken visited the church gift shop on the other side of the road?
16 Wrinkle remover?
17 Plant whose hairs sting
20 Seaducks akin to mergansers
23 Take seriously
24 Blood-typing letters
28 Canal locale
30 Small-intestine segments
31 Close
32 Write (down) quickly
34 Boomeranging ringing, say
35 Taxing journey
36 Upper limits
39 Regional wildlife
41 Dullsville
43 Deteriorate
44 Thought to be guilty
46 Overly
48 Over again
49 Where Bill and Hillary met
50 Simba's mate
51 Olive ___ (army uniforms)
53 Radiate
54 Part of 93-Down
57 Former hoopster "The Diesel"
59 Barre-room bend
60 Writer Umberto
61 "___ disturb"
63 Kiddie's "piggy"
65 Coll.-endowment source
66 Oven control setting
67 Scrutinize some dame?
69 "The Mitten State": abbr.
70 Regrets
71 ___ vu
74 Marner's creator
77 Hit the road
79 Close
80 Comedians go for them
82 Time of one's life?
84 Mint product
85 Actress Collette
86 Hades river
89 Obstacles for Hannibal
90 "Side Effects" star Rooney
91 Part of some athletes' face paint
93 Beyond aid at the ER
94 Pip's love in "Great Expectations"
97 Many a Beethoven work
98 Verified beyond doubt
100 High regard
101 Wharton's Frome
103 Any minute
104 Some have toxic leaves
107 More expansive
108 Informal greetings
109 Trap during an Arctic storm, say
110 SUV named for a lake
112 Bailiff's command
115 Geeky sort
116 Long story
118 Some film ratings
119 Debate side
120 Where Brits go?
121 Cacophony

September 21–October 4, 2015. VOL. 48, NO. 20. New York Magazine (ISSN 0028-7369) is published biweekly (except for one bonus issue in June and two bonus issues in November), plus two special issues, Summer Weddings (March) and Winter Weddings (October), by New York Media LLC, 75 Varick Street, New York, N.Y. 10013. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. Postmaster: Send address changes to New York, P.O. Box 62240, Tampa, FL 33662-2240. Canada Post International Publications Mail Product (Canadian Distribution) Sales Agreement No. 40612608. Canada returns to be sent to Imex Global Solutions, P.O. Box 25542, London, ON N6C 6B2. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 29 issues, $59.97. For subscription assistance, write to New York Magazine Subscription Department, P.O. Box 62240, Tampa, FL 33662-2240, or call 800-678-0900. Printed in the U.S.A. Copyright © 2015 by New York Media LLC. All rights reserved. Reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited. Founding chairman, Bruce Wasserstein; chief executive officer, Anup Bagaria. New York Magazine is not responsible for the return or loss of unsolicited manuscripts. Any submission of a manuscript must be accompanied by a SASE.

The solution to last week's puzzle appears on page 136.

HARRYS SHOES
A PERFECT FIT

LARKIN $595 · *2299 Broadway, New York, NY 10024 · Harrys-Shoes.com · 212-874-2034*

THE APPROVAL MATRIX

Our deliberately oversimplified guide to who falls where on our taste hierarchies.

HIGHBROW

North Korea "is fully ready to **cope**" with the pesky USA with "nuclear weapons at any time."

The Metropolitan Opera is considering selling naming rights (**Trump Hall?**) ...

The Acting Company's **uninspired** Tennessee Williams–inspired *Desire*.

The **credit war** over *London Fields*.

The condo developer who tore down LIC's graffiti shrine **5Pointz** trademarks the name. (Can owners tag the walls?)

In the wake of the *Vanity Fair* story about how (all-male) late-night TV is "better than ever," Trevor Noah says **women are "more powerful"** than men in comedy today.

AT&T's "Catch a winning play at the theater" tweet, with an audience member **watching football** from their phone.

... But there are plans afoot for **mobile-opera-on-wheels**.

Ayad Akhtar's *Disgraced*, about a conflicted Muslim New York lawyer, will be the **most-produced play** in the U.S. this season.

Obama invites Ahmed Mohamed to the White House.

Brian Mendes—**funny!**—in Richard Maxwell's often cryptic *Isolde* at the Theatre for a New Audience.

Prank or not, we still think an Elton John–Vladimir Putin LGBT **"Rocket Man"** summit is a good idea.

Books for people who only read Instagram captions! The **NY Art Book Fair** at PS1.

Aspirin now said to help prevent colorectal cancer, which is, you know, a headache.

Jonah Freeman, Justin Lowe, and Jennifer Herrema's creepy, elaborate **"Scenario in the Shade"** at Red Bull Studios.

The "Seaport Culture District" does its best to make the dreary, **semi-abandoned tourist zone** a bit zippy.

DESPICABLE

BRILLIANT

Matt Damon explains diversity to Effie Brown on *Project Greenlight*. "Ooof, wow, okay."

Instagram **censors** Naomi Campbell's Instaboobs.

Terrence Howard admits he **hit his ex-wives.**

Madonna **spanks** Amy Schumer onstage at MSG. We'd prefer a time-out.

An English ventriloquist wins *America's Got Talent*. Can America still compete in the globalized **dummy marketplace?**

The League's Steve Rannazzisi admits he's **lied** about being a 9/11 survivor this entire time.

According to the CDC, one-third of American McKids subsist daily on **fast food**.

Yet another restaurateur—David Levi, chef-owner of Vinland in Maine—**accuses Yelp** of pay-to-play reviews.

Brad Pitt buys a $388,000 Nazi-era three-wheel motorcycle. ***Achtung!***

Can the Facebook **"dislike" button** work with the middle-finger emoji?

Hood by Air **don't give a fuck.**

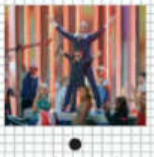
Kit Harington confirmed to a Belgian publication that **Jon Snow will be back**—in some way—on *Game of Thrones*.

Arnold Schwarzenegger will host *The Celebrity Apprentice*: ***Hasta la vista***, baby.

The first episode of season two of *Empire* opens with Cookie in a **gorilla suit** (and Gucci underneath).

The hitchhiking-**end-of-summer song** "Friends," by Raury (featuring Tom Morello).

City plans to **build new housing** on open land around public housing.



Neil Patrick Harris entertains against all odds on *Best Time Ever*.

NBC developing an (openly) **gay remake of *Hart to Hart*.**

The city's a little safer with one less **gator** on the loose in Queens ...

LOWBROW

PHOTOGRAPHS: CALUDE TRUONG-NGOC/W K COMMONS (LA TRAV ATA); JOAN MARCUS (D SGRACED); PATR CK MCMULLAN (JOHN SCHWARZENEGGER, HOWARD, DAMON); KREMLIN.RU/W K COMMONS (PUTIN); COURTESY OF THE ART ST AND DAV D ZW RNER BOOKS (BOOK FA R); GREG KESSLER/COURTESY OF RED BULL CONTENT POOL (FREEMAN); DANIELE OBERRAUCH (HOOD BY A R); COURTESY OF HBO (JON SNOW); GREG ENDRES/COURTESY OF NBC (BEST T ME EVER); NYPD10PCT/ NSTAGRAM (GATOR); NAOM CAMPBELL/ NSTAGRAM(NSTABOOBS); CICIADAMAS/INSTAGRAM (SPANK); JOEL 13/FLICKR (FAST FOOD); COURTESY OF LIFF (LONDON FIELDS); CAROL ROSEGG/HEIDI BOHNENKAMP (DESIRE); PAUL MASCK/WIKICOMMONS (MET OPERA); JEANMARIE EVELLY (SPOINTZ); VANITYFAIR/INSTAGRAM (VANITY FAIR)

A special offer for *New York Magazine* readers:

SEE IT FIRST AND SAVE!

Tickets from $45 — Use code: TLMAG915

You've never experienced a trip like this...

A New Musical

TRIP OF LOVE

A 60s Journey Through Song & Dance

Featuring the Chart-Topping Hits:

"I Saw Her Standing There"
"California Dreamin'"
"Wipe Out" "Downtown"

And More!

212-947-8844 • TelechargeOffers.com • STAGE 42, 422 W. 42nd St.

TripOfLove.com

*Offer not valid for all seats. Tickets regularly $69 - $109. Offer valid on performances through 11/1/15. Not valid for 10/18. Other blackout dates may apply. All prices include a $2 facility fee. All sales are final - no refunds or exchanges. Offer subject to availability and prior sale. Not valid in combination with any other offers. Normal service charges apply to phone and internet orders. Performance schedule subject to change. Offer may be revoked or modified at any time without notice. There is a 10 ticket limit per order. Photos: Orignal Osaka Cast.

Cartier at 59th Street, 767 Fifth Avenue (212) 457-3202 - Madison Avenue at 69th Street (212) 472-6400
Saks Fifth Avenue, New York (212) 940-2220
Shop the collection on www.cartier.us